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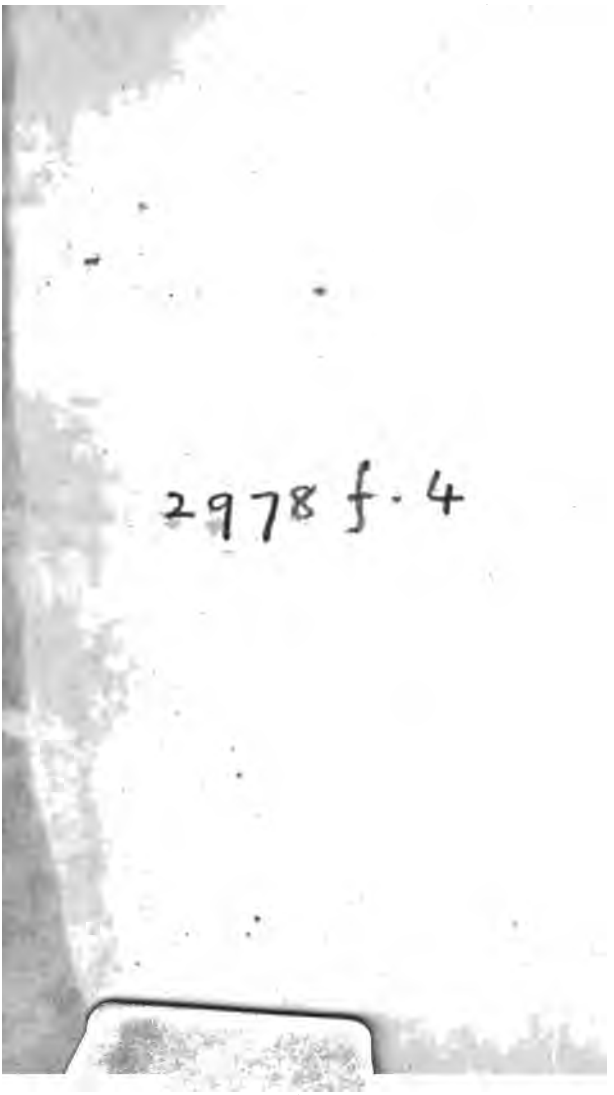
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# *LUCAN's*

# PHARSALIA.

Tranſlated into *Engliſh* Verſe

By *NICHOLAS ROWE*, Eſq;

Servant to His Majesty.

VOLUME the SECOND.

The Second Edition.

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# THE SIXTH BOOK OF *LUCAN's PHARSALIA.*

## The ARGUMENT.

Cæſar *and* Pompey *lying now near* Dyrrhachium, *after ſeveral Marches and Counter-Marches, the former with incredible Diligence runs a vaſt Line, or Work, round the Camp of the latter. This,* Pompey, *after ſuffering for want of Proviſions, and a very gallant Reſiſtance of* Scæva, *a Centurion of* Cæſar's, *at length breaks thro'. After this,* Cæſar *makes another unſucceſsful Attempt upon a Part of* Pompey's *Army, and then marches away into* Theſſaly: *And* Pompey, *againſt the Perſuaſion and Counſel of his Friends, follows him. After a Deſcription of the ancient Inhabitants, the Boundaries, the Mountains, and Rivers of* Theſſaly; *the Poet takes Occaſion from this Country, being famous for Witchcraft, to introduce* Sextus Pompeius, *inquiring the Event of the Civil War from the Sorcereſs* Erictho.

# *LUCAN's*

# *PHARSALIA.*

## BOOK VI.

NOW, near encamp'd, each on a neighb'ring Height,
The *Latian* Chiefs prepare for ſudden Fight.
The rival Pair ſeem hither brought by Fate,
As if the Gods wou'd end the dire Debate,
And here determine of the *Roman* State.
*Ceſar*, intent upon his hoſtile Son,
Demands a Conqueſt here, and here alone;
Neglects what Laurels Captive Towns might yield,
And ſcorns the Harveſt of the *Gracian* Field.

Impatient he provokes the fatal Day,
Ordain'd to give *Rome's* Liberties away,
And leave the World the greedy Victor's Prey.
Eager, that laſt, great Chance of War he waits,
Where either's Fall determines both their Fates.
Thrice, on the Hills, all drawn in dread Array,
His threat'ning Eagles wide their Wings diſplay;
Thrice, but in vain, his hoſtile Arms he ſhew'd,
His ready Rage, and Thirſt of *Latian* Blood.
But when he ſaw, how cautious *Pompey's* Care,
Safe in his Camp, declin'd the proffer'd War;
Thro' woody Paths he bent his ſecret Way,
And meant to make *Dyrrhachium's* Tow'rs his Prey.
This *Pompey* ſaw; and ſwiftly ſhot before,
With ſpeedy Marches on the ſandy Shore:
Till on *Taulantian Petra's* Top he ſtay'd,
Shelt'ring the City with his timely Aid.
This Place, nor Walls, nor Trenches deep can boaſt,
The Works of Labour, and expenſive Coſt.
Vain Prodigality! and Labour vain!
Loſt is the laviſh'd Wealth, and loſt the fruitleſs Pain!
What Walls, what Tow'rs ſoe'er they rear ſublime,
Muſt yield to Wars, or more deſtructive Time;

Ver. 25. *Taulantian Petra.*] The *Taulantii* were a People of *Macedonia*, poſſeſſing the Country between *Apollonia* and *Dyrrhachium*; and *Petra* was a Mountain, or Ridge of Riſing-Grounds, near the latter of theſe Places.

Ver. 27. *This Place.*] *Dyrrhachium.*

While

While Fences like *Dyrrhachium's* Fortreſs, made,
Where Nature's Hand the ſure Foundation laid,
And with her Strength the naked Town array'd,
Shall ſtand ſecure againſt the Warrior's Rage,
Nor fear the ruinous Decays of Age.
Guarded, around, by ſteepy Rocks it lies,
And all Acceſs from Land, but one, denies.
No vent'rous Veſſel there in Safety rides,
But foaming Surges break, and ſwelling Tides
Roll roaring on, and waſh the craggy Sides:
Or when contentious Winds more rudely blow,
Then mounting o'er the topmoſt Cliff they flow,
Burſt on the lofty Domes, and daſh the Town below.
Here *Caſar's* daring Heart vaſt Hopes conceives,
And high with War's vindictive Pleaſures heaves;
Much he revolves within his thoughtful Mind,
How, in this Camp, the Foe may be confin'd,
With ample Lines from Hill to Hill deſign'd.
Secret and ſwift he means the Task to try,
And runs each Diſtance over with his Eye.
Vaſt Heaps of Sod and verdant Turf are brought,
And Stones in deep laborious Quarries wrought;
Each *Grecian* Dwelling round the Work ſupplies,
And ſudden Ramparts from their Ruins riſe.

Ver. 55. *Each* Grecian *Dwelling.*] *Macedonia*, where the Two Armies then lay, was always reckon'd a Part of *Greece*.

With wond'rous Strength the ſtable Mound they rear;
Such as th' impetuous Ram can never fear,
Nor hoſtile Might o'erturn, nor forceful Engine tear.
Thro' Hills, reſiſtleſs, *Caſar* plains his Way,
And makes the rough unequal Rocks obey.
Here deep, beneath, the gaping Trenches lie,
There Forts advance their airy Turrets high.
Around vaſt Tracts of Land the Labours wind,
Wide Fields and Foreſts in the Circle bind,
And hold as in a Toil the ſalvage Kind.
Nor even the Foe too ſtrictly pent remains,
At large he forages upon the Plains;
The vaſt Incloſure gives free Leave around,
Oft to decamp, and ſhift the various Ground.
Here, from far Fountains, Streams their Channels trace,
And while they wander thro' the tedious Space,
Run many a Mile their long extended Race:
While ſome, quite worn and weary of the Way,
Sink, and are loſt, before they reach the Sea:
Ev'n *Caſar*'s ſelf, when thro' the Works he goes,
Tires in the midſt, and ſtops to take Repoſe.
Let Fame no more record the Walls of *Troy*,
Which Gods alone cou'd build, and Gods deſtroy;

Ver. 64. *Around vaſt Tracts.*] This vaſt Line, which *Caſar* drew to incloſe *Pompey*, was Fifteen Miles in Compaſs; ſo that it was impoſſible for him to man every Part of it; and indeed it was ſo large, that it was ſome time before *Pompey* felt the Want of Forrage.

Nor

Nor let the *Parthian* wonder, to have ſeen
The Labours of the *Babylonian* Queen:
Behold this large, this ſpacious Tract of Ground!
Like that, which *Tigris*, or *Orontes* bound;
Behold this Land! that Majeſty might bring,
And form a Kingdom for an Eaſtern King;
Behold a *Latian* Chief this Land encloſe,
Amidſt the Tumult of impending Foes:
He bad the Walls ariſe, and as he bad they roſe.
But ah! vain Pride of Pow'r! ah! fruitleſs Boaſt!
Ev'n theſe, theſe mighty Labours are all loſt!
A Force like this what Barriers cou'd withſtand?
Seas muſt have fled, and yielded to the Land;
The Lovers Shores united might have ſtood,
Spight of the *Helleſpont*'s oppoſing Flood;
While the *Ægæan* and *Ionian* Tide,
Might meeting o'er the vanquiſh'd *Iſthmus* ride,
And *Argive* Realms from *Corinth*'s Walls divide;
This Pow'r might change unwilling Nature's Face,
Unfix each Order, and remove each Place.

Ver. 81. *The Labours of.*] He means the famous Walls of *Babylon*, built by *Semiramis*.

Ver. 91. *A Force like this.*] Or rather a Diligence, Labour, and Work like this of *Cæſar*'s.

Ver. 93. *The Lovers Shores.*] *Seſtos* and *Abydos*, where *Leander* and *Hero* liv'd. The *Ægean* and *Ionian* are the two Seas on each Side the Iſthmus of *Corinth*.

Here, as if clos'd within a Liſt, the War
Does all its valiant Combatants prepare;
Here ardent glows the Blood, which Fate ordains
To dye the *Libyan* and *Emathian* Plains;
Here the whole Rage of civil Diſcord join'd,
Struggles for room, and ſcorns to be confin'd.
Nor yet, while *Caſar* his firſt Labours try'd,
The warlike Toil by *Pompey* was deſcry'd.
So, in mid *Sicily*'s delightful Plain,
Safe from the horrid Sound, the happy Swain
Dreads not loud *Scylla* barking o'er the Main.
So, Northern *Britains* never hear the Roar
Of Seas, that break on the far *Cantian* Shore.
Soon as the riſing Ramparts hoſtile Height,
And Tow'rs advancing, ſtruck his anxious Sight,
Sudden from *Petra*'s ſafer Camp he led,
And wide his Legions on the Hills diſpread;
So, *Caſar*, forc'd his Numbers to extend,
More feebly might each various Strength defend.
His Camp far o'er the large Encloſure reach'd,
And guarded Lines along the Front were ſtretch'd;

Ver. 103. *The* Libyan.] Alluding to the War in *Africa*, ſupported after *Pompey*'s Death by *Cato* and *Juba*.

Ver. 112. *The* Cantian *Shore*.] The Original is *Rutupinæ Littoræ*; the ancient *Rutupium*, or *Rutupiæ*, is *Richborow* near *Sandwich* in *Kent*.

Ver. 119. *His Camp*.] *Pompey*'s.

Far

Far as *Rome*'s diſtance from *Aricia*'s Groves,
(*Aricia* which the chaſte *Diana* loves)
Far as from *Rome* old *Tybur* ſeeks the Sea,
Did he not wander in his winding way.
While yet no Signals for the Fight prepare,
Unbidden, ſome the Jav'lin dart from far,
And skirmiſhing, provoke the ling'ring War.
But deeper Cares the thoughtful Chiefs diſtreſs,
And move, the Soldiers Ardour to repreſs.
*Pompey*, with ſecret anxious Thought, beheld,
How trampling Hoofs the riſing Graſs repell'd;
Waſte lie the ruſſet Fields, the gen'rous Steed
Seeks on the naked Soil, in vain, to feed:
Loathing from Racks of huſky Straw he turns,
And, pining, for the verdant Paſture mourns.
No more his Limbs their dying Load ſuſtain,
Aiming a Stride, he falters in the Strain,
And ſinks a Ruin on the with'ring Plain:
Dire Maladies upon his Vitals prey,
Diſſolve his Frame, and melt the Maſs away.
Thence deadly Plagues invade the lazy Air,
Reek to the Clouds, and hang malignant there.

Ver. 121. *Far as* Rome's *Diſtance.*] About Fifteen Miles from *Aricia*. See the Notes upon the former Part of the Third Book.

From

From *Nesis*, such the *Stygian* Vapours rise,
And with Contagion taint the purer Skies;
Such do *Typhœus'* steamy Caves convey,
And breath blue Poisons on the golden Day.
Thence liqu'd Streams the mingling Plague receive,
And deadly Potions to the Thirsty give:
To Man the Mischief spreads, the fell Disease
In fatal Draughts does on his Entrails seize.
A rugged Scurf, all loathsome to be seen,
Spreads, like a Bark, upon his silken Skin;
Malignant Flames his swelling Eye-balls dart,
And seem with Anguish from their Seats to start;
Fires o'er his glowing Cheeks and Visage stray,
And mark, in crimson Streaks, their burning way;
Low droops his Head, declining from its height,
And nodds, and totters with the fatal Weight.
With winged haste the swift Destruction flies,
And scarce the Soldier sickens e'er he dies:
Now falling Crouds at once resign their Breath,
And doubly taint the noxious Air with Death.
Careless their putrid Carcasses are spread;
And on the Earth, their dank unwholesom Bed,
The Living rest in common with the Dead.

Ver. 143. *From* Nesis.] *Nesis* is a little Island in the Gulph of *Naples*, now called *Nesina*.

Ver. 145. Typhœus' *steamy Caves*,] In the Island of *Inarime*.

Here

Here none the laſt Funereal Rites receive;
To be caſt forth the Camp, is all their Friends can give.
At length kind Heav'n their Sorrows bid to ceaſe,
And ſtaid the Peſtilential Foe's increaſe;
Freſh Breezes from the Sea begin to riſe,
While *Boreas* thro' the lazy Vapour flies,
And ſweeps, with healthy Wings, the rank polluted Skies.
Arriving Veſſels now their Freight unload,
And furniſh plenteous Harveſts from abroad:
Now ſprightly Strength, now chearful Health returns,
And Life's fair Lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.
But *Caſar*, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,
Feels not the Miſchief of the ſluggiſh Sky:
On Hills ſublime he breaths the purer Air,
And drinks no Damps, nor pois'nous Vapours, there.
Yet Hunger keen, an equal Plague is found;
Famine, and meagre Want beſiege him round:
The Fields, as yet, no hopes of Harveſt wear,
Nor yellow Stems diſcloſe the bearded Ear.
The ſcatter'd Vulgar ſearch around the Fields,
And pluck whate'er the doubtful Herbage yields;
Some ſtrip the Trees in ev'ry neighb'ring Wood,
And with the Cattle ſhare their graſſy Food.
Whate'er the ſoft'ning Flame can pliant make,
Whate'er the Teeth, or lab'ring Jaws can break;

What

What Fleſh, what Roots, what Herbs ſoe'er they get,
Tho' new, and ſtrange to human Taſte as yet,
At once the greedy Soldiers ſeize and eat.
What Want, what Pain ſoe'er they undergo,
Still they perſiſt in Arms, and cloſe beſet the Foe.
At length, impatient longer to be held
Within the Bounds of one appointed Field,
O'er ev'ry Bar which might his Paſſage ſtay,
*Pompey* reſolves to force his warlike Way;
Wide o'er the World the ranging War to lead,
And give his looſen'd Legions room to ſpread.
Nor takes he mean Advantage from the Night,
Nor ſteals a Paſſage, nor declines the Fight;
But bravely dares, diſdainful of the Foe,
Thro' the proud Tow'rs and Ramparts Breach to go.
Where ſhining Spears, and creſted Helms are ſeen,
Embattel'd thick to guard the Walls within;
Where all things Death, where Ruin all afford,
There *Pompey* marks a Paſſage for his Sword.
Near to the Camp a woody Thicket lay,
Cloſe was the Shade, nor did the Greenſword Way,
With ſmoky Clouds of Duſt, the March betray.
Hence, ſudden they appear in dread Array,
Sudden their wide extended Ranks diſplay;
At once the Foe beholds with wond'ring Eyes,
Where on broad Wings *Pompeian* Eagles riſe;
At once the Warriors Shouts and Trumpet-ſounds [ſurprize.

Scarce

Scarce was the Sword's Deſtruction needful here,
So ſwifty ran before preventing Fear;
Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant ſome
Stood, but to meet in Arms a nobler Doom.
Where-e'er they ſtood, now ſcatter'd lie the Slain,
Scarce yet a few for coming Deaths remain,
And Clouds of flying Javelins fall in vain.
Here ſwift conſuming Flames the Victors throw,
And here the Ram impetuous aims a Blow;
Aloft, the nodding Turrets feel the Stroke,
And the vaſt Rampart groans beneath the Shock.
And now propitious Fortune ſeem'd to doom
Freedom and Peace, to *Pompey*, and to *Rome*;
High o'er the vanquiſh'd Works his Eagles tow'r,
And vindicate the World from *Ceſar*'s Pow'r.
But, (what nor *Ceſar*, nor his Fortune cou'd)
What not ten Thouſand warlike Hands withſtood,
*Scæva* reſiſts alone; repels the Force,
And ſtops the rapid Victor in his Courſe.
*Scæva!* a Name e'erwhile to Fame unknown,
And firſt diſtinguiſh'd on the *Gallick Rhone*;
There ſeen in hardy Deeds of Arms to ſhine,
He reach'd the Honours of the *Latian* Vine.

Ver. 240. *The* Latian *Vine.*] The *Vitis*, or Rod made of a Vine, was the Badge of the Centurion's Office, which they bore in their Hands, and with which the Soldiers uſed to be corrected for leſſer Offences.

Daring

Daring and Bold, and ever prone to Ill,
Inur'd to Blood, and active to fulfil
The Dictates of a lawleſs Tyrant's Will;
Nor Virtue's Love, nor Reaſon's Laws he knew,
But careleſs of the Right, for Hire his Sword he drew.
Thus Courage by an impious Cauſe is curſt,
And he that is the braveſt, is the worſt.
Soon as he ſaw his Fellows ſhun the Fight,
And ſeek their Safety in ignoble Flight,
Whence does, he ſaid, this Coward's Terror grow,
This Shame, unknown to *Caſar*'s Arms 'till now?
Can you, ye ſlaviſh Herd, thus tamely yield?
Thus fly, unwounded, from this bloody Field?
Behold, where pil'd in ſlaughter'd Heaps on high,
Firm to the laſt, your brave Companions lie;
Then bluſh to think what wretched Lives you ſave,
From what Renown you fly, from what a glorious Grave.
Tho' ſacred Fame, tho' Virtue yield to Fear,
Let Rage, let Indignation keep you here.
We! we the weakeſt, from the reſt are choſe,
To yield a Paſſage to our ſcornful Foes!
Yet, *Pompey*, yet, thou ſhalt be yet withſtood,
And ſtain thy Victor's Laurel deep in Blood.
With Pride, 'tis true, with Joy I ſhou'd have dy'd,
If haply I had fall'n by *Caſar*'s Side;
But Fortune has the noble Death deny'd.

Then

Then *Pompey*, thou, thou on my Fame ſhalt wait,
Do thou be Witneſs, and applaud my Fate.
Now puſh we on, diſdain we now to fear,
A thouſand Wounds let ev'ry Boſom bear,
'Till the keen Sword be blunt, be broke the pointed Spear.
And ſee, the Clouds of duſty Battel riſe!
Hark how the Shout runs rattling thro' the Skies!
The diſtant Legions catch the Sounds from far,
And *Caſar* liſtens to the thund'ring War.
He comes, he comes, yet e'er his Soldier dies,
Like Light'ning ſwift the winged Warrior flies:
Haſte then to Death, to Conqueſt, haſte away;
Well do we fall, for *Caſar* wins the Day.
He ſpoke, and ſtrait, as at the Trumpet's Sound,
Rekindled Warmth in ev'ry Breaſt was found;
Recall'd from Flight, the Youth admiring wait,
To mark their daring Fellow-Soldier's Fate,
To ſee if haply Virtue might prevail,
And ev'n, beyond their Hopes, do more than greatly fail.
High on the tott'ring Wall he rears his Head,
With ſlaughter'd Carcaſſes around him ſpread;
With nervous Arms uplifting theſe he throws,
Theſe rolls oppreſſive, on aſcending Foes.
Each where Materials for his Fury lie,
And all the ready Ruins Arms ſupply:
Ev'n his fierce Self he ſeems to aim below,
Headlong to ſhoot, and dying dart a Blow.

Now

Now his tough Staff repels the fierce Attack,
And tumbling, drives the bold Aſſailants back:
Now Heads, now Hands he lops, the Carcaſs falls,
While the clench'd Fingers gripe the topmoſt Walls:
Here Stones he heaves; the Maſs deſcending full,
Cruſhes the Brain, and ſhivers the frail Scull.
Here burning pitchy Brands he whirls aroun d;
Infix'd, the Flames hiſs in the liquid Wound,
Deep drench'd in Death, in flowing Crimſon drown'd.
And now the ſwelling Heaps of ſlaughter'd Foes,
Sublime and equal to the Fortreſs roſe;
Whence, forward, with a leap, at once he ſprung,
And ſhot himſelf amidſt the hoſtile Throng.
So daring, fierce with Rage, ſo void of Fear,
Bounds forth the ſpotted Pard, and ſcorns the Hunter's Spear.
The cloſing Ranks the Warrior ſtrait enfold,
And, compaſs'd in their ſteely Circle, hold.
Undaunted ſtill, around the Ring he roams,
Fights here and there, and ev'ry where o'ercomes;
'Till clog'd with Blood, his Sword obeys but ill
The Dictates of its vengeful Maſter's Will;
Edgeleſs it falls, and tho' it pierce no more,
Still breaks the batter'd Bones, and bruiſes ſore.
Mean time, on him, the crouding War is bent,
And Darts from ev'ry Hand, to him are ſent:
It look'd, as Fortune did in Odds delight,
And had in cruel Sport ordain'd the Fight;

A wond'rous Match of War ſhe ſeem'd to make,
Her Thouſands here, and there her One to ſtake;
As if on knightly Terms in Liſts they ran,
And Armies were but equal to the Man.
A thouſand Darts upon his Buckler ring,
A thouſand Jav'lins round his Temples ſing;
Hard bearing on his Head, with many a Blow,
His ſteely Helm is inward taught to bow.
The miſſive Arms, fix'd all around he wears,
And ev'n his Safety in his Wounds he bears,
Fenc'd with a fatal Wood, a deadly Grove of Spears.
Ceaſe, ye *Pompeian* Warriors! ceaſe the Strife,
Nor, vainly, thus attempt this ſingle Life;
Your Darts, your idle Jav'lins caſt aſide,
And other Arms for *Scæva*'s Death provide:
The forceful Ram's reſiſtleſs Horns prepare,
With all the pond'rous vaſt Machines of War;
Let dreadful Flames, let maſſy Rocks be thrown,
With Engines thunder on, and break him down,
And win this *Cæſar*'s Soldier, like a Town.
At length, his Fate diſdaining to delay,
He hurls his Shield's neglected Aid away,
Reſolves no Part whate'er from Death to hide,
But ſtands unguarded now on ev'ry Side.
Encumber'd ſore with many a painful Wound,
Tardy, and ſtiff he treads the hoſtile Round;

Gloomy

Gloomy and fierce his Eyes the Croud ſurvey,
Mark where to fix, and ſingle out the Prey.
Such, by *Getulian* Hunters compaſs'd in,
The vaſt unwieldy Elephant is ſeen:
All cover'd with a ſteely Show'r from far,
Rouſing he ſhakes, and ſheds the ſcatter'd War;
In vain the diſtant Troop the Fight renew,
And with freſh Rage the ſtubborn Foe purſue;
Unconquer'd ſtill the mighty Salvage ſtands,
And ſcorns the Malice of a thouſand Hands.
Not all the Wounds a thouſand Darts can make,
Tho' all find Place, a ſingle Life can take.
When lo! addreſt with ſome ſucceſsful Vow,
A Shaft, ſure flying from a *Cretan* Bow,
Beneath the Warrior's Brow was ſeen to light,
And ſunk, deep piercing the left Orb of Sight,
But he (ſo Rage inſpir'd, and mad Diſdain)
Remorſeleſs fell, and ſenſeleſs of the Pain,
Tore forth the bearded Arrow from the Wound,
With ſtringy Nerves beſmear'd and wrapp'd around,
And ſtamp'd the gory Jelly on the Ground.
So in *Pæmonian* Woods the growling Bear
Tranſfix'd, grows fiercer for the Hunter's Spear,
Turns on her Wound, runs madding round with Pain,
And catches at the flying Shaft in vain.
Down from his eyeleſs Hollow ran the Blood,
And hideous o'er his mangled Viſage flow'd;

Deform'd

Deform'd each awful, each ſeverer Grace,
And veil'd the manly Terrors of his Face.
The Victors raiſe their joyful Voices high,
And with loud Triumph ſtrike the vaulted Sky:
Not *Caſar* thus a general Joy had ſpread,
Tho' *Caſar*'s Self like *Scæva* thus had bled.
Anxious, the wounded Soldier, in his Breaſt,
The riſing Indignation deep repreſt,
And thus, in humble Vein, his haughty Foes addreſt:
Here let your Rage, ye *Romans*, ceaſe, he ſaid,
And lend your Fellow-Citizen your Aid;
No more your Darts nor uſeleſs Javlins try,
Theſe, which I bear, will Deaths enow ſupply,
Draw forth your Weapons, and behold I die.
Or rather bear me hence, and let me meet
My Doom beneath the mighty *Pompey*'s Feet:
'Twere great, 'twere brave, to fall in Arms, 'tis true,
But I renounce that glorious Fate for you.
Fain wou'd I yet prolong this vital Breath,
And quit ev'n *Caſar*, ſo I fly from Death.
The wretched *Aulus* liſten'd to the Wile,
Intent and greedy of the future Spoil;
Advancing fondly on, with heedleſs Eaſe,
He thought the Captive and his Arms to ſeize,
When, e'er he was aware, his thund'ring Sword
Deep in his Throat, the ready *Scæva* gor'd.

Warm'd

Warm'd with the Slaughter, with freſh Rage he burns,
And Vigour with the new Succeſs returns.
So may they fall (he ſaid) by juſt Deceit,
Such be their Fate, ſuch as this Fool has met,
Who dare believe that I am vanquiſh'd yet.
If you would ſtop the Vengeance of my Sword,
From *Caſar*'s Mercy be your Peace implor'd,
There let your Leader kneel, and humbly own his Lord.
*Me!* could you meanly dare to fancy, Me
Baſe, like your ſelves, and fond of Life to be!
But know, not all the Names which grace your Cauſe,
Your reverend Senate, and your boaſted Laws,
Not *Pompey*'s Self, not all for which you fear,
Were e'er to you, like Death to *Scæva*, dear.
Thus while he ſpoke, a riſing Duſt betray'd
*Caſarian* Legions marching to his Aid.
Now *Pompey*'s Troops with Prudence ſeem to yield,
And to encreaſing Numbers quit the Field;
Diſſembling Shame, they hide their foul Defeat,
Nor vanquiſh'd by a ſingle Arm, retreat.
Then fell the Warrior, for 'till then he ſtood;
His manly Mind ſupply'd the want of Blood.
It ſeem'd as Rage had kindled Life anew,
And Courage to oppoſe, from Oppoſition grew.
But now, when none were left him to repell,
Fainting for want of Foes, the Victor fell.

Strait

Strait with officious haſte his Friends draw near,
And raiſing, joy the noble Load to bear:
To Reverence, and religious Awe inclin'd,
Admiring, they adore his mighty Mind,
That God within his mangled Breaſt enſhrin'd.
The wounding Weapons, ſtain'd with *Scæva's* Blood,
Like ſacred Relicks to the Gods are vow'd:
Forth are they drawn from ev'ry Part with Care,
And kept to dreſs the naked God of War.
Oh! happy Soldier, had thy Worth been try'd,
In pious Daring, on thy Country's Side!
Oh! had thy Sword *Iberian* Battles known,
Or purple with *Cantabrian* Slaughter grown;
How had thy Name in deathleſs Annals ſhone!
But now no *Roman Pæan* ſhalt thou ſing,
Nor peaceful Triumphs to thy Country bring,
Nor loudly bleſt in ſolemn Pomp ſhalt move,
Thro' crouding Streets, to *Capitolian Jove*,
The Laws Defender, and the Peoples Love:
Oh haplefs Victor thou! oh vainly Brave!
How haſt thou fought, to make thy ſelf a Slave!
Nor *Pompey*, thus repuls'd, the Fight declines,
Nor reſts encompaſs'd round by *Cæſar's* Lines;

Ver. 440. *Roman Pæan.*] *Pæan* was properly the Name of *Apollo*, which the *Roman* Soldiers uſed frequently to repeat in their Songs of Victory, which they ſung as they accompanied the Triumphs of their Generals.

Once

Once more he means to force his warlike Way,
And, yet retrieve the Fortune of the Day.
So when fierce Winds with angry Ocean ſtrive,
Fall on the Beach the beating Billows drive;
Stable awhile the lofty Mounds abide,
Check the proud Surge, and ſtay the ſwelling Tide:
Yet reſtleſs ſtill the Waves unweary'd roll,
Work underneath at length, and ſap the ſinking Mole.
With Force renew'd the baffled Warrior bends,
Where to the Shore the jutting Wall extends:
There proves, by Land and Sea, his various Might,
And wins his Paſſage by the double Fight.
Wide o'er the Plains diffus'd his Legions range,
And their cloſe Camp for freer Fields exchange.
So, rais'd by melting Streams of *Alpine* Snow,
Beyond his utmoſt Margin ſwells the *Po*,
And looſely lets the ſpreading Deluge flow:
Where-e'er the weaker Banks oppreſt retreat,
And ſink beneath the heapy Waters weight,
Forth guſhing at the Breach they burſt their Way,
And waſteful o'er the drowned Country ſtray:
Far diſtant Fields and Meads they wander o'er,
And viſit Lands they never knew before;
Here, from its Seat the mould'ring Earth is torn,
And by the Flood to other Maſters born;

While

While gath'ring, there, it heaps the growing Soil,
And loads the Peaſant with his Neighbour's Spoil.
Soon as aſcending high, a riſing Flame,
To *Caeſar*'s Sight, the Combate's Signal, came,
Swift to the Place approaching near, he found
The Ruin ſcatter'd by the Victor, round,
And his proud Labours humbled to the Ground.
Thence to the hoſtile Camp his Eyes he turns,
Where for their Peace, and Sleep ſecure, he mourns,
With rancorous Deſpight, and envious Anguiſh, burns.
At length reſolv'd (ſo Rage inſpir'd his Breaſt)
He means to break the happy Victor's Reſt;
Once more to kindle up the fatal Strife,
And daſh their Joys, with Hazard of his Life.
Streight to *Torquatus* fierce he bends his Way,
(*Torquatus* near a neighb'ring Caſtle lay)
But he, by prudent Caution taught to yield,
Truſts to his Walls, and quits the open Field;

Ver. 488. *Streight to* Torquatus.] When *Pompey* had forc'd his Paſſage thro' *Caeſar*'s Lines, *Caeſar*, to repair the Loſs and Diſgrace of that Action, attack'd with 33 Cohorts a Caſtle of the Enemy's, commanded by *Torquatus*. He had now beat the Beſieged out of the Ditch, when *Pompey*, hearing of their Diſtreſs, came himſelf with the Fifth Legion to their Aſſiſtance. *Caeſar*'s Horſe, fearing to be encloſed, gave way firſt; which the Foot ſeeing, and that *Pompey* was there in Perſon, fled likewiſe. If *Pompey* had made as much Advantage of his Succeſs here, as *Lucan* inſinuates a more cruel Conqueror would have done, this Action might have decided the War at once.

There, ſafe within himſelf, he ſtands his Ground,
And lines the guarded Rampart ſtrongly round.
So when the Seamen from afar deſcry
The Clouds grow black upon the low'ring Sky,
Hear the Winds roar, and mark the Seas run high,
They furl the flutt'ring Sheet with timely Care,
And wiſely for the coming Storm prepare.
But now the Victor, with reſiſtleſs haſte,
Proud o'er the Ramparts of the Fort had paſt;
When ſwift deſcending from the riſing Grounds,
*Pompey* with length'ning Files the Foe ſurrounds.
As when in *Ætna's* hollow Caves below,
Round the vaſt Furnace kindling Whirlwinds blow;
Rous'd in his baleful Bow'r the Giant roars,
And with a Burſt the burning Deluge pours;
Then pale with Horror ſhrieks the ſhudd'ring Swain,
To ſee the fiery Ruin ſpread the Plain.
Nor with leſs Horror *Ceſar's* Bands behold
Huge hoſtile duſty Clouds their Rear infold;
Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to ſhun,
Blind with their Fear, full on their Fates they run.
Well, on that Day, the World Repoſe had gain'd,
And bold Rebellion's Blood had all been drain'd,
Had not the pious Chief the Rage of War reſtrain'd.

Ver. 505. *The Giant roars.*] *Enceladus*, who was ſtruck with Lightning, and laid there by *Jupiter*.

On

Oh *Rome!* how free, how happy hadſt thou been!
Thy own great Miſtreſs, and the Nations Queen!
Had *Sylla*, then, thy great Avenger ſtood,
And dy'd his thirſty Sword in Traitors Blood.
But oh! for ever ſhalt thou now bemoan
The two Extremes, by which thou wert undone,
The ruthleſs Father, and too tender Son.
With fatal Pity, *Pompey*, haſt thou ſpar'd,
And giv'n the blackeſt Crime the beſt Reward:
How had that one, one happy Day, with-held
The Blood of *Utica*, and *Munda*'s Field!
The *Pharian Nile* had known no Crime more great
Than ſome vile *Ptolemy*'s untimely Fate;
Nor *Africk*, then, her *Juba* had bemoan'd,
Nor *Scipio*'s Blood the *Punick* Ghoſts aton'd;
*Cato* had, for his Country's Good, ſurviv'd,
And long in Peace a hoary Patriot liv'd;
*Rome* had not worn a Tyrant's hated Chain,
And Fate had undecreed *Pharſalia*'s Plain.

Ver. 518. *Had* Sylla *then.*] Tho' *Lucan* was rather a Favourer of *Sylla*, yet ſee how even he paints the Cruelty of his Victories in the Second Book.

Ver. 527. *No Crime more great.*] That is, *Pompey* had not been murder'd in *Egypt*. *Juba* and *Petreius* were vanquiſh'd by *Ceſar* in *Africa*, and kill'd each other.

The *Scipio* meant here, is *Corn. Scipio*, Father of *Pompey*'s Wife *Cornelia*, who likewiſe kill'd himſelf on the ſame Occaſion in *Africk*.

*Cato*'s Story is made common, as well as immortal, by Mr. *Addiſon*.

But *Cæſar*, weary of th'unlucky Land,
Swift to *Æmathia* leads his ſhatter'd Band;
While *Pompey*'s wary Friends, with Caution wiſe,
To quit the baffled Foe's Purſuit adviſe.
To *Italy* they point his open Way,
And bid him make the willing Land his Prey.
Oh! never, (he replies) ſhall *Pompey* come,
Like *Cæſar* arm'd, and terrible to *Rome*;
Nor need I from thoſe ſacred Walls have fled,
Cou'd I have born our Streets with Slaughter red,
And ſeen the *Forum* pil'd with Heaps of Dead.
Much rather let me pine in *Scythia*'s Froſt,
Or burn on ſwarthy *Libya*'s ſult'ry Coaſt;
No Clime, no diſtant Region is too far,
Where I can baniſh, with me, fatal War.
I fled, to bid my Country's Sorrows ceaſe;
And ſhall my Victories invade her Peace?
Let her but ſafe and free from Arms remain,
And *Cæſar* ſtill ſhall think ſhe wears his Chain.
He ſpoke, and Eaſtward ſought the Foreſt wide,
That riſing cloaths *Candavia*'s ſhady Side;
Thence to *Æmathia* took his deſtin'd Way,
Reſerv'd by Fate for the deciding Day.

Ver. 539. *To* Italy.] Which he might eaſily have recover'd.

Ver. 555. *Candavia.*] A wild mountainous Country full of Woods, upon the Borders of *Macedonia* and *Illyricum*.

Where

Where *Eurus* blows, and wint'ry Suns ariſe,
*Theſſalia*'s Boundary proud *Oſſa* lies;
But when the God protracts the longer Day,
*Pelion*'s broad Back receives the dawning Ray.
Where thro' the Lion's fi'ry Sign he flies,
*Othrys* his leafy Groves for Shades ſupplies.
On *Pindus* ſtrikes the fady Weſtern Light,
When glitt'ring *Veſper* leads the ſtarry Night.
Northward, *Olympus* hides the Lamps, that roll
Their paler Fires around the frozen Pole.
The middle Space, a Valley low depreſs'd,
Once a wide, lazy, ſtanding Lake poſſeſs'd;
While growing ſtill the heapy Waters ſtood,
Nor down thro' *Tempe* ran the ruſhing Flood:

Ver. 558. *Where* Eurus *blows.*] This Chorographical Deſcription of *Theſſaly* is moſtly taken from *Herodotus*, and agrees, tho' not altogether, with the Accounts and Maps of the Learned *Cellarius*. *Oſſa* lyes to the Eaſt.

Ver. 561. Pelion's *broad Back.*] This is a literal Tranſlation of my Author, tho' according to *Cellarius* he muſt be out in his Geography, as well as Aſtronomy; for as the Days lengthen the Sun riſes to the Northward of the Eaſt; whereas *Cellarius* places *Pelion* to the Southward. For the reſt, *Othrys* lyes to the South, *Pindus* to W. S. W. and *Olympus* to the North.

Ver. 568. *The middle Space.*] He does not ſeem to mean here all that Region which the ancient Geographers call *Theſſaly*, but the Fields of *Tempe* and *Pharſalia*, and the neighbouring Country, where the principal Scene of Action in this War lay.

But when *Alcides* to the Task apply'd,
And cleft a Paſſage thro' the Mountains wide;
Guſhing at once the thund'ring Torrent flow'd,
While *Nereus* groan'd beneath th' increaſing Load.
Then roſe (oh that it ſtill a Lake had lain!)
Above the Waves *Pharſalia*'s fatal Plain,
Once ſubject to the great *Achilles*' Reign.
Then *Phylace* was built, whoſe Warriors boaſt
Their Chief firſt landed on the *Trojan* Coaſt;
Then *Pteleos* ran her circling Wall around,
And *Dorion*, for the Muſes Wrath renown'd;
Then *Trachin* high, and *Meliboea* ſtood,
Where *Hercules* his fatal Shafts beſtow'd;

Ver. 572. *But when* Alcides.] 'Tis ſaid *Hercules* mad a Paſſage between *Oſſa* and *Olympus*, for the River *Peneu* to run into the Sea.

Ver. 579. *Phylace*,] A City in *Phthiotis*, a Province o *Theſſaly*; where *Proteſilaus* reign'd, who was the firſt tha landed on the Shore of *Troy* in the famous Expedition o the *Greeks* againſt that Place; and was kill'd, according t the Prediction of the Oracle. Concerning him ſee *Ovid' Epiſtles*, and *Metam.* Lib. 12.

Ver. 581. *Pteleos*,] Or rather *Pteleum*, a Town upo the Sea-Coaſt in the ſame Country.

Ver. 582. *Dorion*,] Or *Dotion*, as *Aſcenſius* will have i There is ſome Diſpute whether this Place be in *Magneſi* in *Theſſaly*, or *Meſſenia* in the *Peloponneſus*. *Lucan* is plainl of the firſt Opinion: However that be, near this Plac *Thamyras*, a *Thracian* Poet, was puniſh'd with Blindne by the Muſes for daring to contend with them.

Ver. 583. *Meliboea*,] A City of *Phthiotis*.

*Trachin*,] Or *Heracleas*, in the ſame Country: Her liv'

*Lariſſa* ſtrong aroſe, and *Argos*, now
A Plain, ſubmitted to the lab'ring Plow.
Here ſtood the Town, if there be Truth in Fame,
That from *Bœotian Thebes* receiv'd its Name.
Here ſad *Agave*'s wand'ring Senſe return'd,
Here for her murder'd Son the Mother mourn'd;
With ſtreaming Tears ſhe wash'd his ghaſtly Head,
And on the Fun'ral Pile the precious Relick laid.
The guſhing Waters various ſoon divide,
And ev'ry River rules a ſep'rate Tide;
The narrow *Æas* runs a limpid Flood,
*Evenos* bluſhes with the *Centaurs*' Blood;

liv'd *Philoctetes*, to whom *Hercules* at his Death gave his fatal Arrows, without which *Troy* could not be taken. *Lariſſa* and *Argos* were Cities in the ſame Country. For the firſt, ſee afterwards in *Book* 8.

Ver. 588. *Bœotian Thebes*.] The ancient Geographers place a City called *Thebes* in *Phthiotis*. When *Agave*, Queen of *Thebes* in *Bœotia*, had in her Madneſs kill'd her Son *Pentheus*, and cut off his Head, at length recovering her Senſes, ſhe fled into this Country, and bury'd her Son's Head here, and probably gave the Name of *Thebes* to the Place where ſhe ſettled.

Ver. 593. *The guſhing Waters.*] From the Cities that were built by the firſt Inhabitants, the Poet goes on to enumerate the famous Rivers of *Theſſaly*, which were left in their proper Channels, after the great Lake was empty'd.

Ver. 595. *The narrow Æas.*] I find no River of this Name among the ancient Geographers, except one in *Macedonia*, which falls into the *Ionian* Sea by *Apollonia*. *Ovid* indeed makes the River *Æas* meet the *Peneus*, and I ſuppoſe *Lucan* follows him.

Ver. 596. *Evenos.*] This was a River in *Calydonia*, Part of *Ætolia*, where *Neſſus* the Centaur attempting to

That gently mingles with th' *Ionian* Sea,
While This, thro' *Calydonia*, cuts his Way.
Slowly fair *Io*'s aged Father falls,
And in hoarſe Murmurs his loſt Daughter calls.
Thick *Acheloüs* rolls his troubled Waves,
And heavily the Neighbour Iſles he laves;
While pure *Amphryſus* winds along the Mead,
Where *Phœbus* once was wont his Flocks to feed:
Oft on the Banks he ſat a Shepherd Swain,
And watch'd his Charge upon the graſſy Plain.
Swift to the Main his Courſe *Sperchios* bends,
And, ſounding, to the *Malian* Gulph deſcends.

raviſh *Deianira* the Wife of *Hercules*, was kill'd by that Hero.

This River, as likewiſe *Achelous*, (in the ſame Country) are oddly introduc'd among the Rivers of *Theſſaly*. But the next,

Ver. 599. *Io's aged Father*] *Inachus* is yet more remote, being a River of the *Peloponeſus*, unleſs we may ſuppoſe ſome River of leſs Note in *Theſſaly*, which took its Name from that famous one of the *Argives*.

For the Story of *Jupiter* raviſhing his Daughter *Io*, ſee *Ovid. Metam.* Lib. 1.

Ver. 602. *The Neighbour Iſles.*] The *Echinades*, now *Curzolari*.

Ver. 603. *Amphryſus,*] A River of *Theſſaly*, near which *Apollo*, when he lay under *Jupiter's* Diſpleaſure for killing the *Cyclops*, kept Sheep for *Admetus*, King of the Country.

Ver. 607. *Sperchios,*] Now called *Agriomela*, a River of *Phthiotis*. It falls into the *Sinus Maliacus*, at the End of the *Euripus* or Gulph of *Negropont*.

No

No breezy Air near calm *Anauros* flies,
No dewy Miſts, nor fleecy Clouds ariſe.
Here *Phœnix*, *Melas*, and *Æſopus* run,
And ſtrong *Apidanus* drives ſlow *Enipeus* on.
A thouſand little Brooks, unknown to Fame,
Are mix'd, and loſt in *Peneus'* nobler Name:
Bold *Titareſius* ſcorns his Rule, alone,
And, join'd to *Peneus*, ſtill himſelf is known:
As o'er the Land, his haughty Waters glide,
And roll unmingling, a ſuperior Tide.
'Tis ſaid, thro' ſecret Channels winding forth,
Deep as from *Styx* he takes his hallow'd Birth;
Thence, proud to be rever'd by Gods on high,
He ſcorns to mingle with a mean Ally.

Ver. 609. *Anauros.*] This and the following Rivers were all of *Theſſaly*, but of no great Name.

Ver. 612. *Apidanus.*] The River *Apidanus* falls into *Enipeus*.

Ver. 614. —— *Peneus,*] Was a River of Note. He was the Father of *Daphne*, *Apollo*'s Miſtreſs.

This Paſſage of *Titareſius*, or *Titareſius*, according to *Homer*, falling into the *Peneus*, and not mingling with its Waters, is taken from that Poet, *Iliad.* B. 2.

Οὐ δ' ὅγε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται, &c.

*Or where the pleaſing* Titareſius *glides,*
*And into* Peneus *rolls his eaſy Tides;*
*Yet o'er the Silver Surface pure they flow,*
*The ſacred Stream, unmix'd with Streams below,*
*Sacred and awful! From the dark Abodes*
Styx *pours them forth the dreadful Oath of Gods.*
*Mr.* Pope.

When rising Grounds uprear'd at length their Heads,
And Rivers shrunk within their oozy Beds;
*Bebrycians* first are said, with early Care,
In Furrows deep to sink the shining Share.
The *Lelegians* next, with equal Toil,
And *Dolopes*, invade the mellow Soil.
To these the bold *Eolide* succeed,
*Magnetes*, taught to rein the fiery Steed,
And *Minye*, to explore the Deep, decreed.
Here pregnant by *Ixion*'s bold Embrace,
The Mother Cloud disclos'd the *Centaurs*' Race:
In *Pelethronian* Caves she brought 'em forth,
And fill'd the Land with many a monstrous Birth.

Ver. 625. *Bebrycians.*] I have follow'd the Correction of *Grotius* in this Place, but upon second Thoughts must confess I think it wrong, and that it ought rather to be, as most Editions have it, *Bebricians*, from the Lake *Bebe* and Town of the same Name in *Phthiotis*. The *Bebryces* were a People in *Gallia Narbonensis*. Of the other Names which follow there is nothing particular to be remark'd, but that they were the first Inhabitants of several Parts of *Thessaly*. Of the *Minye* only it may be observ'd, that they were the Companions of *Jason* in his famous Expedition to *Colchos* in quest of the Golden Fleece.

Ver. 632. Ixion's *bold Embrace.*] *Ixion* being in Love with *Juno*, embracing a Cloud for her, and begetting the *Centaurs* upon that Cloud, is a known Fable.

Ver. 634. Pelethronian *Caves.*] *Pelethronium* was a Mountain in *Thessaly*. *Monychus* is the Name of a Centaur, as likewise are *Rhoetus*, *Pholus*, and *Nessus*. For the latter see the Note on *Ver.* 596. of this Book.

Here

Here dreadful *Monychus* firſt ſaw the Light,
And prov'd on *Pholoe*'s rending Rocks his Might;
Here talleſt Trees uprooting *Rhoetus* bore,
Which baffled Storms had try'd in vain before.
Here *Pholus*, of a gentler human Breaſt,
Receiv'd the great *Alcides* for his Gueſt.
Here, with Brute-fury, luſtful *Neſſus* try'd
To violate the Heroe's beauteous Bride,
'Till juſtly by the fatal Shaft he dy'd.
This Parent Land the pious Leach conſeſt,
*Chiron*, of all the double Race the beſt:
'Midſt golden Stars he ſtands refulgent now,
And threats the Scorpion with his beaded Bow.
Here Love of Arms and Battle reign'd of Old,
And form'd the firſt *Theſſalians* fierce and bold:
Here, from rude Rocks, at *Neptune*'s potent Stroke,
Omen of War, the neighing Courſer broke;

Ver. 646. *Chiron.*] This Centaur had many good Qualities: He underſtood Muſick and Phyſick, was the Tutor of *Achilles*, and afterwards tranſlated into Heaven, made that Sign in the *Zodiack* which we call *Sagittarius*, or the Archer, next to *Scorpio*.

Ver. 651. *From* Neptune's *potent Stroke.*] *Lucan* ſeems to allude in this Place to the famous Controverſy between *Neptune* and *Pallas*, when to ſhew their Power He produced the firſt Horſe out of a Rock, and She the firſt Olive-tree out of the Earth: But the Commentators will have this to have happen'd in *Attica*, and not in *Theſſaly*. The Truth ſeems to have been; that the ancient *Theſſalians* were a bold and hardy People, and that the *Centauri*

and

Here, taught by skilful Riders to ſubmit,
He champ'd indignant on the foamy Bit.
From fair *Theſſalia's Pegaſean* Shore,
The firſt bold Pine the daring Warriors bore,
And taught the Sons of Earth wide Oceans to explore.
Here, when *Itonus* held the Regal Seat,
The ſtubborn Steel he firſt ſubdu'd with Heat,
And the tough Barrs on ſounding Anvils beat:
In Furnaces he ran the liquid Braſs,
And caſt in curious Works the molten Maſs.
He taught the ruder Artiſt to refine,
Explor'd the Silver and the Golden Mine,
And ſtamp'd the coſtly Metal into Coin.
From that old *Æra* Avarice was known,
Then all the deadly Seeds of War were ſown;
Wide o'er the World, by Tale, the Miſchief ran,
And thoſe curſt Pieces were the Bane of Man.
Huge *Python*, here, in many a ſcaly Fold,
To *Cyrrha's* Cave a Length enormous roll'd;

and *Lapithæ*, Inhabitants of that Country, were the firſt who underſtood the Manage of Horſes, and made uſe of 'em in Battel.

Ver. 658. *Itonus*,] According to ſome the Son of *Apollo*, to others of *Deucalion*: He was King of *Theſſaly*. *Lucan* gives him the Honour of finding out the Uſe and Working of Metals, and Coining Money; but this is diſputed by other Authors.

Ver 671. Cyrrha's *Cave*,] In or near the Mountain *Parnaſſus*.

Hence,

Hence, *Pythian* Games the hardy *Greeks* Renown,
And Laurel Wreaths the joyful Victor crown.
Here proud *Aloeus* durſt the Gods defie,
And taught his impious Brood to ſcale the Sky:
While Mountains pil'd on Mountains interfere
With Heav'ns bright Orbs, and ſtop the circling Sphere.
To this curſt Land, by Fate's appointed Doom,
With one Conſent the warring Leaders come;
Their Camps are fix'd, and now the Vulgar fear,
To ſee the terrible Event ſo near.
A few, and but a few, with Souls ſerene,
Wait the diſcloſing of the dubious Scene.
But *Sextus*, mix'd among the vulgar Herd,
Like them was anxious, and unmanly fear'd:
A Youth unworthy of the Hero's Race,
And born to be his nobler Sire's Diſgrace.

Ver. 672. Pythian *Games.*] Theſe were inſtituted to the Honour of *Apollo* upon his killing the Serpent *Python.* See the Notes upon Book 5.

Ver. 674. *Aloeus*] Was the Father-in-Law or reputed Father of *Otus* and *Ephialtes*, two of the Giants that made War upon *Jupiter*, his Wife *Iphimedia* being impregnated with theſe chopping Twins by *Neptune*. Theſe are thoſe call'd by *Virgil Aloïda Gemini* in the 6th Book. The Sibyl ſays,

*Hic & Aloïdas geminos, immania vidi*
*Corpora.*

*Here lye th' Aloean Twins (I ſaw 'em both)*
*Enormous Bodies of Gigantick Growth;*
*Who dar'd in Fight the Thund'rer to defy,*
*Afflict his Heav'n, and force him from the Sky.*
Mr. Dryden.

A Day ſhall come, when this inglorious Son
Shall ſtain the Trophies all by *Pompey* won:
A Thief, and Spoiler, ſhall he live confeſs'd,
And act thoſe Wrongs his Father's Arms redreſs'd.
Vex'd with a Coward's fond Impatience now,
He pries into that Fate he fears to know;
Nor ſeeks he, with religious Vows, to move
The *Delphick* Tripod, or *Dodonian Jove*;
No prieſtly Augur's Art employs his Cares,
Nor *Babylonian* Seers, who read the Stars;
He nor by Fibres, Birds, or Lightning's Fires,
Nor any juſt, tho' ſecret Rites enquires;
But horrid Altars, and Infernal Pow'rs,
Dire Myſteries of Magick he explores,
Such as high Heav'n and gracious *Jove* abhors.
He thinks, 'tis little thoſe above can know,
And ſeeks accurſt Aſſiſtance from below.
The Place it ſelf the impious Means ſupplies,
While near *Hæmonian* Hags incamp'd he lies:
All dreadful Deeds, all monſtrous Forms of old,
By Fear invented, and by Falſhood told,

Ver. 688. *A Day ſhall come.*] In relation to the Pyracies ſuppreſs'd with great Glory to himſelf by *Pompey*, and after his Death renew'd and exerciſed with great Rapine by his Son *Sextus* in the *Sicilian* Seas, after he had loſt the Battle of *Munda* in *Spain*.

Ver. 697. *Nor* Babylonian *Seers.*] The *Chaldeans*, famous for their Skill in Aſtrology.

Ver. 706. Hæmonian *Hags.*] *Theſſaly*, call'd likewiſe *Hæmonia*, was famous for Witches.

What,

Whate'er tranſcends Belief, and Reaſon's View,
Their Art can furniſh, and their Pow'r makes true.
The pregnant Fields a horrid Crop produce,
Noxious, and fit for Witchcraft's deadly Uſe:
With baleful Weeds each Mountain's Brow is hung,
And liſt'ning Rocks attend the Charmer's Song.
There, potent and myſterious Plants ariſe,
Plants that compel the Gods, and awe the Skies;
There, Leaves unfolded to *Medea*'s View,
Such as her native *Colchos* never knew.
Soon as the dread *Hæmonian* Voice aſcends,
Thro' the whole vaſt Expanſe, each Pow'r attends;
Ev'n all thoſe ſullen Deities, who know
No Care of Heav'n above, or Earth below,
Hear and obey. Th' *Aſſyrian* then, in vain,
And *Memphian* Prieſts, their local Gods detain;
From ev'ry Altar looſe at once they fly,
And with the ſtronger Foreign Call comply.
The coldeſt Hearts *Theſſalian* Numbers warm,
And ruthleſs Boſoms own the potent Charm;
With monſtrous Pow'r they rouſe perverſe Deſire,
And kindle into Luſt the wint'ry Sire:

Ver. 724. *Their local Gods.*] Gods who were particularly worſhipp'd in particular Places by Votaries of their own, who yet durſt not refuſe to forſake thoſe Places when they were call'd by the *Theſſalian* Inchantments.

Where

Where noxious Cups, and poiſonous Philters fail,
More potent Spells and myſtick Verſe prevail.
No Draughts ſo ſtrong the Knots of Love prepare,
Cropt from her Younglings by the Parent Mare.
Off', ſullen Bridegrooms, who unkindly fled
From blooming Beauty, and the genial Bed,
Melt, as the Thread runs on, and ſighing, feel
The giddy whirling of the Magick Wheel.
Whene'er the proud Enchantreſs gives Command,
Eternal Motion ſtops her active Hand;
No more Heav'n's rapid Circles journey on,
But univerſal Nature ſtands foredone:
The lazy God of Day forgets to riſe,
And everlaſting Night pollutes the Skies.

Ver. 733. *The Knots of Love.*] Theſe are little Excreſcencies of Fleſh upon the Forehead of Foals, which the Mares bite off as ſoon as they are foal'd; and if they are prevented, and thoſe Knots cut off, 'tis ſaid they will not ſuffer their Foals to ſuck, but hate 'em, and drive 'em away. This is mention'd as an Ingredient for Love-Potions in *Virgil*'s 4th *Æneid*.

——— *Naſcentis equi de fronte revulſus,*
*Et matri præreptus amor.*

——— *And cuts the Forehead of a new-born Foal,*
*Robbing the Mother's Love.* *Mr.* Dryden.

Ver. 737. *Melt, as the Thread.*] This magical Prevalence, over hard-hearted Men in Love-Matters, was, by winding or unwinding Threads off or upon Wheels, and probably muttering ſome Spell over them as they wound or unwound. See *Virg.* in the 8th Eclogue.

*Jove*

*Jove* wonders, to behold her ſhake the Pole,
And, unconſenting, hears his Thunders roll.
Now, with a Word, ſhe hides the Sun's bright Face,
And blots the wide Ætherial Azure Space:
Looſely, anon, ſhe ſhakes her flowing Hair,
And ſtrait the ſtormy low'ring Heav'ns are fair:
At once, ſhe calls the golden Light again,
The Clouds fly ſwift away, and ſtops the drizly Rain.
In ſtilleſt Calms, ſhe bids the Waves run high,
And ſmooths the Deep, tho' *Boreas* ſhakes the Sky;
When Winds are huſh'd, her potent Breath prevails,
Wafts on the Bark, and fills the flagging Sails.
Streams have run back at Murmurs of her Tongue,
And Torrents from the Rock ſuſpended hung.
No more the *Nile* his wonted Seaſons knows,
And in a Line the ſtrait *Meander* flows.
*Arar* has ruſh'd with headlong Waters down,
And driv'n unwillingly the ſluggiſh *Rhone*.
Huge Mountains have been levell'd with the Plain,
And far from Heav'n has tall *Olympus* lain.
*Riphæan* Cryſtal has been known to melt,
And *Scythian* Snows a ſudden Summer felt.

Ver. 759. *No more the* Nile.] This River encreaſes and decreaſes always at the ſame Times of the Year. See afterwards in the 10th Book. The *Meander* is famous for its crooked Turnings and Windings.

The *Arar* is naturally ſlow, and the *Rhone* rapid.

Ver. 765. Riphæan *Cryſtal.*] Ice upon the *Riphæan* Mountains in the extream Northern Parts both of *Europe* and *Aſia*.

No

No longer preſt by *Cynthia*'s moiſter Beam,
Alternate *Tethys* heaves her ſwelling Stream;
By Charms forbid, her Tides revolve no more,
But ſhun the Margin of the guarded Shore.
The pond'rous Earth, by Magick Numbers ſtrook,
Down to her innoſt Centre deep has ſhook;
Then reading with a Yawn, at once made way,
To join the upper, and the nether Day;
While wond'ring Eyes, the dreadful Cleft between,
Another ſtarry Firmament have ſeen.
Each deadly Kind, by Nature form'd to kill,
Fear the dire Hags, and execute their Will.
Lions, to them, their nobler Rage ſubmit,
And fawning Tigers couch beneath their Feet;
For them, the Snake foregoes her winter'y Hold,
And on the hoary Froſt untwines her Fold:
The pois'nous Race they ſtrike with ſtronger Death,
And blaſted Vipers die by human Breath.

What Law the heav'nly Natures thus conſtrains,
And binds ev'n Godheads in reſiſtleſs Chains?
What wond'rous Pow'r do Charms and Herbs imply,
And force 'em thus to follow, and to fly?
What is it can command 'em to obey?
Do's Choice incline, or awful Terror ſway?
Do ſecret Rites their Deities atone,
Or Myſtick Piety to Man unknown?

o ſtrong Inchantments all Immortals brave?
r is there one determin'd God their Slave?
ne, whoſe Command obedient Nature awes,
ho, ſubject ſtill himſelf to Magick Laws,
ts only as a Servile ſecond Cauſe?
agick the ſtarry Lamps from Heav'n can tear,
nd ſhoot 'em gleaming thro' the dusky Air;
n blot fair *Cynthia*'s Countenance ſerene,
nd poiſon with foul Spells the Silver Queen:
ow pale the ghaſtly Goddeſs ſhrinks with Dread,
nd now black ſmouky Fires involve her Head;
when Earth's envious interpoſing Shade,
its off her beamy Brother from her Aid:
ld by the charming Song, ſhe ſtrives in vain,
nd labours with the long-purſuing Pain;
down, and downward ſtill, compell'd to come,
n hallow'd Herbs ſhe ſheds her fatal Foam.

Ver. 794. *One determin'd God.*] The Poet ſeems to ude here to that God whom they call'd *Demogorgon*, ho was the Father and Creator of all the other Gods: he, tho' himſelf was bound in Chains in the loweſt Hell, as yet ſo terrible to all the others, that they could not ar the very Mention of his Name; as appears towards e End of this Book. Him *Lucan* ſuppoſes to be ſubject the Power of Magick, as all the other Deities of what nd ſoever were to him.

Ver. 809. *Her fatal Foam.*] The Ancients fancy'd the oon to be drawn down from Heav'n by Witchcraft, hen ſhe was eclipſed: and that at thoſe Times ſhe ſhed

But theſe, as Arts too gentle, and too good,
Nor yet with Death, or Guilt enough embrew'd,
With haughty Scorn the fierce *Erictho* view'd.
New Miſchief ſhe, new Monſters durſt explore,
And dealt in Horrors never known before.
From Towns, and Hoſpitable Roofs ſhe flies,
And ev'ry Dwelling of Mankind defies;
Thro' unfrequented Deſarts lonely roams,
Drives out the Dead, and dwells within their Tombs.
Spight of all Laws, which Heav'n, or Nature know,
The Rule of Gods above, and Man below;
Grateful to Hell the living Hag deſcends,
And ſits in black Aſſemblies of the Fiends.
Dark matted Elf-locks dangling on her Brow,
Filthy, and foul, a loathſome Burthen grow:
Ghaſtly, and frightful-pale her Face is ſeen,
Unknown to chearful Day, and Skies ſerene:
But when the Stars are veil'd, when Storms ariſe,
And the blue forky Flame at Midnight flies,
Then, forth from Graves, ſhe takes her wicked Way,
And thwarts the glancing Light'nings as they play.

a ſort of venomous Juice upon ſome particular Plants which was of great Uſe in Magick.

Ver. 822. *And ſits in black Aſſemblies,*] Which no living Creature, beſides herſelf, could do.

Where

Where-e'er ſhe breaths, blue Poiſons round her ſpread,
The with'ring Graſs avows her fatal Tread,
And drooping *Ceres* hangs her blaſted Head.
Nor holy Rites, nor ſuppliant Pray'r ſhe knows,
Nor ſeeks the Gods with Sacrifice, or Vows:
What'er ſhe offers is the Spoil of Urns,
And Funeral Fire upon her Altars burns;
Nor need ſhe ſend a ſecond Voice on high,
Scar'd at the firſt, the trembling Gods comply.
Oft' in the Grave the Living has ſhe laid,
And bid reviving Bodies leave the Dead:
Oft' at the Fun'ral Pile ſhe ſeeks her Prey,
And bears the ſmoaking Aſhes warm away;
Snatches ſome burning Bone, or flaming Brand,
And tears the Torch from the ſad Father's Hand;
Seizes the Shroud's looſe Fragments as they fly,
And picks the Coal where clammy Juices fry.
But when the Dead in Marble Tombs are plac'd,
Where the moiſt Carcaſe by Degrees ſhall waſte,
There, greedily on ev'ry Part ſhe flies,
Strips the dry Nails, and digs the goary Eyes.
Her Teeth from Gibbets gnaw the ſtrangling Nooſe,
And from the Croſs dead Murderers unlooſe:

Ver. 833. *Ceres.*] The Goddeſs of Husbandry, Corn, *&c.*
Ver. 845. *From the ſad Father's Hand.*] The neareſt of Kin to the Deceaſed always ſet Fire to the Funeral Pile.
Theſe Actions of *Erictho* were reckon'd as the greateſt Impieties among the Ancients.

Her

Her Charms the Uſe of Sun-dry'd Marrow find,
And husky Entrails wisher'd in the Wind;
Oft' drops the ropy Gore upon her Tongue,
With cordy Sinews oft' her Jaws are ſtrung,
And thus ſuſpended oft' the filthy Hag has hung,
Where-e'er the Battle bleeds, and Slaughter lies,
Thither, preventing Birds and Beaſts, ſhe hies;
Nor then content to ſeize the ready Prey,
From their fell Jaws ſhe tears their Food away:
She marks the hungry Wolf's pernicious Tooth,
And joys to rend the Morſel from his Mouth.
Nor ever yet Remorſe con'd ſtop her Hand,
When human Gore her curſed Rites demand.
Whether ſome tender Infant, yet unborn,
From the lamenting Mother's Side is torn;
Whether her Purpoſe asks ſome bolder Shade,
And by her Knife, the Ghoſt ſhe wants, is made;
Or whether, curious in the choice of Blood,
She catches the firſt gushing of the Flood;
All Miſchief is of uſe, and ev'ry Murder good.
When blooming Youths in early Manhood die,
She ſtands a terrible Attendant by;
The downy Growth from off their Cheeks ſhe tears,
Or cuts left-handed ſome ſelected Hairs.
Oft' when in Death her gaſping Kindred lay,
Some pious Office won'd ſhe feign to pay;

Ver. 879. *Some pious Office,*] As receiving the laſt Breath *of the dying* Perſon.

ile cloſe hov'ring o'er the Bed ſhe hung,
ale Lips, and crop't the quiv'ring Tongues
1 hearſe Mummms, e're the Ghoſt cou'd go,
l ſome Meſſage to the Shades below.
me like this around the Region ſpread,
e her Pow'rs, the younger *Pompey* led.
lf her ſable Courſe the Night had run,
r beneath us roll'd the beamy Sun;
he vile Youth in Silence croſs'd the Plain,
d by his wonted worthleſs Train.
ruins waſte and old, long wand'ring round,
upon a Rock, the Hag they found.
as it chanc'd, in ſullen Mood ſhe ſate,
ng upon the War's approaching Fate:
ſame Hour, ſhe ran new Numbers o'er,
ells, unheard by Hell it ſelf before;
leaſt wav'ring Deſtiny might change,
l the War in diſtant Regions range,
rm'd *Pharſalia*'s Field with early Care,
p the Warriors and the Slaughter there.
her impious Arts in Triumph reign,
t in the Plenty of the Slain:
ny a Royal Ghoſt ſhe may command,
dead Hero's with a ruthleſs Hand,
b of many an Urn *Heſperia*'s mourning Land.

Already

Already ſhe enjoys the dreadful Field,
And thinks what Spoils the rival Chiefs ſhall yield;
With what fell Rage each Coarſe ſhe ſhall invade,
And fly rapacious on the proſtrate Dead.
To her a lowly Suppliant, thus begun
The noble *Pompey*'s much unworthy Son.
Hail! mighty Miſtreſs of *Hæmonian* Arts,
To whom ſtern Fate her dark Decrees imparts;
At thy Approving, bids her Purpoſe ſtand,
Or alters it at thy rever'd Command.
From thee, my humbler awful Hopes preſume
To learn my Father's, and my Country's Doom:
Nor think this Grace to one Unworthy done,
When thou ſhalt know me for great *Pompey*'s Son;
With him, all Fortunes am I born to ſhare,
His Ruin's Partner, or his Empire's Heir.
Let not blind Chance for ever wav'ring ſtand,
And awe us with her unreſolving Hand:
I own my Mind unequal to the Weight,
Nor can I bear the Pangs of doubtful Fate:
Let it be certain what we have to fear,
And then——no matter——Let the Time draw near.

Ver. 906. *The Rival Chiefs.*] *Cæſar* and *Pompey*.

Ver. 920. *His Empire's Heir.*] I don't know whether the Word Empire is not a little too ſtrong; it is intended to mean no more than that legal Power *Pompey* was poſſeſs'd of.

Oh

Oh let thy Charms this Truth from Heav'n compel,
Or force the dreadful *Stygian* Gods to tell.
Call Death, all pale and meagre, from below,
And from her ſelf her fatal Purpoſe know;
Conſtrain'd by thee, the Phantom ſhall declare
Whom ſhe decrees to ſtrike, and whom to ſpare.
Nor ever can thy Skill divine foreſee,
Thro' the blind Maze of long Futurity,
Events more worthy of thy Arts, and thee.
Pleas'd that her magick Fame diffuſely flies,
Thus, with a horrid Smile, the Hag replies.
Hadſt thou, oh noble Youth, my Aid implor'd,
For any leſs Deciſion of the Sword;
The Gods, unwilling, ſhou'd my Pow'r confeſs,
And crown thy Wiſhes with a full Succeſs.
Hadſt thou deſir'd ſome ſingle Friend to ſave,
Long had my Charms with-held him from the Grave;
Or wou'd thy Hate ſome Foe this inſtant doom,
He dies, tho' Heav'n decrees him Years to come.
But when Effects are to their Cauſes chain'd,
From Everlaſting, mightily, ordain'd;

Ver. 938. *Oh noble Youth!*] Tho' *Lucan* gives *Sextus Pompeius* a vile Character, it is not improper, for the Mouth that ſpeaks here, to call him *Noble*; nor for the dead Soldier, whom ſhe raiſes to Life afterwards, to do the ſame.

Ver. 947. *From Everlaſting.*] I have obſerv'd in the Life of *Lucan*, that he was a Diſciple of *Cornutus* the

When all things labour for one certain End,
And on one Action center and depend:
Then far behind, we own, our Arts are caſt,
And Magick is by Fortune's Pow'r ſurpaſs'd.
Howe'er, if, yet, thy Soul can be content,
Only to know that undiſclos'd Event;
My potent Charms o'er Nature ſhall prevail,
And from a thouſand Mouths extort the Tale:
This Truth the Fields, the Floods, the Rocks ſhall tell,
The Thunder of high Heav'n, or Groans of Hell.
Tho', ſtill, more kindly Oracles remain,
Among the recent Deaths of yonder Plain.
Of theſe a Corſe our myſtick Rites ſhall raiſe,
As yet unſhrunk by *Titan*'s parching Blaze;
So ſhall no Maim the vocal Pipes confound,
But the ſad Shade ſhall breathe, diſtinct in human Sound.
While yet ſhe ſpoke, a double Darkneſs ſpread,
Black Clouds and murky Fogs involve her Head,
While o'er th' unbury'd Heaps her Footſteps tread.

Stoick Philoſopher, of which this, and many other Paſſages in this Poem, are Proofs. It is true he talks in many Places of the wanton and unaccountable Diſpoſal of Things below by Fortune and the Gods: Yet that does not hinder us from ſuppoſing all thoſe Diſpoſals neceſſarily pre-ordain'd. Nay, I have heard it affirm'd by a Critick, who I think underſtands this Author very well, that wherever he names Fortune he means Fate. How far that may be made good I don't know.

Ver. 959. *The recent Deaths,*] Occaſion'd by ſome Skirmiſhes of Parties from the two Armies.

Wolves

Wolves howl'd, and fled where-e'er ſhe took her Way.
And hungry Vultures left the mangled Prey;
The Salvage Race, abaſh'd, before her yield,
And while ſhe culls her Prophet, quit the Field.
To various Carcaſſes by turns ſhe flies,
And, griping with her gory Fingers, tries;
'Till one of perfect Organs can be found,
And fibrous Lungs uninjur'd by a Wound.
Of all the flitting Shadows of the Slain,
Fate doubts which Ghoſt ſhall turn to Life again.
At her ſtrong Bidding (ſuch is her Command)
Armies at once had left the *Stygian* Strand;
Hell's Multitudes had waited on her Charms,
And Legions of the Dead had ris'n to Arms.
Among the dreadful Carnage ſtrew'd around,
One, for her Purpoſe fit, at length ſhe found;
In his pale Jaws a ruſty Hook ſhe hung,
And drag'd the wretched lifeleſs Load along:
Anon, beneath a craggy Cliff ſhe ſtay'd,
And in a dreary Delve her Burthen laid;
There evermore the wicked Witch delights
To do her Deeds accurs'd, and practiſe hellish Rites.
Low as the Realms where *Stygian Jove* is crown'd,
Subſides the gloomy Vale within the Ground;

Ver. 989. *Stygian Jove.*] *Pluto.* So *Virgil* calls *Proſerpine* Infernal *Juno.*

A downward Grove, that never knew to riſe,
Or ſhoot its leafy Honours to the Skies,
From hanging Rocks declines its drooping Head,
And covers in the Cave with dreadful Shade;
Within, Diſmay, and Fear, and Darkneſs dwell,
And Filth obſcene beſmears the baleful Cell.
There, laſting Night no beamy dawning knows,
No Light but ſuch as magick Flames diſcloſe;
Heavy, as in *Tenarian* Caverns, there
In dull Stagnation ſleeps the lazy Air.
There meet the Boundaries of Life and Death,
The Borders of our World, and that beneath;
Thither the Rulers of th'Infernal Court
Permit their airy Vaſſals to reſort;
Thence with like Eaſe the Sorcereſs cou'd tell,
As if deſcending down, the Deeds of Hell.
And now ſhe for the ſolemn Task prepares,
A Mantle patch'd with various Shreds ſhe wears,
And binds, with twining Snakes, her wilder Hairs.
All pale, for dread, the daſtard Youth ſhe ſpy'd,
Heartleſs his Mates ſtood quiv'ring by his Side.

Ver. 999. Tænarian *Caverns.*] *Tenarus, Tenarum Tenarium* (for it is written all theſe ſeveral Ways) w Promontory of *Laconia* in *Peloponeſus*, and near it a T of the ſame Name. The Promontory is now call'd *Metapan* in the *Morea*. Here was a Cave or deep very famous among the Ancients, as being ſuppos'd one of the Mouths of Hell, thro' which *Hercules* d *Cerberus* up to the Light.

Be bold! (ſhe cries) diſmiſs this abject Fear;
Living, and Human, ſhall the Form appear,
And breath no Sounds but what ev'n you may hear.
How had your vile, your coward Souls been quell'd,
Had you the livid *Stygian* Lakes beheld;
Heard the loud Floods of rolling Sulphur roar,
And burſt in Thunder on the burning Shore?
Had you ſurvey'd yon' Priſon-houſe of Woe,
And Giants bound in Adamant below?
Seen the vaſt Dog with curling Vipers ſwell,
Heard ſcreaming Furies, at my coming, Yell,
Double their Rage, and add new Pains to Hell?
This ſaid; She runs the mangled Carcaſs o'er,
And wipes from ev'ry Wound the cruſty Gore;
Now with hot Blood the frozen Breaſt ſhe warms,
And with ſtrong Lunar Dews confirms her Charms.
Anon, ſhe mingles ev'ry monſtrous Birth,
Which Nature, wayward and perverſe, brings forth.
Nor Entrails of the ſpotted *Lynx* ſhe lacks,
Nor bony Joints from fell *Hyæna's* Backs;
Nor Deer's hot Marrow rich with ſnaky Food;
Nor Foam of raging Dogs that fly the Flood.

**Ver. 1027.** *Lunar Dews.*] See above Note on *Ver.* 809.

**Ver. 1032.** *Snaky Food.*] It was an ancient Tradition, that Deer, when they were grown old, had a Power of drawing Serpents out of their Holes with their Breath; which they afterwards kill'd and eat, and thereby renew'd their Youth.

**Ver. 1033.** *Fly the Flood.*] This Symptom not only

Her Store the tardy *Remora* ſupplies,
With Stones from Eagles warm, and Dragons Eyes;
Snakes that on Pinions cut their airy way,
And nimbly o'er *Arabian* Deſerts prey;
The Viper bred in *Erythræan* Streams,
To guard in coſtly Shells the growing Gems;
The Slough by *Libya's* horned Serpent caſt,
With Aſhes, by the dying *Phœnix* plac'd
On od'rous Altars in the fragrant Eaſt.
To theſe ſhe joins dire Drugs without a Name,
A thouſand Poiſons never known to Fame;
Herbs o'er whoſe Leaves the Hag her Spells had ſung,
And wet with curſed Spittle as they ſprung;
With ev'ry other Miſchief moſt abhorr'd,
Which Hell, or worſe *Eriſicho*, cou'd afford.
At length, in Murmurs hoarſe her Voice was heard,
Her Voice, beyond all Plants, all Magick fear'd,
And by the loweſt *Stygian* Gods rever'd.

only attends upon mad Dogs, but thoſe that are bitten by 'em.

Ver. 1034. *Remora.*] A Fiſh that ſticks to the Bottom of Ships, and hinders their Way.

Ver. 1035. *With Stones.*] What we call Eagle-Stones, ſaid to be found in the Neſts of Eagles. The Eyes of Dragons, pulveriz'd and mix'd with Hony, were ſaid to be uſed for anointing the Eyes, in order to fortify 'em for beholding Spectres or Ghoſts.

Ver. 1038. *The Viper.*] It was reported among the Ancients, that in the *Red* or *Erythræan* Sea, a Viper breeds in the ſame Shell where the Pearls grow; but I don't remember

Her gabling Tongue a mutt'ring Tone confounds,
Diſcordant, and unlike to human Sounds:
It ſeem'd, of Dogs the Bark, of Wolves the Howl,
The doleful skreeching of the Midnight Owl;
The Hiſs of Snakes, the hungry Lion's Roar,
The Bound of Billows beating on the Shore;
The Groan of Winds amongſt the leafy Wood,
And Burſt of Thunder from the rending Cloud:
'Twas theſe, all theſe in one. At length ſhe breaks
Thus into Magick Verſe, and thus the Gods beſpeaks.
Ye Furies! and thou black accurſed Hell!
Ye Woes! in which the Damn'd for ever dwell;
*Chaos*, the World, and Form's eternal Foe!
And thou ſole Arbiter of All below,
*Pluto!* whom ruthleſs Fates a God ordain,
And doom to Immortality of Pain;
Ye fair *Elyſian* Manſions of the Bleſt,
Where no *Theſſalian* Charmer hopes to reſt;
*Styx!* and *Perſephone*, compell'd to fly
Thy fruitful Mother, and the chearful Sky!
Third *Hecate!* by whom my Whiſpers breathe
My ſecret Purpoſe, to the Shades beneath;

miſhes to have met any modern Confirmation of this Piece of Natural Hiſtory.

Ver. 1064. *Chaos.*] Or Confuſion.

Ver. 1072. *Third* Hecate.] This Goddeſs was call'd *Luna* in Heaven, *Diana* upon Earth, and *Perſephone* or Proſer-

Thou greedy Dog, who at th'infernal Gate,
In everlaſting Hunger, ſtill doſt wait!
And thou old *Charon*, horrible and hoar!
For ever lab'ring back from Shore to Shore;
Who murm'ring doſt in Wearineſs complain,
That I ſo oft demand thy Dead again;
Hear, all ye Pow'rs! If e'er your Hell rejoice,
In the lov'd Horrors of this impious Voice;
If ſtill with human Fleſh I have been fed,
If pregnant Mothers have, to pleaſe you, bled;
If from the Womb theſe ruthleſs Hands have torn
Infants, mature, and ſtruggling to be born;
Hear and obey! Nor do I ask a Ghoſt,
Long ſince receiv'd upon your *Stygian* Coaſt;
But one that, new to Death, for Entrance waits,
And loiters yet before your gloomy Gates.
Let the pale Shade theſe Herbs, theſe Numbers hear,
And in his well-known warlike Form appear.

*Proſerpina* in Hell. In the Pagan Theology it was very uſual for their Gods to have many Names, as well as many Offices. This Piece of Superſtition is exactly copy'd from 'em, by the Papiſts, in the ſeveral Employments which are aſſign'd to their Saints.

Ver. 1074. *Greedy Dog,*] *Cerberus.*

Ner. 1082. *With human Fleſh I have been fed,*] To make my ſelf more agreeable to you.

Ver. 1090. *Theſe Herbs, theſe Numbers hear.*] The Original is,

*Licet has exaudiat herbas.*

Here

Here let him ſtand, before his Leader's Son,
And ſay what dire Events are drawing on:
If Blood be your Delight, let this be done.
Foaming ſhe ſpoke: Then rear'd her hateful Head,
And hard at hand beheld th' attending Shade.
Too well the trembling Sprite the Carcaſs knew,
And fear'd to enter into Life anew;
Fain from thoſe mangled Limbs it wou'd have run,
And, loathing, ſtrove that Houſe of Pain to ſhun.
Ah! Wretch! to whom the cruel Fates deny
That Privilege of human Kind, to die!
Wroth was the Hag at lingring Death's Delay,
And wonder'd Hell could dare to diſobey;
With curling Snakes the ſenſeleſs Trunk ſhe beats,
And Curſes dire, at ev'ry Laſh, repeats;
With Magick Numbers cleaves the groaning Ground,
And, thus, barks downwards to th' Abyſs profound.
Ye Fiends Hell-born, ye Siſters of Deſpair!
Thus? is it thus my Will becomes your Care?
Still ſleep thoſe Whips within your idle Hands,
Nor drive the loit'ring Ghoſt this Voice demands?
But mark we well! my Charms, in Fate's deſpight,
Shall drag you forth, ye *Stygian* Dogs, to Light;

Ver. 1114. *Ye* Stygian *Dogs.*] The Furies. As if ſhe would ſay, I will call you by your moſt deteſted Name.

Thro' Vaults, and Tombs, where now ſecure you roam,
My Vengeance ſhall purſue, and chace you Home.
And thou, oh! *Hecate*, that dar'ſt to riſe,
Various and alter'd to immortal Eyes,
No more ſhalt veil thy Horrors in diſguiſe;
Still in thy Form accurſed ſhalt thou dwell,
Nor change the Face that Nature made for Hell.
Each Myſtery beneath I will diſplay,
And *Stygian* Loves ſhall ſtand confeſs'd to Day.
Thee, *Proſerpine*! thy fatal Feaſt I'll ſhow,
What Leagues detain thee in the Realms below,
And why thy once fond Mother loaths thee now.
At my Command Earth's Barrier ſhall remove,
And piercing Thee vex infernal *Jove*;
Full on his Throne the blazing Beams ſhall beat,
And Light ablorr'd affict the gloomy Seat.
Yet, am I yet, ye fallen Fiends, obey'd?
Or muſt I call your Maſter to my Aid?

Ver. 1124. *Thy fatal Feaſt.*] The Fable of *Proſerpine's* eating the Kernel of a Pomgranate, and by virtue of that being confin'd to Hell, is a known Story in *Ovid*. *Aſcenſius* in his Notes upon this Place will have it to contain her immodeſt and inceſtuous Commerce with her Uncle *Pluto*. He ſays, the Word *Mala*, Apples, has often an obſcene Senſe, and to prove it quotes that Verſe in *Virgil's* Eclogues,

*Ipſe ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.*

Ver. 1132. *Your Maſter.*] *Demogorgon.* See above the Note on *Ver.* 794.

At

At whoſe dread Name the trembling Furies quake,
Hell ſtands abaſh'd, and Earth's Foundations ſhake?
Who views the *Gorgons* with intrepid Eyes,
And your unviolable Flood defies?
She ſaid; and, at the Word, the frozen Blood
Slowly began to roll its creeping Flood;
Thro' the known Channels ſtole the purple Tide,
And Warmth, and Motion thro' the Members glide;
The Nerves are ſtretch'd, the turgid Muſcles ſwell,
And the Heart moves within its ſecret Cell;
The Haggard Eyes their ſtupid Lights diſcloſe,
And heavy by degrees the Corpſe aroſe.
Doubtful and faint th' uncertain Life appears,
And Death, all-o'er, the livid Viſage wears,

Ver. 1136. *Unviolable Flood.*] *Styx*, by which when the Gods ſwore, they were bound to obſerve what they promis'd.

Ver. 1144. *And heavy by degrees.*] In the Tranſlation of this Paſſage I have taken the Liberty to vary ſo far from my Author's Senſe as to make the *Engliſh* quite contrary to the *Latin*. *Lucan* ſays, the Corps did not riſe leiſurely, but ſtarted up at once. I muſt own, I could not but think the ſlow heavy manner of riſing by Degrees, as in the Tranſlation, much more ſolemn and proper for the Occaſion. I have taken ſo few Liberties of this kind, in Compariſon of what Monſ. *Brebeuf* the *French* Tranſlator has done, that I hope my Readers, if they don't approve of it, will however be the more inclinable to pardon what I have alter'd from the Original here.

Pale,

Pale, ſtiff, and mute, the ghaſtly Figure ſtands,
Nor knows to ſpeak, but at her dread Commands.
When thus the Hag. Speak what I wiſh to know,
And endleſs Reſt attends thy Shade below;
Reveal the Truth, and, to reward thy Pain,
No Charms ſhall drag thee back to Life again;
Such hallow'd Wood ſhall feed thy Fun'ral Fire,
Such Numbers to thy laſt Repoſe conſpire,
No Siſter of our Art thy Ghoſt ſhall wrong,
Or force thee liſten to her potent Song.
Since the dark Gods in myſtick Tripods dwell,
Since doubtful Truths ambiguous Prophets tell;
While each Event aright and plain is read,
To ev'ry bold Inquirer of the Dead:
Do thou unfold what End theſe Wars ſhall wait,
Perſons, and Things, and Time, and Place relate,
And be the juſt Interpreter of Fate.
She ſpoke, and, as ſhe ſpoke, a Spell ſhe made,
That gave new Preſcience to th' unknowing Shade.
When thus the Spectre, weeping all for Woe;
Seek not from me the *Parca's* Will to know.
I ſaw not what their dreadful Looms ordain,
Too ſoon recall'd to hated Life again;

Ver. 1157. *Since the dark Gods.*] Since Oracles and Prophets are ſilent or unintelligible, do thou for the Honour of Necromancy (the Art of enquiring by the Dead) ſpeak plainly and truly.

Ver. 1168. *Dreadful Looms.*] In which the *Parcæ* (or Deſtinies) ſpun, or rather wove, the Fates of Mankind.

Recall'd

Recall'd, e'er yet my waiting Ghoſt had paſs'd
The ſilent Stream, that wafts us all to Reſt.
All I cou'd learn, was from the looſe Report
Of wand'ring Shades, that to the Banks reſort.
Uproar, and Diſcord, never known 'till now,
Diſtract the peaceful Realms of Death below;
From bliſsful Plains of ſweet *Elyſium* ſome,
Others from doleful Dens, and Torments, come;
While in the face of ev'ry various Shade,
The Woes of *Rome* too plainly might be read.
In Tears lamenting, Ghoſts of Patriots ſtood,
And mourn'd their Country in a falling Flood;
Sad were the *Decii*, and the *Curii* ſeen,
And heavy was the great *Camillus'* Mien:
On Fortune loud indignant *Sylla* rail'd,
And *Scipio* his unhappy Race bewail'd;
The Cenſor ſad foreſaw his *Cato*'s Doom,
Reſolv'd to die for Liberty, and *Rome*.
Of all the Shades that haunt the happy Field,
Thee only, *Brutus!* ſmiling I beheld;

Ver. 1180. *Lamenting Ghoſts of Patriots.*] For the *Decii*, *Curii*, and *Camilli*, ſee the Notes on *Book* 1ſt and 2d. Their Sadneſs upon this Occaſion foretold *Caſar*'s Succeſs; whom they look'd upon as an Enemy to and Subverter of the Commonwealth they had ſo gloriouſly defended. The *Scipio* mention'd here is probably *Scipio Africanus*, who foreſees the Death of *Corn. Scipio*, *Pompey*'s Father-in-Law, as *Cato* the Cenſor is concern'd for his Great Grandſon *Cato* of *Utica*.

Ver. 1189. *Thee only*, Brutus!] *L. Junius Brutus*, who drove

Seek not to know what for thy ſelf remains,
That ſhall be told in fair *Sicilia*'s Plains;
Prophetick there, thy Father's Shade ſhall riſe,
In awful Viſion to thy wond'ring Eyes:
He ſhall thy Fate reveal; tho' doubting yet,
Where he may beſt adviſe thee to retreat.
In vain to various Climates ſhall you run,
In vain purſuing Fortune ſtrive to ſhun,
In *Europe*, *Africk*, *Aſia*, ſtill undone.
Wide as your Triumphs ſhall your Ruins lie,
And all in diſtant Regions ſhall you die.
Ah wretched Race! to whom the World can yield
No ſafer Refuge, than *Emathia*'s Field.
He ſaid, and with a ſilent, mournful Look,
A laſt Diſmiſſion from the Hag beſpoke.
Nor can the Sprite, diſcharg'd by Death's cold Hand,
Again be ſubject to the ſame Command;
But Charms and Magick Herbs muſt lend their Aid,
And render back to Reſt the troubled Shade.
A Pile of hollow'd Wood *Erictho* builds,
The Soul with Joy its mangled Carcaſs yields;

Ver. 1226. *That ſhall be told.*] This Paſſage is a plain Proof that *Lucan* intended to carry on his Poem much farther than the Period at which he left it; ſince he alludes here to an Appearance of *Pompey*'s Ghoſt to his Son, which was undoubtedly to be introduced in the ſubſequent Part of his Story.

She

She bids the kindling Flames aſcend on high,
And leaves the weary Wretch at length to die.
Then, while the ſecret Dark their Footſteps hides,
Homeward the Youth, all pale for fear, ſhe guides;
And, for the Light began to ſtreak the Eaſt,
With potent Spells the Dawning ſhe repreſs'd;
Commanded Night's obedient Queen to ſtay,
And, 'till they reach'd the Camp, with-held the riſing Day.

THE

# THE SEVENTH BOOK OF LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

# The ARGUMENT.

*In the Seventh Book is told, firſt,* Pompey's *Dream the Night before the Battle of* Pharſalia; *after that, the impatient Deſire of his Army to engage, which is reinforc'd by* Tully. Pompey, *tho' againſt his own Opinion and Inclination, agrees to a Battle. Then follows the Speech of each General to his Army, and the Battle it ſelf: The Flight of* Pompey; Cæſar's *Behaviour after his Victory; and an Invective againſt him, and the very Country of* Theſſaly, *for being the Scene (according to this and other Authors) of ſo many Misfortunes to the People of* Rome.

# LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

## BOOK VII.

LATE, and unwilling, from his wat'ry Bed,
Uprear'd the mournful Sun his cloudy Head;
He ficken'd to behold *Emathia*'s Plain,
And wou'd have fought the backward East again:
Full off' he turn'd him from the deſtin'd Race,
And wish'd ſome dark Eclipſe might veil his radiant Face.
*Pompey*, mean while, in pleaſing Viſions paſt
The Night, of all his happy Nights the laſt.

Ver. 7. Pompey, *mean while.*] *Plutarch* ſays, that the Night before the Battle *Pompey* dream'd, that as he went into the Theatre, the People receiv'd him with great Applauſe

It ſeem'd, as if, in all his former State,
In his own Theater ſecure he ſate:
About his Side unnumber'd *Romans* croud,
And, joyful, ſhout his much-lov'd Name aloud;
The echoing Benches ſeem to ring around,
And his charm'd Ears devour the pleaſing Sound.
Such both himſelf, and ſuch the People ſeem,
In the falſe Proſpect of the feigning Dream;
As when in early Manhood's beardleſs Bloom,
He ſtood the darling Hope and Joy of *Rome*.
When fierce *Sertorius* by his Arms ſuppreſt,
And *Spain* ſubdu'd, the Conqueror confeſt;
When rais'd with Honours never known before,
The Conſuls Purple, yet a Youth, he wore:
When the pleas'd Senate ſate with new Delight,
To view the Triumph of a *Roman* Knight.

Perhaps, when our good Days no longer laſt,
The Mind runs backward, and enjoys the paſt:
Perhaps, the riddling Viſions of the Night
With Contrarieties delude our Sight;

plauſe; and that he himſelf adorn'd the Temple of *Ve* the *Victorious* with many Spoils. This Viſion partly couraged and partly diſhearten'd him, fearing leſt the dorning a Place conſecrated to *Venus* ſhould be perfor with Spoils taken from himſelf by *Cæſar*, who der his Family from that Goddeſs.

Ver. 22. *Yet a Youth.*] See the Notes upon *Cæ* Speech to his Soldiers in the Firſt Book.

And when fair Scenes of Pleaſure they diſcloſe,
Pain they foretell, and ſure enſuing Woes.
Or was it not, that, ſince the Fates ordain
*Pompey* ſhou'd never ſee his *Rome* again,
One laſt good Office yet they meant to do,
And gave him in a Dream this parting View?
Oh may no Trumpet bid the Leader wake!
Long, let him long the bliſsful Slumber take!
Too ſoon the Morrow's ſleepleſs Night will come,
Full fraught with Slaughter, Miſery, and *Rome*;
With Horror, and Diſmay, thoſe Shades ſhall riſe,
And the laſt Battle live before his Eyes.
How bleſt his Fellow-Citizens had been,
Tho' but in Dreams, their *Pompey* to have ſeen?
Oh! that the Gods, in pity, would allow,
Such long try'd Friends their Deſtiny to know;
So each, to each, might their ſad Thoughts convey,
And make the moſt of their laſt mournful Day.
But now, unconſcious of the Ruin nigh,
Within his native Land he thinks to die:
While her fond Hopes with Confidence preſume,
Nothing ſo terrible from Fate can come,
As to be robb'd of her lov'd *Pompey*'s Tomb.

Ver. 48. *He thinks to die.*] *Pompey.*
Ver. 49. *Her fond Hopes,*] *Pompey*'s Country, *Rome.*

Had

Had the ſad City Fate's Decree foreknown,
What Floods, faſt falling, ſhou'd her Loſs bemoan;
Then ſhou'd the luſty Youth, and Fathers hoar,
With mingling Tears, their Chief renown'd deplore;
Maids, Matrons, Wives, and Babes, a helpleſs Train,
As once for god-like *Brutus*, ſhou'd complain;
Their Treſſes ſhou'd they tear, their Boſomes beat,
And cry loud-wailing in the doleful Street.
Nor ſhalt thou, *Rome*, thy guſhing Sorrows keep,
Tho' aw'd by *Cæſar*, and forbid to weep;
Tho', while he tells thee of thy *Pompey* dead,
He ſhakes his threat'ning Fauchion o'er thy Head.
Lamenting Crouds the Conqueror ſhall meet,
And with a peal of Groans his Triumph greet;
In ſad Proceſſion ſighing ſhall they go,
And ſtain his Laurels with the Streams of Woe.
But now, the fainting Stars at length gave way,
And hid their vanquiſh'd Fires in beamy Day;
When round the Leader's Tent the Legions croud,
And, urg'd by Fate, demand the Fight aloud.
Wretches! that long their little Life to waſte,
And hurry on thoſe Hours that fly too faſt!

Ver. 57. *As once for* Brutus.] The People of *Rome* made a ſolemn Mourning of a Year for *L. Jun. Brutus*, who expell'd the *Tarquins*, as for a publick and common Father.

Ver. 70. *The Leader's Tent.*] *Pompey's.*

Too

Too ſoon, for thouſands, ſhall the Day be done,
Whoſe Eyes no more ſhall ſee the ſetting Sun.
Tumultuous Speech, th' impulſive Rage confeſt,
And *Rome*'s bad Genius roſe in ev'ry Breaſt.
With vile Diſgrace they blot their Leader's Name,
Pronounce ev'n *Pompey* fearful, ſlow, and tame,
And cry, He ſinks beneath his Father's Fame.
Some charge him with Ambition's guilty Views,
And think 'tis Pow'r, and Empire, he purſues;
That, fearing Peace, he practiſes Delay,
And wou'd, for ever, make the World obey.
While Eaſtern Kings of ling'ring Wars complain,
And wiſh to view their native Realms again.
Thus when the Gods are pleas'd to plague Mankind,
Our own raſh Hands are to the Task aſſign'd;
By them ordain'd the Tools of Fate to be,
We blindly act the Miſchiefs they decree;
We call the Battle, we the Sword prepare,
And *Rome*'s Deſtruction is the *Roman* Pray'r.
The gen'ral Voice, united, *Tully* takes,
And for the reſt the ſweet Perſuader ſpeaks;
*Tully*, for happy Eloquence renown'd,
With ev'ry *Roman* Grace of Language crown'd;
Beneath whoſe Rule and Government rever'd,
Fierce *Catiline* the peaceful Axes fear'd:

Ver. 80. *His Father.*] *Cæſar.*
Ver. 98. *Fierce* Catiline.] *M. Tullius Cicero*, the famous

But now, detain'd amidſt an armed Throng,
Where loſt his Arts, and uſeleſs was his Tongue,
The Orator had born the Camp too long.
He to the vulgar Side his Pleading draws,
And thus enforces much their feeble Cauſe.
For all, that Fortune for thy Arms has done,
For all thy Fame acquir'd, thy Battles won;
This only Boon her ſuppliant Vows implore,
That thou wou'dſt deign to uſe her Aid once more:
In this, O *Pompey!* Kings and Chiefs unite,
And, to chaſtiſe proud *Caſar*, ask the Fight.
Shall he, one Man againſt the World combin'd,
Protract Deſtruction, and embroil Mankind?
What will the vanquiſh'd Nations murm'ring ſay,
Where once thy Conqueſts cut their winged Way;
When they behold thy Virtue lazy now,
And ſee thee move thus languiſhing and ſlow?
Where are thoſe Fires that warm'd thee to be Great?
That ſtable Soul, and Confidence in Fate?
Canſt thou the Gods ungratefully miſtruſt?
Or think the Senate's ſacred Cauſe unjuſt?
Scarce are th' impatient Enſigns yet with-held:
Why art thou, thus, to Victory compell'd?

Orator, was Conſul at the Time of *Catiline's* Conſpiracy; and it was by his Prudence principally that it was ſuppreſs'd.

Doſt

Doſt thou *Rome*'s Chief, and in her Cauſe, appear?
'Tis hers to chuſe the Field, and ſhe appoints it here.
Why is this Ardor of the World withſtood,
The injur'd World, that thirſts for *Cæſar*'s Blood?
See! where the Troops with Indignation ſtand,
Each Javelin trembling in an eager Hand,
And wait, unwillingly, the laſt Command.
Reſolve the Senate then, and let 'em know,
Are they thy Servants, or their Servant thou?
Sore ſigh'd the liſt'ning Chief, who well cou'd read
Some dire Deluſion by the Gods decreed;
He ſaw the Fates malignantly inclin'd,
To thwart his Purpoſe, and perplex his Mind.
Since thus (he cry'd) it is by all decreed,
Since my impatient Friends and Country need
My Hand to fight, and not my Head to lead;
*Pompey* no longer ſhall your Fate delay,
But let pernicious Fortune take her Way,
And waſte the World on one devoted Day.
But oh! be witneſs thou my native *Rome*,
With what a ſad fore-boding Heart I come;
To thy hard Fate unwillingly I yield,
While thy raſh Sons compel me to the Field.
How eaſily had *Cæſar* been ſubdu'd,
And the bleſt Victory been free from Blood!

But the fond *Romans* cheap Renown diſdain,
They wiſh for Deaths to purple o'er the Plain,
And reeking Gore their guilty Swords to ſtain.
Driv'n by my Fleets, behold, the flying Foe,
At once the Empire of the Deep forego;
Here by Neceſſity they ſeem to ſtand,
Coop'd up within a Corner of the Land.
By Famine to the laſt Extreams compell'd,
They ſnatch green Harveſts from th' unripen'd Field;
And wiſh we may this only Grace afford,
To let 'em die like Soldiers, by the Sword.
'Tis true, it ſeems an Earneſt of Succeſs,
That thus our bolder Youth for Action preſs:
But let 'em try their inmoſt Hearts with Care,
And judge betwixt true Valour, and raſh Fear;
Let 'em be ſure this Eagerneſs is right,
And certain Fortitude demands the Fight.
In War, in Dangers oft' it has been known,
That Fear has driv'n the headlong Coward on.
Give me the Man, whoſe cooler Soul can wait,
With Patience, for the proper Hour of Fate.
See what a proſp'rous Face our Fortunes bear!
Why ſhou'd we truſt 'em to the Chance of War?
Why muſt we riſque the World's uncertain Doom,
And rather chuſe to fight, than overcome?

Thou Goddeſs Chance! who to my careful Hand,
Haſt giv'n this wearisome ſupreme Command;
If I have, to the Task of Empire juſt,
Enlarg'd the Bounds committed to my Truſt;
Be kind, and to thy ſelf the Rule reſume,
And, in the Fight, defend the Cauſe of *Rome:*
To thy own Crowns, the Wreath of Conqueſt join;
Nor let the Glory, nor the Crime be mine.
But ſee! thy Hopes, unhappy *Pompey!* fail:
We fight; and *Caſar*'s ſtronger Vows prevail.
Oh what a Scene of Guilt this Day ſhall ſhow!
What Crouds ſhall fall, what Nations be laid low!
Red ſhall *Enipeus* run with *Roman* Blood,
And to the Margin ſwell his foamy Flood.
Oh! if our Cauſe my Aid no longer need,
Oh! may my Boſome be the firſt to bleed:
Me let the thrilling Jav'lin foremoſt ſtrike,
Since Death and Victory are now alike.
To Day, with Ruin ſhall my Name be join'd,
Or ſtand the common Curſe of all Mankind;
By ev'ry Woe the Vanquiſh'd ſhall be known,
And ev'ry Infamy the Victor crown.

**Ver. 190.** *To Day.*] If I conquer, it muſt be by the Slaughter of my Fellow-Citizens, and conſequently I become the Object of their Hate: If I am conquer'd, I muſt be ruin'd my ſelf.

Black Storms oppos'd againſt the Warriors lay,
And Light'nings thwarted their forbidden Way;
Full in their Eyes the dazling Flaſhes broke,
And, with Amaze their troubled Senſes ſtroke:
Tall fiery Columns in the Skies were ſeen,
With wat'ry *Typhons* interwove between.
Glancing along the Bands ſwift Meteors ſhoot,
And from the Helm the plumy Honours cut;
Sudden the Flame diſſolves the Jav'lin's Head,
And liquid runs the ſhining ſteely Blade.
Strange to behold! their Weapons diſappear,
While ſulph'rous Odour taints the ſmoking Air.
The Standard, as unwilling to be born,
With Pain from the tenacious Earth is torn:
Anon, black Swarms hang cluſt'ring on its height,
And preſs the Bearer, with unwonted Weight.

Ver. 240. *Typhons*] were what our Seamen call Water-Spouts. Accounts of 'em are frequently to be met with in Voyages, eſpecially in the *Weſt-Indian* Seas. They appear like vaſt Pillars of Water moving upon the Surface of the Sea, and when they break are very dangerous to any Ships that are near. I never heard of any in an Inland Country, tho' they may poſſibly be drawn up upon Lakes or large Rivers by Hurricanes.

The Standards ſticking too faſt in the Ground, or having Bees ſwarm upon 'em, were Omens always reckon'd of the worſt kind; of which *Livy* gives ſeveral Inſtances, particularly before the Battle of *Thraſymene* in the ſecond *Punick* War.

Big

Big Drops of Grief each ſweating Marble wears,
And *Parian* Gods, and Heroes ſtand in Tears.
No more th' auſpicious Victim tamely dies,
But furious from the hallow'd Fane he flies;
Breaks off the Rites with Prodigies profane,
And bell'wing ſeeks *Emathia*'s fatal Plain.
But who, O *Caeſar!* who were then thy Gods?
Whom didſt thou ſummon from their dark Abodes?
The Furies liſten'd to thy grateful Vows,
And dreadful to the Day the Pow'rs of Hell aroſe.
Did then the Monſters, Fame records, appear?
Or were they only Fantoms form'd by Fear?
Some ſaw the moving Mountains meet like Foes,
And rending Earth new-gaping Caves diſcloſe.
Others beheld a ſanguine Torrent take
Its purple Courſe, thro' fair *Boebeis*' Lake;
Heard each returning Night, portentous, yield
Loud Shouts of Battle on *Pharſalia*'s Field.
While others thought they ſaw the Light decay,
And ſudden Shades oppreſs the fainting Day;

Ver. 252. Parian *Gods,*] From the Iſland of *Paros* came the whiteſt and fineſt Marble, of which the Statues of Gods or great Men were uſually made. This Iſland was one of the *Cyclades* in the *Ægean* Sea, and is now call'd *Paris.*

Ver. 253. *Tamely dies.*] This Repugnance in the Victim to ſubmit to the Sacrifice was reckon'd very unlucky.

Ver. 266. Boebeis' *Lake,*] Not far from *Pharſalia,* in that Part of *Theſſaly* call'd *Magnetia.*

Fancy'd wild Horrors in each other's Face,
And ſaw the Ghoſts of all their bury'd Race;
Beheld 'em riſe and glare with pale Affright,
And ſtalk around 'em, in the new-made Night.
Whate'er the Cauſe, the Croud, by Fate decreed,
To make their Brothers, Sons, and Fathers bleed,
Conſenting, to the Prodigies agreed;
And while they thirſt impatient for that Blood,
Bleſs theſe nefarious Omens all as good.
But wherefore ſhou'd we wonder, to behold
That Death's Approach by Madneſs was foretold?
Wild are the wand'ring Thoughts which laſt ſurvive;
And theſe had not another Day to live.
Theſe ſhook for what they ſaw; while diſtant Climes
Unknowing, trembled for *Emathia*'s Crimes.
Where *Tyrian Gades* ſees the ſetting Sun,
And where *Araxes*' rapid Waters run,
From the bright Orient to the glowing Weſt,
In ev'ry Nation, ev'ry *Roman* Breaſt
The Terrors of that dreadful Day conceſt.
Where *Aponus* firſt ſprings in ſmoaky Steam,
And full *Timavus* rolls his nobler Stream;

Ver. 275. *Whate'er the Cauſe.*] Theſe Prodigies Poet ſays) were agreeable to that horrible Diſpoſition Mind which at that time had poſſeſs'd both Parties, prepar'd 'em for embrewing their Hands in the Blo their neareſt Relations and Fellow-Citizens.

Ver. 291. *Where* Aponus.] *Aponus* is a Fountain ſan

Upon a Hill that Day, if Fame be true,
A learned Augur ſat the Skies to view:
'Tis come, the great Event is come (he cry'd)
Our impious Chiefs their wicked War decide.
Whether the Seer obſerv'd *Jove*'s forky Flame,
And mark'd the Firmament's diſcordant Frame;
Or whether, in that Gloom of ſudden Night,
The ſtruggling Sun declar'd the dreadful Fight:
From the firſt Birth of Morning in the Skies,
Sure never Day like this was known to riſe;
In the blue Vault, as in a Volume ſpread,
Plain might the *Latian* Deſtiny be read.
Oh *Rome!* oh People, by the Gods aſſign'd
To be the worthy Maſters of Mankind!
On thee, the Heav'ns with all their Signals wait,
And ſuff'ring Nature labours with thy Fate.

for Medicinal Waters near *Padua* in *Italy*. *Suetonius* mentions it, *Cap.* 14. of the Life of *Tiberius*, upon a remarkable Occaſion.

*Timavus* is a River in the ſame Country, once a large and very famous one. It is now call'd *Friuli*, but is almoſt dry'd up and ſhrunk to nothing.

Ver. 294. *A Learned Augur.*] Upon the Day when the famous Battle of *Pharſalia* was fought, *C. Cornelius*, an Augur, was then at *Padua*, and obſerving his Rules of Augury, told them that ſtood by him the very Inſtant when the Battle began; and going again to his Art, return'd as it were inſpir'd, and cry'd out aloud, *Ceſar, thou haſt conquer'd.*

When

When thy great Names to lateſt Times convey'd,
By Fame, or by my Verſe Immortal made,
In free-born Nations juſtly ſhall prevail,
And rouſe their Paſſions with this nobleſt Tale;
How ſhall they fear for thy approaching Doom,
As if each paſt Event were yet to come!
How ſhall their Boſomes ſwell with vaſt Concern,
And long the doubtful Chance of War to learn!
Ev'n then the fav'ring World with thee ſhall join,
And ev'ry honeſt Heart to *Pompey*'s Cauſe incline.
Deſcending, now, the Bands in juſt Array,
From burniſh'd Arms reflect the beamy Day;
In an ill Hour they ſpread the fatal Field,
And with portentous Blaze the neighb'ring Mountains gild.
On the Left Wing, bold *Lentulus*, their Head,
The Firſt and Fourth ſelected Legions led;
Luckleſs *Domitius*, vainly brave in War,
Drew forth the Right with unauſpicious Care.
In the mid Battle daring *Scipio* fought,
With Eight full Legions from *Cilicia* brought.

Ver. 324. *Selected Legions.*] Some ſay the Firſt and the Third. However, they were two of the beſt Legions. Concerning this Diſpoſition of the Army there is ſome Diſpute, which is not of very great Conſequence to us. The ſeveral Commanders here mention'd have been all mention'd before.

Submiſſive

Submiſſive here to *Pompey*'s high Command,
The Warrior undiſtinguiſh'd took his Stand,
Reſerv'd to be the Chief on *Libya*'s burning Sand.
Near the low Marſhes and *Enipeus*' Flood,
The *Pontick* Horſe, and *Cappadocian* ſtood.
While Kings and Tetrarchs proud, a purple Train,
Liegemen and Vaſſals to the *Latian* Reign,
Poſſeſs'd the riſing Grounds and drier Plain.
Here Troops of black *Numidians* ſcour the Field,
And bold *Iberians* narrow Bucklers wield;
Here twang the *Syrian*, and the *Cretan* Bow,
And the fierce *Gauls* provoke their well-known Foe.

Go, *Pompey*, lead to Death th' unnumber'd Hoſt,
Let the whole human Race at once be loſt;

Ver. 340. *Well-known Foe.*] The Commentators ſuppoſe, that the *Gauls* here mention'd to be in *Pompey*'s Army were certain *Allobroges* [*Savoyards*] who deſerted from *Caſar*'s Army with *Ægus* and *Roſcillus* at the laſt Engagement near *Dyrrhachium*, mention'd in the Sixth Book juſt after the Story of *Scæva*.

Ver. 341. *Go*, Pompey!] *Lucan* in this, as in many other Places, mentions the Army of *Pompey* as very numerous, a vaſt Multitude: Whereas the Hiſtorians hardly give him 50000 Men, and not above 30000 to *Caſar*: And perhaps the Poet's Imagination was ſwell'd with the Thought of that great Number of Nations, either ſubject to the *Romans*, or confederated with them, of which *Pompey*'s Army was compos'd. *Plutarch*, in *Pompey*'s Life, ſays, *Caſar*'s Army conſiſted of 22000 Men, and *Pompey*'s of twice that Number. He is likewiſe very particular in the Order of the Battle.

Let

Let Nations, upon Nations, heap the Plain,
And Tyranny want Subjects for its Reign.
*Cæſar*, as Chance ordain'd, that Morn decreed
The ſpoiling Bands of Forragers to lead;
When with a ſudden, but a glad Surprize,
The Foe deſcending ſtrook his wond'ring Eyes.
Eager, and burning for unbounded Sway,
Long had he born the tedious War's Delay;
Long had he ſtruggled with protracting Time,
That ſav'd his Country, and defer'd his Crime:
At length he ſees the wiſh'd-for Day is come,
To end the Strife for Liberty, and *Rome*;
Fate's dark myſterious Threat'nings to explain,
And eaſe th'Impatience of Ambition's Pain.
But when he ſaw the vaſt Event ſo nigh,
Unuſual Horror damp'd his impious Joy;
For one cold Moment ſunk his Heart ſuppreſs'd,
And Doubt hung heavy on his anxious Breaſt.
Tho' his paſt Fortunes promiſe now Succeſs,
Yet *Pompey*, from his own, expects no leſs.
His changing Thoughts revolve with various Cheer,
While theſe forbid to Hope, and thoſe to Fear.
At length his wonted Confidence returns,
With his firſt Fires his daring Boſome burns;
As if ſecure of Victory, he ſtands,
And fearleſs thus beſpeaks the liſt'ning Bands.

Ye Warriors! who have made your *Caſar* great,
On whom the World, on whom my Fortunes wait,
To Day, the Gods, whate'er you wiſh, afford,
And Fate attends on the deciding Sword.
By your firm Aid alone your Leader ſtands,
And truſts his All to your long-faithful Hands.
This Day ſhall make our promis'd Glories good,
The Hopes of *Rubicon*'s diſtinguiſh'd Flood.
For this bleſt Morn we truſted long to Fate,
Deferr'd our Fame, and bad the Triumph wait.
This Day, my gallant Friends, this happy Day,
Shall the long Labours of your Arms repay;
Shall give you back to ev'ry Joy of Life,
To the lov'd Off-ſpring, and the tender Wife;
Shall find my Vet'ran out a ſafe Retreat,
And lodge his Age within a peaceful Seat.
The long Diſpute of Guilt ſhall now be clear'd,
And Conqueſt ſhall the juſter Cauſe reward.
Have you, for me, with Sword and Fire laid waſte
Your Country's bleeding Boſome, as you paſt?
Let the ſame Swords as boldly ſtrike to Day,
And the laſt Wounds ſhall wipe the firſt away.
Whatever Faction's partial Notions are,
No Hand is wholly innocent in War.
Yours is the Cauſe to which my Vows are join'd,
I ſeek to make you free, and Maſters of Mankind.

I have no Hopes, no Wiſhes of my own,
But well cou'd hide me in a private Gown:
At my Expence of Fame exalt your Pow'rs,
Let me be nothing, ſo the World be yours.
Nor think the Task too bloody ſhall be found,
With eaſie Glory ſhall our Arms be crown'd:
Yon Hoſt come learn'd in Academick Rules,
A Band of Diſputants from *Grecian* Schools.
To theſe, luxurious Eaſtern Crouds are join'd,
Of many a Tongue, and many a diff'ring Kind:
Their own firſt Shouts ſhall fill each Soul with Fears,
And their own Trumpets ſhock their tender Ears.
Unjuſtly this, a Civil War, we call,
Where none but Foes of *Rome*, Barbarians, fall.
On then my Friends! and end it at a Blow;
Lay theſe ſoft lazy worthleſs Nations low.
Shew *Pompey*, that ſubdu'd 'em, with what Eaſe
Your Valour gains ſuch Victories as theſe:

Ver. 401. *Yon Hoſt come learn'd.*] Meaning thoſe Supplies that *Pompey* had drawn out of *Greece*.

Ver. 408. *Foes of* Rome, *Barbarians.*] The Nations which *Pompey* had vanquiſh'd in *Aſia*, whom he now drew to his Aſſiſtance. Nor is it ill reaſon'd to imagine, that theſe People ſhou'd have very little Concern for the Preſervation of the *Roman* State, but rather be glad to contribute to its Ruin: But more particularly it is improbable they ſhould engage, heartily, on that very Man's Side who had conquer'd and enſlav'd 'em.

Shew

ıim, if Juſtice ſtill the Palm conferrs,
ıumph was too much for all his Wars.
liſtant *Tigris* ſhall *Armenians* come,
ge between the Citizens of *Rome?*
rce Barbarian Aliens waſte their Blood,
ke the Cauſe of *Latian Pompey* good?
me, No. To them we're all the ſame,
ıate alike the whole *Auſonian* Name;
ɔſt thoſe haughty Maſters whom they know,
ught their ſervile vanquiſh'd Necks to bow.
hile, as, round, my joyful Eyes are roll'd,
but my try'd Companions I behold;
ars in *Gaul* we made our hard Abode,
ıany a March in Partnerſhip have trod.
: a Soldier to your Chief unknown?
ɪrd, to whom I truſt not, like my own?
I not mark each Jav'lin in the Sky,
y from whom the fatal Weapons fly?
ow I view auſpicious Furies riſe,
age redoubled flaſhes in your Eyes.
Joy thoſe Omens of Succeſs I read,
ɛ the certain Victory decreed;
he purple Deluge float the Plain,
Piles of Carnage, Nations of the Slain;
Chiefs, with mangled Monarchs, I ſurvey,
ıe pale Senate crowns the glorious Day.

But, oh! forgive my tedious laviſh Tongue,
Your eager Virtue I with-hold too long;
My Soul exults with Hopes too fierce to bear,
I feel good Fortune and the Gods draw near.
All we can aſk, with full Conſent they yield,
And nothing bars us but this narrow Field.
The Battle o'er, what Boon can I deny?
The Treaſures of the World before you lie.
Oh *Theſſaly!* what Stars, what Pow'rs Divine,
To thy diſtinguiſh'd Land this great Event aſſign?
Between Extreams, to Day, our Fortune lies,
The vileſt Puniſhment, and nobleſt Prize.
Conſider well the Captive's loſt Eſtate,
Chains, Racks, and Croſſes for the vanquiſh'd wait.
My Limbs are each allotted to its Place,
And my pale Head the *Roſtrum's* Height ſhall grace:
But that's a Thought unworthy *Caſar's* Care,
More for my Friends than for my ſelf I fear.
On my good Sword ſecurely I rely,
And, if I conquer not, am ſure to die.
But oh! for you, my anxious Soul foreſees,
*Pompey* ſhall copy *Sylla's* curſt Decrees;

Ver. 454. *The* Roſtrum's *Height.*] The publick I ing-place. *Cicero's* Head and Hands were afterward up there by *M. Antony.*

The *Martian* Field ſhall bluſh with Gore again,
And Maſſacres once more the peaceful *Septa* ſtain.
Hear, oh! ye Gods, who in *Rome*'s Strugglings ſhare,
Who leave your Heav'n, to make our Earth your Care;
Hear, and let him, the happy Victor, live,
Who ſhall with Mercy uſe the Pow'r you give;
Whoſe Rage for Slaughter with the War ſhall ceaſe,
And ſpare his vanquiſh'd Enemies in Peace.
Nor is *Dyrrhachium*'s fatal Field forgot,
Nor what was then our brave Companions Lot;
When by Advantage of the ſtraiter Ground,
Succeſsful *Pompey* compaſs'd us around;
When quite diſarm'd your uſeleſs Valour ſtood,
'Till his fell Sword was ſatiated with Blood.
But gentler Hands, but nobler Hearts you bear,
And, oh! remember 'tis your Leader's Pray'r,
Whatever *Roman* flies before you, ſpare.
But while oppos'd, and menacing they ſtand,
Let no Regard with-hold the lifted Hand:
Let Friendſhip, Kindred, all Remorſe give place,
And mangling Wounds deform the reverend Face:
Still let Reſiſtance be repaid with Blood,
And hoſtile Force, by hoſtile Force ſubdu'd;

Ver. 462. *Septa.*] See the Note on this Word, *Book* 2. *Ver.* 307.

Ver. 469. Dyrrhachium's *fatal Field.*] He means the Engagement mention'd in the Sixth Book.

Stranger.

Stranger, or Friend, whatever be the Name,
Your Merit ſtill, to *Cæſar*, is the ſame.
Fill then the Trenches, break the Ramparts round,
And let our Works lie level with the Ground;
So ſhall no Obſtacles our March delay,
Nor ſtop, one Moment, our victorious Way.
Nor ſpare your Camp; this Night we mean to lie,
In that from whence the vanquiſh'd Foe ſhall fly.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſudden at the Word,
They ſeize the Launce, and draw the ſhining Sword:
At once the turfy Fences all lye waſte,
And thro' the Breach the crouding Legions haſte;
Regardleſs all of Order, and Array
They ſtand, and truſt to Fate alone the Day.
Had each propos'd an Empire to be won,
Had each once known a *Pompey* for his Son;
Had *Cæſar*'s Soul inform'd each private Breaſt,
A fiercer Fury cou'd not be expreſs'd.
With ſad Preſages, *Pompey*, now, beheld
His Foes advancing o'er the neighb'ring Field:
He ſaw the Gods had fix'd the Day of Fate,
And felt his Heart hang heavy with new Weight.
Dire is the Omen when the Valiant fear,
Which yet he ſtrove to hide, with well-diſſembled Cheer.
High on his Warrior Steed, the Chief o'er-ran
The wide Array, and thus at length began.

The

e Time to eaſe your groaning Country's Pain,
a long your eager Valour ſought in vain;
reat deciding Hour at length is come,
d the Strivings of diſtracted *Rome:*
iis one laſt Effort exert your Pow'r,
homd to Day, and all your Toils are o'er.
dear Pledges of connubial Love,
Houſhold-gods, and *Rome*, your Souls can move;
r by Fate they ſeem together brought,
for that Prize, to Day, the Battle ſhall be fought.
one the fav'ring Gods Aſſiſtance fear;
always make the juſter Cauſe their Care.
flying Dart to *Cæſar* ſhall they guide,
point the Sword at his devoted Side:
njur'd Laws ſhall be on him made good,
Liberty eſtabliſh'd in his Blood.
d Heav'n, in Violence of Wrath, ordain
World to groan beneath a Tyrant's Reign,
d not ſpar'd your *Pompey*'s Head ſo long,
lengthen'd out my Age to ſee the Wrong.
re can wiſh for, to ſecure Succeſs,
large Advantage, here, our Arms poſſeſs:
in the Ranks of ev'ry common Band,
re *Rome*'s illuſtrious Names for Soldiers ſtand.
d the great Dead reviſit Life again,
us, once more, the *Decii* wou'd be ſlain;

While yearly Magiſtrates, in turns compell'd
To lodge by Night upon th' uncover'd Field,
Shall at old doting *Numa*'s Laws repine,
Who cou'd to ſuch bleak Wilds his *Latine* Rites aſſign
Ev'n now behold! where waſte *Heſperia* lies,
Where empty Cities ſhock our mournful Eyes;
Untouch'd by Time, our Infamy they ſtand,
The Marks of civil Diſcord's murd'rous Hand.
How is the Stock of Humankind brought low!
Walls want Inhabitants, and Hands the Plow.
Our Fathers fertile Fields by Slaves are till'd,
And *Rome* with Dregs of foreign Lands is fill'd:
Such were the Heaps, the Millions of the Slain,
As 'twere the Purpoſe of *Emathia*'s Plain,
That none for future Miſchiefs ſhou'd remain.
Well may our Annals leſs Misfortunes yield,
Mark *Allia*'s Flood, and *Cannæ*'s fatal Field;
But let *Pharſalia*'s Day be ſtill forgot,
Be ras'd at once from ev'ry *Roman* Thought.

Ver. 589. *While yearly Magiſtrates.*] Of theſe *Feriæ Latinæ*, or Latin Feſtivals, Mention has been made b They were celebrated at Night by the new Conſuls o *Alban* Mountain to *Jupiter Latialis*; they were inſti by *Numa*, and Portions of Meat were then diſtribut the People, in Memory of a League made between th cient *Romans* and the *Latins*.

Ver. 599. *By Slaves are till'd.*] See *Book* 1. *Ver.* 3

Ver. 605. Allia's *Flood.*] Where the *Gauls* cut of *Roman* Army, and afterwards ſack'd the City. This pen'd on XVI. KAL. SEXTIL. or our 17th of *July*

'Twas there, that Fortune, in her Pride, diſplay'd
The Greatneſs her own mighty Hands had made;
Forth in Array the Pow'rs of *Rome* ſhe drew,
And ſet her Subject Nations all to view;
As if ſhe meant to ſhew the haughty Queen,
Ev'n by her Ruins, what her Height had been.
Oh countleſs Loſs! that well might have ſupply'd
The Deſolation of all Deaths beſide.
Tho' Famine with blue Peſtilence conſpire,
And dreadful Earthquakes with deſtroying Fire;
*Pharſalia*'s Blood the gaping Wounds had join'd,
And built again the Ruins of Mankind.
Immortal Gods! with what reſiſtleſs Force,
Our growing Empire ran its rapid Courſe!
Still ev'ry Year with new Succeſs was crown'd,
And conqu'ring Chiefs enlarg'd the *Latian* Bound;
Till *Rome* ſtood Miſtreſs of the World confeſs'd,
From the grey Orient, to the ruddy Weſt;
From Pole, to Pole, her wide Dominions run,
Where-e'er the Stars, or brighter *Phœbus* ſhone;
As Heav'n and Earth were made for her alone.
But now, behold, How Fortune tears away
The Gift of Ages in one fatal Day!
One Day ſhakes off the vanquiſh'd *Indians* Chain,
And turns the wand'ring *Dæa* looſe again:

Ver. 632. *The wand'ring* Dæ,] A People of *Scythia* near the *Caſpian* Sea, part of the preſent *Aſiatick* Tartars.

No longer ſhall the Victor Conſul now,
Trace out *Sarmatian* Cities with the Plow:
Exulting *Parthia* ſhall her Slaughters boaſt,
Nor feel the Vengeance due to *Craſſus'* Ghoſt.
While Liberty, long weary'd by our Crimes,
Forſakes us for ſome better barb'rous Climes;
Beyond the *Rhine*, and *Tanais* ſhe flies,
To ſnowy Mountains, and to frozen Skies;
While *Rome*, who long purſu'd that chiefeſt Good,
O'er Fields of Slaughter, and thro' Seas of Blood,
In Slavery, her abject State ſhall mourn,
Nor dare to hope the Goddeſs will return.
Why were we ever Free? Oh why has Heav'n
A ſhort-liv'd tranſitory Bleſſing giv'n?
Of thee, firſt *Brutus*, juſtly we complain!
Why didſt thou break thy groaning Country's Chain,
And end the proud Laſcivious Tyrant's Reign?
Why did thy Patriot Hand on *Rome* beſtow,
Laws, and her Conſuls righteous Rule to know?
In Servitude more happy had we been,
Since *Romulus* firſt wall'd his *Refuge* in.

Theſe wild People, when they were ſubdued by the *Roman* Conſuls, were, in order to their being civiliz'd, appointed to live (contrary to their native Cuſtom) in Cities, the Circuit or Bounds of which the Conſuls themſelves mark'd out with a Plough drawn by a Bull and a Cow yoak'd together.

Ver. 653. *His Refuge.*] *Romulus* at firſt call'd his City *Aſylum*,

Ev'n ſince the twice ſix Vultures bad him build,
To this curſt Period of *Pharſalia*'s Field.
*Medes* and *Arabians* of the ſlaviſh Eaſt,
Beneath eternal Bondage may be bleſt;
While, of a diff'ring Mold and Nature, We,
From Sire to Son, accuſtom'd to be free,
Feel Indignation riſing in our Blood,
And bluſh to wear the Chains that make them proud.
Can there be Gods, who rule yon' azure Sky?
Can they behold *Emathia* from on high,
And yet forbear to bid their Lightnings fly?
Is it the Buſ'neſs of a thundring *Jove*,
To rive the Rocks, and blaſt the guiltleſs Grove?
While *Caſſius* holds the Ballance in his ſtead,
And wreaks due Vengeance on the Tyrant's Head.
The Sun ran back from *Atreus'* monſtrous Feaſt,
And his fair Beams in murky Clouds ſuppreſs'd;
Why ſhines he now? why lends his golden Light
To theſe worſe Parricides, this more accurſed Sight?

*Aſylum*, or a Refuge; and ſo indeed it was; for all the Vagabonds, Out-laws, and ſuch ſort of People, to reſort to. The Augury, taken from the appearing of the Vultures, was rather relating to the naming than building the City: The two Brothers *Romulus* and *Remus* contending for that Honour, agreed to refer it to the beſt Augury which ſhould appear; accordingly *Remus* ſaw Six Vultures, and *Romulus* Twelve.

Ver. 667. *While* Caſſius,] Who was one of thoſe that kill'd *Cæſar*.

But Chance guides all; the Gods their Task forego,
And Providence no longer reigns below.
Yet are they Juſt, and ſome Revenge afford,
While their own Heav'ns are humbled by the Sword,
And the proud Victors, like themſelves, ador'd:
With Rays adorn'd, with Thunders arm'd they ſtand,
And Incenſe, Pray'rs, and Sacrifice demand;
While trembling, ſlaviſh, ſuperſtitious *Rome*,
Swears by a mortal Wretch, that moulders in a Tomb.
Now either Hoſt the middle Plain had paſs'd,
And Front to Front in threatning Ranks were plac'd;
Then ev'ry well known Feature ſtood to view,
Brothers their Brothers, Sons their Fathers knew.
Then firſt they feel the Curſe of Civil Hate,
Mark where their Miſchiefs are aſſign'd by Fate,
And ſee from whom themſelves Deſtruction wait.
Stupid awhile, and at a Gaze they ſtood,
While creeping Horror froze the lazy Blood:
Some ſmall Remains of Piety withſtand,
And ſtop the Javelin in the lifted Hand;
Remorſe for one ſhort Moment ſtep'd between,
And motionleſs, as Statues, all were ſeen.

Ver. 677. *And the proud Victors.*] The ſucceeding Emperors: Who were not only Deify'd after they were dead, but had even Altars, Temples, Prieſts, and Sacrifices appointed for 'em while they were alive.

And

And oh! what ſavage Fury could engage,
While lingring *Caſar* yet ſuſpends his Rage?
For him; ye Gods! for *Craſtinus*, whoſe Spear,
With impious Eagerneſs, began the War,
Some more than common Puniſhment prepare;
Beyond the Grave long laſting Plagues ordain,
Surviving Senſe, and never-ceaſing Pain.
Strait, at the fatal Signal, all around
A thouſand Fifes, a thouſand Clarions ſound;
Beyond where Clouds, or glancing Lightnings fly,
The piercing Clangors ſtrike the vaulted Sky.
The joining Battels ſhout, and the loud Peal
Bounds from the Hill, and thunders down the Vale;
Old *Pelion*'s Caves the doubling Roar return,
And *Oeta*'s Rocks, and groaning *Pindus* mourn;
From Pole to Pole the Tumult ſpreads afar,
And the World trembles at the diſtant War.
Now flit the thrilling Darts thro' liquid Air,
And various Vows from various Maſters bear:

Ver. 697. *For* Craſtinus.] This *Craſtinus*, or *Craſſinius*, (for ſo he is likewiſe call'd) was an old Soldier of *Caſar*'s; and tho' he was now *Emeritus*, or diſcharged from the Service, he engaged voluntarily in this War, and began this famous Battle. It is ſaid of him, that before he went on he told his General, that *he wou'd that Day deſerve his Praiſe dead or alive*. Breaking thro' the Enemy's Ranks, he was kill'd by a Spear that ran him in at the Mouth and out at the Neck behind.

Some ſeek the nobleſt *Roman* Hearts to wound,
And ſome to err upon the guiltleſs Ground;
While Chance decrees the Blood that ſhall be ſpilt,
And blindly ſcatters Innocence and Guilt.
But random Shafts too ſcanty Death afford,
A Civil War is bus'neſs for the Sword:
Where Face to Face the Parricides may meet,
Know whom they kill, and make the Crime compl
Firm in the Front, with joining Bucklers clos'd,
Stood the *Pompeian* Infantry diſpos'd;
So crouded was the Space, it ſcarce affords
The Pow'r to toſs their Piles, or wield their Swords:
Forward, thus thick embattled tho' they ſtand,
With headlong Wrath ruſh furious *Cæſar's* Band;
In vain the lifted Shield their Rage retards,
Or plaited Mail devoted Boſomes guards;
Thro' Shields, thro' Mail, the wounding Weapons go
And to the Heart drive home each deadly Blow;
Oh Rage ill match'd! Oh much unequal War,
Which thoſe wage proudly, and theſe tamely bear!
Theſe, by cold, ſtupid Piety diſarm'd;
Thoſe, by hot Blood, and ſmoaking Slaughter warm'd
Nor in Suſpenſe uncertain Fortune hung,
But yields, o'er-maſter'd by a Pow'r too ſtrong,
And born by Fate's impetuous Stream along.

From *Pompey*'s ample Wings, at length, the Horſe
Wide o'er the Plain extending take their Courſe;
Wheeling around the hoſtile Line they wind,
While lightly arm'd the Shot ſucceed behind.
In various Ways, the various Bands engage,
And hurl upon the Foe the miſſile Rage;
There fiery Darts, and rocky Fragments fly,
And heating Bullets whiſtle thro' the Sky:
Of feather'd Shafts, a Cloud thick ſhading goes,
From *Arab*, *Mede*, and *Iturean* Bows:
But driv'n by random Aim they ſeldom wound;
At firſt they hide the Heav'n, then ſtrew the Ground;
While *Roman* Hands unerring Miſchief ſend,
And certain Deaths on ev'ry Pile attend.
But *Ceſar*, timely careful, to ſupport
His wav'ring Front againſt the firſt Effort,
Had plac'd his Bodies of Reſerve behind,
And the ſtrong Rear with choſen Cohorts lin'd.
There, as the careleſs Foe the Fight purſue,
A ſudden Band and ſtable forth he drew;
When ſoon, Oh Shame! the looſe Barbarians yield,
Scatt'ring their broken Squadrons o'er the Field:

Ver. 743. *The various Bands*] Of Archers, Slingers, &c.

Ver. 748. *Iturean.*] *Iturea* was a Part of *Paleſtine*, ſaid to contain the two Tribes of *Reuben* and *Dan*. *Cellarius* places it more North, between the Head of the River *Jordan* and Mount *Hermon*.

And ſhew, too late, that Slaves attempt in vain,
The ſacred Cauſe of Freedom to maintain.
The fiery Steeds, impatient of a Wound,
Hurl their neglected Riders to the Ground;
Or on their Friends with Rage ungovern'd turn,
And trampling o'er the helpleſs Foot are born.
Hence foul Confuſion, and Diſmay ſucceed,
The Victors murder, and the Vanquiſh'd bleed:
Their weary Hands the tir'd Deſtroyers ply,
Scarce can Theſe kill, ſo faſt as Thoſe can die.
Oh that *Emathia*'s ruthleſs guilty Plain
Had been contented with this only Stain;
With theſe rude Bones had ſtrewn her Verdure o'er,
And dy'd her Springs with none but *Aſian* Gore!
But if ſo keen her Thirſt for *Roman* Blood,
Let none but *Romans* make the Slaughter good
Let not a *Mede* nor *Cappadocian* fall,
No bold *Iberian*, nor rebellious *Gaul*:
Let theſe alone ſurvive for Times to come,
And be the future Citizens of *Rome*.
But Fear, on all alike, her Pow'rs employ'd,
Did *Ceſar*'s Buſineſs, and like Fate deſtroy'd.
Prevailing ſtill, the Victors held their Courſe,
'Till *Pompey*'s main Reſerve oppos'd their Force;

Ver. 761. *Slaves.*] Meaning the *Aſiaticks*, of whom chiefly *Pompey*'s Cavalry was compos'd.

Their

There, in his Strength, the Chief unſhaken ſtood,
Repell'd the Foe, and made the Combat good;
There in Suſpenſe th' uncertain Battel hung,
And *Caſar*'s fav'ring Goddeſs doubted long;
There no proud Monarchs led their Vaſſals on,
Nor Eaſtern Bands in gorgeous Purple ſhon;
There the laſt Force of Laws and Freedom lay,
And *Roman* Patriots ſtruggled for the Day.
What Parricides the guilty Scene affords!
Sires, Sons and Brothers ruſh on mutual Swords!
There ev'ry ſacred Bond of Nature bleeds;
There met the War's worſt Rage, and *Caſar*'s blackeſt Deeds.
But oh! my Muſe, the mournful Theme forbear,
And ſtay thy lamentable Numbers here;
Let not my Verſe to future Times convey,
What *Rome* committed on this dreadful Day;
In Shades and Silence hide her Crimes from Fame,
And ſpare thy miſerable Country's Shame.
But *Caſar*'s Rage ſhall with Oblivion ſtrive,
And for eternal Infamy ſurvive.
From Rank to Rank, unweary'd, ſtill he flies,
And with new Fires their fainting Wrath ſupplies.
His greedy Eyes each ſign of Guilt explore,
And mark whoſe Sword is deepeſt dy'd in Gore;
Obſerve where Pity and Remorſe prevail,
What Arm ſtrikes faintly, and what Cheek turns pale.

Or, while he rides the ſlaughter'd Heaps around,
And views ſome Foe expiring on the Ground,
His cruel Hands the guſhing Blood reſtrain,
And ſtrive to keep the parting Soul in pain:
As when *Bellona* drives the World to War,
Or *Mars* comes thund'ring in his *Thracian* Car;
Rage horrible darts from his *Gorgon* Shield,
And gloomy Terror broods upon the Field;
Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful Gods impart,
And urge the vengeful Warrior's heaving Heart:
The Many ſhout, Arms claſh, the Wounded cry,
And one promiſcuous Peal groans upwards to the Sky.
Nor furious *Caſar*, on *Emathia*'s Plains,
Leſs terribly the mortal Strife ſuſtains;
Each Hand unarm'd he fills with Means of Death,
And cooling Wrath rekindles at his Breath:
Now with his Voice, his Geſture now, he ſtrives,
Now with his Lance the lagging Soldier drives:
The Weak he ſtrengthens, and confirms the Strong,
And hurries War's impetuous Stream along.
Strike home, he cries, and let your Swords eraſe
Each well-known Feature of the kindred Face:
Nor waſte your Fury on the vulgar Band;
See! where the hoary doating Senate ſtand;
There Laws and Right at once you may confound,
And Liberty ſhall bleed at ev'ry Wound.

The

The curs'd Deſtroyer ſpoke; and, at the Word,
The Purple Nobles ſunk beneath the Sword:
The dying Patriots groan upon the Ground,
Illuſtrious Names, for *Love* of Laws renown'd.
The great *Metelli* and *Torquati* bleed,
Chiefs worthy, if the State had ſo decreed,
And *Pompey* were not there, Mankind to lead.
Say thou! thy ſinking Country's only Prop,
Glory of *Rome*, and Liberty's laſt Hope;
What helm, oh *Brutus!* cou'd, amidſt the Croud,
Thy ſacred undiſtinguiſh'd Viſage ſhroud?
Where fought thy Arm that Day? But Ah! forbear!
Nor ruſh unwary on the pointed Spear;
Seek not to haſten on untimely Fate,
But patient for thy own *Emathia* wait:
Nor hunt fierce *Caſar* on this bloody Plain,
To Day thy Steel purſues his Life in vain.
Somewhat is wanting to the Tyrant yet,
To make the Meaſure of his Crimes compleat;
As yet he has not ev'ry Law defy'd,
Nor reach'd the utmoſt Heights of daring Pride.

Ver. 851. *Thy own* Emathia.] The Fields of *Philippi*, which, as I have obſerv'd before, not only *Lucan*, but even *Virgil* and *Ovid*, confound with *Pharſalia*. M. *Brutus*, who was kill'd at *Philippi*, fought here as a private Soldier.

E'erlong,

E'erlong, thou ſhalt behold him *Rome*'s proud Lord;
And ripen'd by Ambition for thy Sword:
Then, they griev'd Country Vengeance ſhall demand,
And ask the Victim at thy Righteous Hand.
Among huge Heaps of the *Patrician* Slain,
And *Latian* Chiefs, who ſtrew'd that purple Plain,
Recording Story has diſtinguiſh'd well,
How brave, unfortunate *Domitius* fell.
In ev'ry Loſs of *Pompey* ſtill he ſhar'd,
And dy'd in Liberty, the beſt Reward;
Tho' vanquiſh'd oft by *Cæſar*, ne'er enſlav'd,
Ev'n to the laſt, the Tyrant's Pow'r he brav'd:
Mark'd o'er with many a glorious ſtreaming Wound,
In Pleaſure ſunk the Warrior to the Ground;
No longer forc'd on vileſt Terms to live,
For Chance to doom, and *Cæſar* to forgive.
Him, as he paſs'd inſulting o'er the Field,
Roll'd in his Blood, the Victor proud beheld:
And, can, he cry'd, the fierce *Domitius* fall,
Forſake his *Pompey*, and expecting *Gaul*?

Ver. 869. *Unfortunate* Domitius.] This is the ſame *Domitius* who was made a Priſoner at *Corfinium*, and ſet at Liberty by *Cæſar*, (See the Second Book,) and afterwards vanquiſh'd at *Maſſilia* by *D. Brutus*, *Cæſar*'s Lieutenant. He was deſign'd by the *Pompeian* Faction, *Cæſar*'s Succeſſor in *Gaul*. This whole Paſſage ſeems to be the pure Effect of *Lucan*'s Partiality againſt *Cæſar*, and is of a Piece with the Cruelty he makes him guilty of both in the Battle and after it.

Muſt

Muſt the War loſe that ſtill ſucceſsful Sword,
And my neglected Province want a Lord?
He ſpoke; when lifting ſlow his cloſing Eyes,
Fearleſs the dying *Roman* thus replies:
Since Wickedneſs ſtands unrewarded yet,
Nor *Cæſar*'s Arms their wiſh'd Succeſs have met;
Free and rejoicing to the Shades I go,
And leave my Chief ſtill equal to his Foes;
And if my Hopes divine thy Doom aright,
Yet ſhalt thou bow thy vanquiſh'd Head e'er Night.
Dire Puniſhments the righteous Gods decree,
For injur'd *Rome*, for *Pompey*, and for me;
In Hell's dark Realms thy Tortures I ſhall know,
And hear thy Ghoſt lamenting loud below.
He ſaid; and ſoon the leaden Sleep prevail'd,
And everlaſting Night his Eyelids ſeal'd.
But oh! what Grief the Ruin can deplore!
What Verſe can run the various Slaughter o'er!
For leſſer Woes our Sorrows may we keep;
No Tears ſuffice, a dying World to weep.

Ver. 883. *My Chief.*] *Pompey.* The Fate of the Battle not being then determin'd.

Ver. 888. *Dire Puniſhments.*] I don't know whether this Paſſage is not a little too obſcure in the *Engliſh*: The Meaning is, that *Domitius* did not doubt but the Gods would puniſh *Cæſar* ſeverely for the Injuries he had done to *Rome*, to *Pompey*, and e'n to himſelf (*Domitius*).

In diff'ring Groups, ten thouſand Deaths ariſe,
And Horrors manifeld the Soul ſurprize.
Here the whole Man is open'd at a Wound,
And guſhing Bowels pour upon the Ground:
Another thro' the gaping Jaws is gor'd,
And in his inmoſt Throat receives the Sword:
At once, a ſingle Blow a third extends;
The fourth a living Trunk diſmember'd ſtands.
Some in their Breaſts erect the Jav'lin bear,
Some cling to Earth with the transfixing Spear.
Here, like a Fountain, ſprings a Purple Flood,
Spouts on the Foe, and ſtains his Arms with Blood.
There horrid Brethren, on their Brethren prey;
One ſtarts, and hurls a well-known Head away.
While ſome deteſted Son, with impious Ire,
Lops by the Shoulders cloſe his hoary Sire:
Ev'n his rude Fellows damn the curſed Deed,
And Baſtard-born the Murderer aread.
No private Houſe its Loſs lamented then,
But count the Slain by Nations, not by Men.
Here *Grecian* Streams, and *Aſiatick* run,
And *Roman* Torrents drive the Deluge on.

Ver. 915. *And Baſtard-born.*] Concluding from natural an Action, that the Perſon kill'd, could not real and true Son of the Man who kill'd him.

Ver. 919. Roman *Torrents drive.*] As being larg Quantity, ſtronger than the others, and over-pow them.

More than the World at once was given away,
And late Poſterity was loſt that Day:
A Race of future Slaves receiv'd their Doom,
And Children yet unborn were overcome.
How ſhall our miſerable Sons complain,
That they are born beneath a Tyrant's Reign?
Did our baſe Hands, with Juſtice ſhall they ſay,
The ſacred Cauſe of Liberty betray?
Why have our Fathers giv'n us up a Prey?
Their Age, to ours, the Curſe of Bondage leaves;
Themſelves were Cowards, and begot us Slaves.
'Tis juſt; and Fortune, that impos'd a Lord,
One Struggle for their Freedom might afford;
Might leave their Hands their proper Cauſe to fight,
And let them keep, or loſe themſelves, their Right.
But *Pompey*, now, the Fate of *Rome* deſcry'd,
And ſaw the changing Gods forſake her Side.
Hard to believe, tho' from a riſing Ground
He view'd the univerſal Ruin round,
In Crimſon Streams he ſaw Deſtruction run,
And in the Fall of Thouſands felt his own.
Nor wiſh'd he, like moſt Wretches in Deſpair,
The World one common Miſery might ſhare:

Ver. 931. *'Tis juſt.*] This Complaint of our Poſterity is juſt.

But

But with a gen'rous, great, exalted Mind,
Beſought the Gods to pity poor Mankind,
To let him die, and leave the reſt behind:
This Hope came ſmiling to his anxious Breaſt,
For this his earneſt Vows were thus addreſs'd.
Spare Man, ye Gods! oh let the Nations live!
Let me be wretched, but let *Rome* ſurvive.
Or if this Head ſuffices not alone,
My Wife, my Sons, your Anger ſhall atone:
If Blood the yet unfated War demand,
Behold my Pledges left in Fortune's Hand!
Ye cruel Pow'rs, who urge me with your Hate,
At length behold me cruſh'd beneath the Weight:
Give then your long-purſuing Vengeance o'er,
And ſpare the World, ſince I can loſe no more.
So ſaying, the tumultuous Field he croſs'd,
And warn'd from Battle his deſpairing Hoſt;
Gladly the Pains of Death he had explor'd,
And fall'n undaunted on his pointed Sword;
Had he not fear'd th' Example might ſucceed,
And faithful Nations by his Side wou'd bleed.
Or did his ſwelling Soul diſdain to die,
While his inſulting Father ſtood ſo nigh?
Fly where he will, the Gods ſhall ſtill purſue,
Nor his pale Head ſhall ſcape the Victor's View.
Or elſe, perhaps, and Fate the Thought approv'd,
For her dear ſake he fled, whom beſt he lov'd:

Mali

Malicious Fortune to his Wiſh agreed,
And gave him in *Cornelia*'s Sight to bleed.
Born by his winged Steed at length away,
He quits the Purple Plain, and yields the Day.
Fearleſs of Danger, ſtill ſecure and great,
His daring Soul ſupports his loſt Eſtate;
Nor groans his Breaſt, nor ſwell his Eyes with Tears,
But ſtill the ſame majeſtick Form he wears.
An awful Grief ſat decent in his Face,
Such as became his Loſs, and *Rome*'s Diſgrace:
His Mind, unbroken, keeps her conſtant Frame,
In Greatneſs and Misfortune ſtill the ſame;
While Fortune, who his Triumphs once beheld,
Unchanging ſees him leave *Pharſalia*'s Field.
Now, diſentangled from unwieldy Pow'r,
O *Pompey!* run thy former Honours o'er:
At leiſure now review the glorious Scene,
And call to Mind how Mighty thou haſt been.
From anxious Toils of Empire turn thy Care,
And from thy Thoughts exclude the murd'rous War;
Let the juſt Gods bear Witneſs on thy Side,
Thy Cauſe no more ſhall by the Sword be try'd.
Whether ſad *Africk* ſhall her Loſs bemoan,
Or *Munda*'s Plains beneath their Burthen groan,
The guilty Bloodſhed ſhall be all their own.
No more, the much-lov'd *Pompey*'s Name ſhall charm
The peaceful World, with one Conſent, to arms;

Nor

Nor for thy ſake, nor aw'd by thy Command,
But for themſelves, the fighting Senate ſtand:
The War but one Diſtinction ſhall afford,
And Liberty, or *Ceſar*, be the Word.
Nor oh! do thou thy vanquiſh'd Lot deplore,
But fly with Pleaſure from thoſe Seas of Gore:
Look back upon the Horror, guiltleſs thou,
And pity *Ceſar*, for whoſe ſake they flow.
With what a Heart, what Triumph ſhall he come,
A Victor, red with *Roman* Blood, to *Rome*?
Tho' Miſery thy Baniſhment attends,
Tho' thou ſhalt die, by thy falſe *Pharian* Friends;
Yet truſt ſecurely to the Choice of Heav'n,
And know thy Loſs was for a Bleſſing giv'n:
Tho' Flight may ſeem the Warrior's Shame and Curſe
To Conquer, in a Cauſe like this, is worſe.
And oh! Let ev'ry Mark of Grief be ſpar'd,
May no Tear fall, no Groan, no Sigh be heard;
Still let Mankind their *Pompey's* Fate adore,
And reverence thy Fall, ev'n as thy Height of Pow'r.
Mean while ſurvey th' attending World around,
Cities by thee poſſeſs'd, and Monarchs crown'd:
On *Africk*, or on *Aſia* caſt thy Eye,
And mark the Land where thou ſhalt chuſe to die.

Ver. 1018. *Cities by thee poſſeſs'd.*] The *Latin* is, *A poſſeſſas Urbes.* He means thoſe Cities in which he ced the *Cilician* Pyrates, after he had vanquiſh'd 'em at

*ſa* firſt the conſtant Chief beheld,
:at, tho' flying from the fatal Field:
ıud Acclaim her Crowds his Coming greet,
ghing, pour their Preſents at his Feet.
ıwns her Altars, and proclaims a Feaſt;
put on Joy, to chear her noble Gueſt;
eps, and begs to ſhare his Woes at leaſt.
he lov'd ev'n in his loſt Eſtate,
aith, ſuch Friendſhip on his Ruins wait;
ıſe *Pharſalia*'s Loſs might be ſupply'd,
ager Nations haſten to his Side:
lisfortune meant to bleſs him more,
l his long Proſperity before.
he cries, you bring the Vanquiſh'd Aid;
ırth, to *Cæſar* be your Homage paid,
who triumphs o'er yon Heaps of Dead.
ıat, his Courſer urging on to Flight,
iſh'd from the mournful City's Sight.
ries, and loud Laments, they fill the Air,
·ſe the cruel Gods, in fierceneſs of Deſpair.
in huge Lakes *Heſperian* Crimſon ſtood,
*ſar*'s ſelf grew ſatiated with Blood.
at Patricians fall'n, his Pity ſpar'd
rthleſs, unreſiſting, vulgar Herd.

1021. *Lari[illegible]* Now called *Larza*, a City of towards *Macedonia*, not far from *Pharſalus*, in Neighbourhood this Battle was fought.

Then,

Then, while his glowing Fortune yet was warm,
And ſmoaking Terror ſpread the wild Alarm,
Strait to the hoſtile Camp his Way he bent,
Careful to ſeize the haſty Flyer's Tent,
The leiſure of a Night, and Thinking to prevent.
Nor reck'd he much the weary Soldiers Toil,
But led 'em prone, and greedy to the Spoil.
Behold, he cries, our Victory compleat,
The glorious Recompence attends ye yet:
Much have you done to Day, for *Caſar's* ſake;
'Tis mine to ſhew the Prey, 'tis yours to take.
'Tis yours, whate'er the vanquiſh'd Foe has left;
'Tis what your Valour gain'd, and not my Gift.
Treaſures immenſe yon wealthy Tents enfold,
The Gems of *Aſia*, and *Heſperian* Gold;
For you the once great *Pompey's* Store attends,
With regal Spoils of his Barbarian Friends:
Haſte then, prevent the Foe, and ſeize that Good,
For which you paid ſo well with *Roman* Blood.
He ſaid; and with the Rage of Rapine ſtung,
The Multitude tumultuous ruſh along.

Ver. 1049. *The Leiſure of a Night, and Thinking.* *Caſar*, a few Verſes farther, tells his Soldiers their V was compleat, 'tis plain he did not think it ſo till I Maſter of *Pompey's* Camp; apprehending that the might recollect themſelves during the Night, and make a new Stand in their Camp next Morning.

and Spears, on Sires and Sons they tread,
orſeleſs ſpurn the gory Dead.
h can intercept, what Fort withſtand
oldier's rude rapacious Hand;
to his Crime's Reward he flies,
n Blood, demands the horrid Prize?
ealth collected from the World around,
Recompence of War, they found.
t golden *Arimaſpus'* Store,
*Tagus*, or rich *Iber* pour,
greedy Victor's griping Hands:
he Capitol, their Pride demands;
oils they ſcorn, as worthleſs Prey,
heir wicked Labours robb'd of Pay.
trician Tents, Plebeians reſt,
ouches are by Ruffians preſs'd:
ious Parricides the Bed invade,
where late their ſlaughter'd Sires were laid.
the Battle ſtands in Dreams renew'd,
s Horrors o'er their Slumbers brood.

4. *Arimaſpus*,] Or *Arimaſpe*, was a River in *Scythia*, now called *Ingria*, out of which the (who were likewiſe nam'd *Arimaſpians*) ga--Duſt.

*rian* Gold, mention'd before, *Ver.* 1059. was been collected in *Spain*, which was *Pompey's* I don't know whether I have before obſerv'd, as well as *Italy*, was call'd *Heſperia*.

Aſtoniſhment

Aſtoniſhment and Dread their Souls infeſt,
And Guilt ſits painful on each heaving Breaſt.
Arms, Blood, and Death work in the lab'ring Brain;
They ſigh, they ſtart, they ſtrive, and fight it o'er agai
Aſcending Fiends infect the Air around,
And Hell breaths baleful thro' the groaning Ground:
Hence dire Affright diſtracts the Warriors Souls,
Vengeance Divine their daring Hearts controuls,
Snakes hiſs, and Livid Flame tormenting rolls.
Each, as his Hands in Guilt have been embrew'd,
By ſome pale Spectre flies all Night purſu'd.
In various Forms the Ghoſts unnumber'd groan,
The Brother, Friend, the Father, and the Son:
To ev'ry Wretch his proper Phantom fell,
While *Caſar* ſleeps the gen'ral Care of Hell.
Such were his Pangs, as mad *Oreſtes* felt,
E're yet the *Scythian* Altar purg'd his Guilt.

Ver. 1101. *Mad* Oreſtes.] When *Oreſtes* had, to r venge his Father, kill'd his Mother *Clytemneſtra*, he w haunted with Furies, till his Siſter *Iphigenia* had purifi him, and expiated his Crime at the Altar of *Diana Ta rica* in *Scythia*, where ſhe was Prieſteſs.

The following Verſe,

*Cum fureret Pentheus; aut cum deſiſſet Agave.*

I take to mean, that *Pentheus* was not poſſeſs'd w more Horror when he affronted and deny'd the Divin of *Bacchus*; nor his Mother *Agave*, when, recoveri from her Madneſs, ſhe found ſhe had kill'd her Son ſo wild Beaſt.

Su

Horrors *Pentheus*, ſuch *Agave* knew;
ien his Rage firſt came, and She when hers withdrew.
t and future Swords his Boſom bears,
els the Blow that *Brutus* now defers.
ance, in all her Pomp of Pain, attends;
heels ſhe binds him, and with Vulturs rends,
Racks of Conſcience, and with Whips of Fiends.
on the viſionary Horrors paſs,
is firſt Rage with Day reſumes its Place:
his Eyes rejoice, to view the Slain,
in unweary'd o'er the dreadful Plain.
ls his Train prepare his impious Board,
aſts amidſt the Heaps of Death abhorr'd.
each pale Face at leiſure he may know,
ill behold the purple Current flow.
ws the woful wide Horizon round,
joys that Earth is no where to be found,
wns, thoſe Gods he ſerves, his utmoſt Wiſh have crown'd.
reedy to poſſeſs the curs'd Delight,
ut his Soul, and gratifie his Sight,
ift Funereal Honours he denies,
oiſons with the Stench *Emathia*'s Skies.

. 1119. *Then joys that Earth.*] That is, was hid by
id Bodies.

Not

Not thus the ſworn inveterate Foe of *Rome*,
Refus'd the vanquiſh'd Conſul's Bones a Tomb:
His Piety the Country round beheld,
And bright with Fires ſhone *Canna*'s fatal Field.
But *Caſar*'s Rage from fiercer Motives roſe;
Theſe were his Countrymen, his worſt of Foes.
But, oh! relent, forget thy Hatred paſt,
And give the wandring Shades to reſt at laſt.
Nor ſeek we ſingle Honours for the Dead,
At once let Nations on the Pile be laid:
To feed the Flame, let heapy Foreſts riſe,
Far be it ſeen to fret the ruddy Skies,
And grieve deſpairing *Pompey* where he flies.
Know too, proud Conqueror, thy Wrath, in vain,
Strews with unbury'd Carcaſſes the Plain.
What is it to thy Malice, if they burn,
Rot in the Field, or moulder in the Urn?
The Forms of Matter all, diſſolving, dye,
And loſt in Nature's blending Boſom lye.
Tho' now thy Cruelty denies a Grave,
Theſe and the World, one common Lot ſhall have;

Ver. 1125. *Foe of* Rome.] *Hannibal.*
Ver. 1126. *Vanquiſh'd Conſul.*] P. *Æmilius* and *M. cellus* were both kill'd by *Hannibal*, and treated wi Honours due to their Character, tho' Enemies.

One laſt appointed Flame, by Fate's Decree,
Shall waſte yon Azure Heav'ns, this Earth, and Sea;
Shall knead the Dead up in one mingled Maſs,
Where Stars and they ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd paſs.
And tho' thou ſcorn their Fellowſhip, yet know,
High as thy own can ſoar, theſe Souls ſhall go;
Or find, perhaps, a better Place below.
Death is beyond thy Goddeſs Fortune's Pow'r,
And Parent Earth receives whate'er ſhe bore.
Nor will we mourn thoſe *Romans* Fate, who lye
Beneath the glorious Cov'ring of the Sky;
That ſtarry Arch for ever round 'em turns,
A nobler Shelter far than Tombs or Urns.
But wherefore parts the loathing Victor hence?
Does Slaughter ſtrike too ſtrongly on thy Senſe?
Yet ſtay, yet breathe the thick infectious Steam,
Yet quaff with Joy the Blood-polluted Stream.
But ſee, they fly! the daring Warriors yield!
And the dead Heaps drive *Cæſar* from the Field!
Now to the Prey, gaunt Wolves, a howling Train,
Speed hungry from the far *Biſtonian* Plain;
From *Pholoe* the tawny Lion comes,
And growling Bears forſake their darkſome Homes:
With theſe, lean Dogs in Herds obſcene repair,
And ev'ry Kind that ſnuffs the tainted Air.

For Food, the Cranes their wonted Flight delay,
That erſt to warmer *Nile* had wing'd their Way:
With them the feather'd Race convene from far,
Who gather to the Prey, and wait on War.
Ne'er were ſuch Flocks of Vultures ſeen to fly,
And hide with ſpreading Plumes the crowded Sky:
Gorging on Limbs in ev'ry Tree they ſate,
And drop'd raw Morſels down, and gory Fat:
Oft' their tir'd Talons, loos'ning as they fled,
Rain'd horrid Offals on the Victor's Head.
But while the Slain ſupply'd too full a Feaſt,
The Plenty bred Satiety at laſt;
The rav'nous Feeders riot at their Eaſe,
And ſingle out what Dainties beſt may pleaſe.
Part born away, the reſt neglected lye,
For Noon-day Suns, and parching Winds to dry;
'Till length of Time ſhall wear 'em quite away,
And mix 'em with *Emathia*'s common Clay.
Oh fatal *Theſſaly*! Oh Land abhorr'd!
How have thy Fields the Hate of Heav'n incurr'd;
That thus the Gods to thee Deſtruction doom,
And load thee with the Curſe of falling *Rome*!
Still to new Crimes, new Horrors doſt thou haſte,
When yet thy former Miſchiefs ſcarce were paſt.

Ver. 1193. *Still to new Crimes.*] Meaning the Battle of *Philippi*. But of this ſee before.

ing Years, what Ages, can repay
titudes, thy Wars have swept away!
nbs and Urns their num'rous Store should spread,
Antiquity yield all her Dead;
ty Plains more slaughter'd *Romans* hold,
those Tombs, and all those Urns infold.
oody Spots shall stain thy grassy Green,
son Drops on bladed Corn be seen:
where some dead Patriot shall molest,
his Scores, and rob his Ghost of Rest.
the Guilt of War been all thy own,
vil Rage confin'd to thee alone;
iner his lab'ring Bark shou'd moor,
s of Safety, on thy dreadful Shore;
in thy Spectre-haunted Plain shou'd know,
thy Blood-stain'd Fallow with his Plow:
herd e'er should drive his Flock to feed,
*Romans* slain enrich the verdant Mead:
late shou'd lye thy Land, and waste,
me scorch'd or frozen Region plac'd.
great Gods forbid our partial Hate
*Italy*'s distinguish'd Land to wait;
ood, and other Slaughters they decree,
ers shall be Guilty too, like thee.

1214. *As in some scorch'd.*] Some uninhabitable the World.

*Munda* and *Mutina* ſhall boaſt their Slain,
*Pachynus'* Waters ſhare the purple Stain,
And *Actium* juſtifie *Pharſalia's* Plain.

THE

# THE EIGHTH BOOK OF *LUCAN's PHARSALIA.*

# The ARGUMENT.

*From* Pharſalia, Pompey *flies, firſt to* Lariſſa, *and after to the Sea-ſhore; where he embarks upon a ſmall Veſſel for* Lesbos. *There, after a melancholy Meeting with* Cornelia, *and his Refuſal of the* Mitylenians *Invitations, he embarks with his Wife for the Coaſt of* Aſia. *In the Way thither he is join'd by his Son* Sextus, *and ſeveral Perſons of Diſtinction, who had fled likewiſe from the late Battle; and among the reſt by* Deiotarus, *King of* Gallo-Græcia. *To him he recommends the Soliciting of Supplies from the King of* Parthia, *and the reſt of his Allies in* Aſia. *After coaſting* Cilicia *for ſome time, he comes at length to a little Town call'd* Syedra *or* Syedræ, *where great Part of the Senate meet him. With theſe, he deliberates upon the preſent Circumſtances of the Commonwealth, and propoſes either* Mauritania, Ægypt, *or* Parthia, *as the proper Places where he may hope to be receiv'd, and from whoſe Kings he may expect Aſſiſtance. In his own Opinion he inclines to the* Parthians; *but this* Lentulus, *in a long Oration, oppoſes very warmly; and in Conſideration of young* Ptolemy's *perſonal Obligations to* Pompey, *prefers* Ægypt. *This Advice is generally approv'd and follow'd, and* Pompey *ſets Sail accordingly for* Ægypt. *Upon his Arrival on that Coaſt, the King calls a Council, where at the Inſtigation of* Pothinus, *a villainous Miniſter, it is reſolv'd to take his Life; and the Execution of this Order is committed to the Care of* Achillas, *formerly the King's Governor, and then General of the Army. He, with* Septimius, *a Renegado* Roman *Soldier, who had formerly ſerv'd under* Pompey, *upon ſome frivolous Pretences, perſuades him to quit his Ship, and come into their Boat; where, as they make towards the Shore, he treacherouſly Murders him, in the Sight of his Wife, his Son, and the reſt of his Fleet. His Head is cut off, and his Body thrown into the Sea. The Head is fix'd upon a Spear, and carry'd to* Ptolemy; *who, after he had ſeen it, commands it to be Embalm'd. In the ſucceeding Night, one* Cordus, *who had been a Follower of* Pompey, *finds the Trunk floating near the Shore, brings it to Land with ſome difficulty; and with a few Planks that remain'd from a Shipwrack'd Veſſel, burns it. The melancholy Deſcription of this mean Funeral, with the Poet's Invective againſt the Gods, and Fortune, for their unworthy Treatment of ſo great a Man, concludes this Book.*

# *LUCAN's PHARSALIA.*

## BOOK VIII.

NOW thro' the Vale, by great *Alcides* made,
And the ſweet Maze of *Tempe*'s pleaſing Shade,
Chearleſs, the flying Chief renew'd his Speed,
And urg'd, with gory Spurs, his fainting Steed.
Fall'n from the former Greatneſs of his Mind,
He turns where doubtful Paths obſcurely wind.

Ver. 1. *Now thro' the Vale, by great* Alcides *made.*] See the Notes on the Sixth Book, *Ver.* 572. as likewiſe *Lucan* himſelf in that Place.

Ver. 5. *Fall'n from the former Greatneſs.*] This is one of the Paſſages which, if *Lucan* had liv'd to give the laſt Hand to this Work, I cannot but think he would have

The Fellows of his Flight increaſe his Dread,
While hard behind the trampling Horſemen tread:
He ſtarts at ev'ry ruſtling of the Trees,
And fears the Whiſpers of each murm'ring Breeze.
He feels not yet, alas! his loſt Eſtate;
And tho' he flies, believes himſelf ſtill great;
Imagines Millions for his Life are bid,
And rates his own, as he wou'd *Ceſar's* Head.
Where-e'er his Fear explores untrodden Ways,
His well-known Viſage ſtill his Flight betrays.
Many he meets unknowing of his Chance,
Whoſe gath'ring Forces to his Aid advance.
With Gaze aſtoniſh'd, Theſe their Chief behold,
And ſcarce believe what by himſelf is told.
In vain, to Covert, from the World he flies,
Fortune ſtill grieves him with purſuing Eyes:

alter'd. The Fear that he gives to *Pompey* on occaſion of his Flight, is very unlike the Character he himſelf, or indeed any other Writer, has given him. It is ſomething the more remarkable from a Paſſage in the latter end of the foregoing Book, where he is ſaid to leave the Field of Battle with great Bravery and Conſtancy of Mind. Tho' it is very judiciouſly obſerv'd, on comparing that Paſſage and this together, by *Martin Laſſo de Oropeſa*, the *Spaniſh* Tranſlator, that the Deſire of ſeeing his Wife, which was the Occaſion of his Reſolution to leave the Field, and ſurvive ſuch a Loſs as that Battle was, in the 7th Book, might in this Place likewiſe be the Reaſon for the Fear and Anxiety which he ſhew'd in his Flight.

Still

Still aggravates, ſtill urges his Diſgrace,
And galls him with the Thoughts of what he was.
His youthful Triumph ſadly now returns,
His *Pontick* and Pyratick Wars he mourns,
While ſtung with ſecret Shame, and anxious Care he burns.
Thus Age to Sorrows oft' the Great betrays,
When Loſs of Empire comes with Length of Days.
Life and Enjoyment ſtill one End ſhould have,
Leaſt early Miſery prevent the Grave.
The Good, that laſts not, was in vain beſtow'd,
And Eaſe once paſt, becomes the preſent Load:
Then let the Wiſe, in Fortune's kindeſt Hour,
Still keep one ſafe Retreat within his Pow'r;
Leſt Death be near, to guard him from Surprize,
And free him, when the fickle Goddeſs flies.

Now to thoſe Shores the hapleſs *Pompey* came,
Where hoary *Peneus* rolls his ancient Stream:
Red with *Emathian* Slaughter ran his Flood,
And dy'd the Ocean deep in *Roman* Blood:
There a poor Bark, whoſe Keel perhaps might glide
Safe down ſome River's ſmooth deſcending Tide,

Ver. 42. *There a poor Bark.*] *Lucan* mentions this very emphatically, becauſe *Pompey* had even at that very Time a great Fleet lying at *Corcyra*, and in the Bay of *Ambracia*.

*Plutarch* and *Appian* relate, that *Pompey* in his Flight from *Lariſſa* came all along thro' *Tempe* to the Shore, and lodg'd that Night in the Cottage of a Fiſherman. About

Receiv'd the mighty Maſter of the Main,
Whoſe ſpreading Navies hide the liquid Plain.
In This he braves the Winds and ſtormy Sea,
And to the *Lesbian* Iſle directs his Way.
There the kind Partner of his ev'ry Care,
His faithful, lov'd *Cornelia*, languiſh'd there:
At that ſad Diſtance more unhappy far,
Than in the midſt of Danger, Death and War.
There on her Heart, ev'n all the live-long Day,
Fore boding Thought a weary Burthen lay:
Sad Viſions haunt her Slumbers with Affright,
And *Theſſaly* returns with ev'ry Night.
Soon as the ruddy Morning paints the Skies,
Swift to the Shore the penſive Mourner flies;
There, lonely ſitting on the Cliff's bleak Brow,
Her Sight ſhe fixes on the Seas below;
Attentive marks the wide Horizon's Bound,
And kens each Sail that riſes in the Round:
Thick beats her Heart, as ev'ry Prow draws near;
And dreads the Fortunes of her Lord to hear.
At length, behold! the fatal Bark is come!
See! the ſwoln Canvas lab'ring with her Doom.

Morning he went to Sea in a little Boat, and ſailing by the Shore, met with a Ship of greater Burthe which one *Petitius*, a *Roman*, was Captain, who kn *Pompey*, took him in, and tranſported him to *Lesbo*

Prev

Preventing Fame, Misfortune lends him Wings,
And *Pompey's* ſelf his own ſad Story brings.
Now bid thy Eyes, thou loſt *Cornelia*, flow,
And change thy Fears to certain Sorrows, now.
Swift glides the woful Veſſel on to Land;
Forth flies the headlong Matron to the Strand.
There ſoon ſhe found what worſt the Gods cou'd do,
There ſoon her Dear much-alter'd Lord ſhe knew;
Tho' fearful all, and ghaſtly was his Hue.
Rude, o'er his Face, his hoary Locks were grown,
And Duſt was caſt upon his *Roman* Gown.
She ſaw, and fainting, ſunk in ſudden Night;
Grief ſtop'd her Breath, and ſhut out loathſome Light:
The loos'ning Nerves no more their Force exert,
And Motion ceas'd within the freezing Heart;
Death kindly ſeem'd her Wiſhes to obey,
And, ſtretch'd upon the Beach, a Courſe ſhe lay.
But now the Mariners the Veſſel moor,
And *Pompey*, landing, views the lonely Shore.
The faithful Maids their loud lamentings ceas'd,
And rev'rendly their ruder Grief ſuppreſs'd.
Strait, while with duteous Care they kneel around,
And raiſe their wretched Miſtreſs from the Ground,
Her Lord infolds her with a ſtrict Embrace,
And joins his Cheek cloſe to her lifeleſs Face:

At the known Touch, her failing Senſe returns,
And vital Warmth in kindling Bluſhes burns.
At length, from Virtue thus he ſeeks Relief,
And kindly chides her Violence of Grief.

Canſt thou then ſink, thou Daughter of the Great,
Sprung from the nobleſt Guardians of our State;
Canſt thou thus yield to the firſt Shock of Fate?
Whatever deathleſs Monuments of Praiſe
Thy Sex can merit, 'tis in thee to raiſe.
On Man alone Life's ruder Tryals wait,
The Fields of Battle, and the Cares of State;
While the Wife's Virtue then is only try'd,
When faithleſs Fortune quits her Husband's Side.
Arm then thy Soul, the glorious Task to prove,
And learn, thy miſerable Lord to love.
Behold me of my Pow'r and Pomp bereft,
By all my Kings, and by *Rome*'s Fathers left:
Oh make that Loſs thy Glory; and be thou
The only Follower of *Pompey* now.
This Grief becomes thee not, while I ſurvive;
War wounds not thee, ſince I am ſtill alive:

Ver. 95. *Daughter of the Great.*] Deſcended fro *Scipio's.*

Ver. 98. *Whatever Deathleſs.*] Meaning that his fortunes gave her the nobleſt Occaſion of exertin Greatneſs of her Mind.

Theſe Tears a dying Husband ſhou'd deplore,
And only fall, when *Pompey* is no more.
'Tis true, my former Greatneſs all is loſt;
Who weep for that, no Love for me can boaſt,
But mourn the Loſs of what they valu'd moſt.
Mov'd at her Lord's Reproof, the Matron roſe;
Yet ſtill complaining, thus avow'd her Woes.
Ah! wherefore was I not much rather led,
A fatal Bride, to *Caſar*'s hated Bed?
To thee unlucky, and a Curſe, I came,
Unbleſt by yellow *Hymen*'s holy Flame:
My bleeding *Craſſus*, and his Sire, ſtood by,
And fell *Erynnis* ſhook her Torch on high.
My Fate on thee the *Parthian* Vengeance draws,
And urges Heav'n to hate the juſter Cauſe.
Ah! my once greateſt Lord! ah! cruel Hour!
Is thy victorious Head in Fortune's Pow'r?
Since Miſeries my baneful Love purſue,
Why did I wed thee, only to undoe?
But ſee, to Death my willing Neck I bow;
Atone the angry Gods by one kind Blow.
Long ſince, for thee, my Life I wou'd have giv'n;
Yet, let me, yet, prevent the Wrath of Heav'n.

Ver. 125. *The* Parthian *Vengeance.*] A like Misfortune with that of my firſt Husband, who was kill'd by the *Parthians.*

Kill

*Lesbos!* for ever ſacred be thy Name!
May late Poſterity thy Truth proclaim!
Whether thy fair Example ſpread around,
Or whether, ſingly, faithful thou art found:
For 'tis reſolv'd, 'tis fix'd within my Mind,
To try the doubtful World, and prove Mankind.
Oh! grant, good Heav'n! if there be one alone,
One gracious Pow'r ſo loſt a Cauſe to own,
Grant, like the *Lesbians*, I my Friends may find;
Such who, tho' *Caſar* threaten, dare be kind:
Who, with the ſame juſt hoſpitable Heart,
May leave me free to enter, or depart.

He ceas'd; and to the Ship his Part'ner bore,
While loud Complainings fill the ſounding Shore.
It ſeem'd as if the Nation with her paſs'd,
And Baniſhment had laid their Iſland waſte.
Their ſecond Sorrows they to *Pompey* give,
For her, as for their Citizen, they grieve.
Ev'n tho' glad Victory had call'd her thence,
And her Lord's bidding been the juſt Pretence;
The *Lesbian* Matrons had in Tears been drown'd,
And brought her Weeping to their wat'ry Bound.
So was ſhe lov'd, ſo winning was her Grace,
Such lowly Sweetneſs dwelt upon her Face;
In ſuch Humility her Life ſhe led,
Ev'n while her Lord was *Rome*'s commanding Head,
As if his Fortune were already fled.

Half hid in Seas deſcending *Phœbus* lay,
nd upwards half, half downwards ſhot the Day;
/hen wakeful Cares revolve in *Pompey*'s Soul,
nd run the wide World o'er, from Pole to Pole.
ach Realm, each City in his Mind are weigh'd,
/here he may fly, from whence depend on Aid.
'ery'd at length beneath that Load of Woes,
nd thoſe ſad Scenes his future Views diſcloſe,
i Converſation for relief he ſought,
nd exercis'd on various Themes his Thought.
ow fits he by the careful Pilot's Side,
nd asks what Rules their watry Journey guide;
/hat Lights of Heav'n his Art attends to moſt,
nd for the *Libyan* or the *Syrian* Coaſt.
To him, intent upon the rolling Skies,
e Heav'n-inſtructed Shipman thus replies.
' all yon Multitude of golden Stars,
hich the wide rounding Sphere inceſſant bears,
e cautious Mariner relies on none,
t keeps him to the conſtant Pole alone.
hen o'er the Yard the *leſſer Bear* aſpires,
d from the Topmaſt gleam its paly Fires,
ien *Boſphorus* near neighb'ring we explore,
d hear loud Billows beat the *Scythian* Shore:
t when *Caliſto*'s ſhining Son deſcends,
d the low *Cynoſure* tow'rds Ocean bends,

For

For *Syria* ſtrait we know the Veſſel bears,
Where firſt *Canopus'* Southern Sign appears.
If ſtill upon the Left thoſe Stars thou keep,
And paſſing *Pharos*, plow the foamy Deep;
Then right a'head thy luckleſs Bark ſhall reach
The *Libyan* Sheals, and *Syrts* unfaithful Beach.
But ſay, for lo! on thee attends my Hand,
What Courſe do'ſt thou aſſign? what Seas, what L
Speak, and the Helm ſhall turn at thy Command.

To him the Chief, by Doubts uncertain toſt;
Oh fly the *Latian* and *Theſſalian* Coaſt:
Thoſe only Lands avoid. For all beſide,
Yield to the driving Winds, and rolling Tides;
Let Fortune, where ſhe pleaſe, a Paſſage provide.
'Till *Lesbos* did my deareſt Pledges reſtore,
That Thought determin'd me to ſeek that Shore:
All Ports, all Regions, but thoſe fatal two,
Are equal to unhappy *Pompey* now.

Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſtrait the Maſter vo
And right for *Chios*, and for *Aſia* ſteer'd.
The working Waves the Courſe inverted feel,
And daſh and foam beneath the winding Keel,

Ver. 254. *Chios.*] *Scio*, an Iſland in the *Ar* not far from the Coaſt of *Aſia*: It lies Southwa *Lesbos*.

t like this, on rapid Chariots born,
the Column skillful Racers turn:
ier Wheels bear nicely on the Goal,
her, wide, in distant Circles roll.
Day's bright Beams the various Earth disclose,
the fading Stars the Sun arose;
*ompey* gath'ring to his Side beheld
ter'd Relicks of *Pharsalia*'s Field.
m the *Lesbian* Isle his Son drew near,
a Troop of faithful Chiefs appear.
ple Princes, yet, disdain to wait
uish'd *Pompey*'s humbler low Estate.
lonarchs, who in Eastern Kingdoms reign,
he great Illustrious Exile's Train.
ese, apart, *Deiotarus* he drawn,
g-approv'd Companion of his Cause:
st (he cries), of all my Royal Friends!
ith our Lost Rome's Pow'r and Empire ends,
t remains, but that we call from far
tern Nations, to support the War?
's has not own'd proud *Cæsar*'s Side,
*is* rolls a yet unconquer'd Tide.

158. *Around the Column.*] This was a Pillar of placed at the End of the Course appointed for the Races among the Ancients; and to turn nicely ely round this without touching, was reckon'd a great Skill and Dexterity in the Drivers.

Let

Let it not grieve thee, then, to ſeek for Aid
From the wild *Scythian*, and remoteſt *Mede*.
To *Parthia*'s Monarch my Diſtreſs declare,
And at his Throne ſpeak this my humble Pray'r.
If Faith in ancient Leagues is to be found,
Leagues by our Altars and your *Magi* bound,
Now ſtring the *Getick* and *Armenian* Bow,
And in full Quivers feather'd Shafts beſtow.
If when o'er *Caſpian* Hills my Troops I led,
'Gainſt *Alans*, in eternal Warfare bred,
I ſought not once to make your *Parthians* yield,
But left 'em free to range the *Perſian* Field.
Beyond th' *Aſſyrian* Bounds my Eagles flew,
And conquer'd Realms, that *Cyrus* never knew;
Even to the utmoſt Eaſt I urg'd my Way,
And, ere the *Perſian*, ſaw the riſing Day:
Yet while beneath my Yoak the Nations bend,
I ſought the *Parthian*, only as my Friend.
Yet more; When *Carra* bluſh'd with *Craſſus*' Blood
And *Latium* her ſevereſt Vengeance vow'd;

Ver. 284. *By our Altars and your* Magi.] The O ſays,

> ——— *Si fœdera nobis*
> *Priſca manent mihi per Latium jurata tonantem*
> *Per veſtros aſtricta Magos.*

Theſe *Magi* were Prieſts or Philoſophers of a peculi inſtituted by *Zeroaſter*; of whom ſee at large Dr. *P* in his Learned Connection of, *&c.* Vol. I.

/ar with *Parthia* was the common Cry,
ıp'd the Fury of that Rage, but I?
e true, thro' *Zeugma* take your Way,
*Euphrates'* Stream the March delay;
itude, to my Aſſiſtance come;
*ompey's* Cauſe, and conquer willing *Rome.*
iid; the Monarch chearfully obey'd,
ait aſide his Royal Robes he laid;
id his Slaves their humbler Veſtments bring:
that ſervile Veil conceals the King.
dajeſty gives its proud Trappings o'er,
umbly ſeeks for Safety from the Poor.
oor, who no Diſguiſes need, nor wear;
t with Greatneſs, and unvex'd with Fear.
incely Friend now ſafe convey'd to Land,
hief o'erpaſs'd the fam'd *Epheſian* Strand,
s Rocks, with *Colophon's* ſmooth Deep,
amy Cliffs which rugged *Samos* keep.

. 299. *When War with* Parthia.] *Pompey* diſſuaded nate from a War with *Parthia*, while there was one with *Gaul.*

r. 301. *Zeugma*] Was a Town on the River *Eu-s*, built by *Alexander* the Great. Perhaps about the of this Civil War it might be the Boundary of the s and *Parthian* Dominions. For *Carræ* ſee the Notes e Firſt Book about the Beginning.

r. 315. *Icaria*,] Now *Nicaria*, an Iſland of the *Ar-ago*, North of *Patmos*, and Weſt of *Samos.*

*lophon*,] Formerly an ancient City on the Coaſt of , now *Altoboſco*, a Village of *Natolia.*

From

From *Coan* Shores ſoft breathes the Weſtern Wind
And *Rhodes* and *Gnidos* ſoon are left behind.
Then croſſing o'er *Telmeſſos'* ample Bay,
Right to *Pamphilia's* Coaſt he cuts his Way.
Suſpicious of the Land, he keeps the Main,
'Till poor *Phaſelis*, firſt, receives his wand'ring Fleet.
There, free from Fears, with Eaſe he may command
Her Citizens, ſcarce equal to his Band.
Nor ling'ring there, his ſwelling Sails are ſpread,
'Till he diſcerns proud *Taurus'* riſing Head:
A mighty Maſs he ſtands, while down his Side
Deſcending *Dipſas* rolls his headlong Tide.
In a ſlight Bark he runs ſecurely o'er
The Pirates once-infeſted dreadful Shore.
Ah! when he ſet the wat'ry Empire free,
And ſwept the fierce *Cilician* from the Sea,
Cou'd the ſucceſsful Warrior have forethought
'Twas for his future Safety, then, he fought!
At length the gath'ring Fathers of the State
In full Aſſembly, on their Leader wait:

Ver. 317. *Coan* Shores,] *Co*, or *Cos*, now *Stan* Iſland on the Coaſt of *Caria*.

Ver. 318. *Gnidos*,] Or rather *Cnidos*, a Cit Coaſt of *Caria*.

Ver. 319. *Telmeſſos*,] A City on the Coaſt of

Ver. 322. *Phaſelis*,] A little City on the Coaſt *Lycia* and *Pamphylia*; in the latter of theſe Pro *Syedra*, where *Pompey* met and conſulted with mains of the Senate.

Within *Syedra*'s Walls their Sonate meets,
Whom, sighing, thus th'illustrious Exile greets.
My Friends! who with me fought, who with me fled,
And now are to me in my Country's stead;
Tho' quite defenceless and unarm'd we stand,
On this *Cilician*, naked, foreign, Strand;
Tho' ev'ry Mark of Fortune's Wrath we bear,
And seem to seek for Counsel in Despair;
Preserve your Souls undaunted, free and great,
And know I am not fall'n intirely, yet.
Spite of the Ruins of *Emathia*'s Plain,
Yet can I rear my drooping Head again.
From *Africk*'s Dust abandon'd *Marius* rose,
To seize the *Fasces*, and insult his Foes.
My Loss is lighter, less is my Disgrace;
Shall I despair to reach my former Place?
Still on the *Grecian* Seas my Navies ride,
And many a valiant Leader owns my Side.
All that *Pharsalia*'s luckless Field cou'd do,
Was to disperse my Forces, not subdue.
Still safe beneath my former Fame I stand,
Dear to the World, and lov'd in ev'ry Land.
'Tis yours to Counsel and Determine, whom
We shall apply to, in the Cause of *Rome*;

Ver. 349. Marius *rose*.] See before in the Second Book.

What

What faithful Friend may beſt Aſſiſtance bring;
The *Libyan*, *Parthian*, or *Ægyptian* King.
For me, what Courſe my Thoughts incline to take,
Here freely, and at large, I mean to ſpeak.
What moſt diſlike me in the *Pharian* Prince,
Are his raw Years, and yet unpractis'd Senſe:
Virtue, in Youth, no ſtable footing finds,
And Conſtancy is built on manly Minds.
Nor, with leſs Danger, may our Truſt explore
The Faith uncertain, of the crafty *Moor*:
From *Carthaginian* Blood he draws his Race,
Still mindful of the vanquiſh'd Town's Diſgrace;
From thence *Numidian* Miſchiefs he derives,
And *Hannibal* in his falſe Heart ſurvives:
With Pride he ſaw ſubmiſſive *Varus* bow,
And joys to hear the *Roman* Pow'r lyes low.
To Warlike *Parthia* therefore let us turn,
Where Stars unknown in diſtant Azure burn;
Where *Caſpian* Hills to part the World ariſe,
And Night and Day ſucceed in other Skies;
Where rich *Aſſyrian* Plains *Euphrates* laves,
And Seas diſcolour'd roll their ruddy Waves.

Ver. 362. *The* Libyan, Parthian, *or* Ægyptian; Theſe were, *Juba*, *Phraates*, and *Ptolemy*.

Ver. 375. *Submiſſive* Varus.] *Varus*, who had fl to *Juba* for Aſſiſtance, was routed by *Curio*. Se Fourth Book, towards the End.

Aml

Ambition, there, delights in Arms to reign,
There ruſhing Squadrons thunder o'er the Plain;
There young and old the Bow promiſcuous bend,
And fatal Shafts with Aim unerring ſend.
They firſt the *Macedonian* Phalanx broke,
And Hand to Hand repell'd the *Grecian* Stroke;
They drove the *Mede* and *Bactrian* from the Field,
And taught aſpiring *Babylon* to yield;
Fearleſs againſt the *Roman* Pile they ſtood,
And triumph'd in our vanquiſh'd *Craſſus'* Blood.
Nor truſt they to the Points of piercing Darts,
But furniſh Death with new improving Arts;
In mortal Juices dipt their Arrows fly,
And if they taſte the Blood, the Wounded die.
Too well their Pow'rs, and fav'ring Gods we know,
And wiſh our Fate much rather wou'd allow
Some other Aid againſt the common Foe.
With unauſpicious Succour ſhall they come,
Nurs'd in the Hate and Rivalſhip of *Rome*.
With theſe, the neighb'ring Nations round ſhall arm,
And the whole Eaſt rouſe at the dire Alarm.
Shou'd the Barbarian Race their Aid deny,
Yet wou'd I chuſe in that ſtrange Land to die:
There let our ſhipwreck'd poor Remains be thrown,
Our Loſs forgotten, and our Names unknown:

Securely there Ill-Fortune wou'd I brave,
Nor meanly ſue to Kings, whoſe Crowns I gave:
From *Cæſar* free, enjoy my lateſt Hour,
And ſcorn his Anger's and his Mercy's Pow'r.
Still, when my Thoughts my former Days reſtore,
With Joy, methinks, I run thoſe Regions o'er:
There, much the better Parts of Life I prov'd,
Rever'd by all, applauded, and belov'd;
Wide o'er *Mæotis* ſpread my happy Name,
And *Tanais* ran conſcious of my Fame;
My vanquiſh'd Enemies my Conqueſts mourn'd,
And cover'd ſtill with Laurels, I return'd.
Approve then, *Rome*, my preſent Cares for thee;
Thine is the Gain, whate'er th' Event ſhall be.
What greater Boon can'ſt thou from Heav'n demand
Than, in thy Cauſe to arm the *Parthian*'s Hand?
Barbarians thus ſhall wage thy Civil War,
And thoſe that hate thee, in thy Ruin ſhare.
When *Cæſar* and *Phraates* Battle join,
They muſt revenge, or *Craſſus*' Wrongs, or mine.
The Leader ceas'd; and ſtrait a murm'ring Sound
Ran thro' the diſapproving Fathers round.
With theſe, in high Preheminence, there ſate
Diſtinguiſh'd *Lentulus*, the Conſul late:

Ver. 409. ~~Kings, whoſe Crowns I gave.~~] Pompey gave Crowns, &c. but more eſpecially to *Ptolemy*.

ich more gen'rous Indignation ſtung,
r Grief, beheld his Country's Wrong.
he roſe, rever'd, and thus began,
s that well became the Subject, and the Man.
hen *Pharſalia's* Ruins thus controul
ner Greatneſs of thy *Roman* Soul?
e whole World, our Laws and Country, yield
unlucky Day, one ill-fought Field?
ou no Hopes of Succour, no Retreat,
n Proſtration at the *Parthian's* Feet?
u grown weary of our Earth and Sky,
ius thou ſeek'ſt a Fugitive to fly;
tars to view, new Regions to explore,
n new Manners, and new Gods adore?
ou before *Chaldean* Altars bend,
p their Fires, and on their Kings depend?
idſt thou draw the World to Arms around,
heir Mankind with Liberty's ſweet Sound,
n *Emathia's* Plain fierce *Cæſar* brave,
hou canſt yield thy ſelf a Tyrant's Slave?
*rthia*, who with Terror ſhook from far,
r thee nam'd, to head the *Roman* War,

447. *Worſhip their Fires.*] The Worſhip of Fire, r of the Supreme Being and Principle of all Things hat Symbol, was firſt taught among the Eaſtern by *Zoroaſter* and his Diſciples the *Magi*.

Who ſaw thee lead proud Monarchs in thy Chain,
From wild *Hyrcania* and the *Indian* Main;
Shall ſhe, that very *Parthia*, ſee thee now,
A poor, dejected, humble Suppliant bow?
Then haughtily with *Rome* her Greatneſs mate,
And ſcorn thy Country, for thy groveling Fate?
Thy Tongue, in Eaſtern Languages untaught,
Shall want the Words that ſhou'd explain thy Thoug
Tears, then, unmanly, muſt thy Suit declare;
And ſuppliant Hands, uplifted, ſpeak thy Pray'r.
Shall *Parthia* (ſhall it to our Shame be known)
Revenge *Rome*'s Wrongs, e'er *Rome* revenge her ow
Our War no interfering Kingt demands,
Nor ſhall be truſted to Barbarian Hands:
Among our ſelves our Bonds we will deplore,
And *Rome* ſhall ſerve the Rebel Son ſhe bore.
Why wou'dſt thou hid our Foes tranſgreſs their Bou
And teach their Feet to tread *Heſperian* Ground?
With Enſigns, torn from *Craſſus*, ſhall they come,
And, with his raviſh'd Honours, threaten *Rome*;
His Fate thoſe Blood-ſtain'd Eagles ſhall recall,
And hover dreadful o'er their Native Wall.
Canſt thou believe the Monarch, who with-held
His only Forces from *Emathia*'s Field,

Ver. 169. *The Rebel Son.*] *Cæſar.*

Will bring his Succours to thy waining State,
And bravely now defie the Victor's Hate?
No Eaſtern Courage forms a Thought ſo great.
In cold laborious Climes the wintry North
Brings her undaunted hardy Warriors forth,
In Body and in Mind untaught to yield,
Stubborn of Soul, and ſteady in the Field;
While *Aſia*'s ſofter Climate, form'd to pleaſe,
Diſſolves her Sons in Inſolence and Eaſe.
Here ſilken Robes inveſt unmanly Limbs,
And in long Trains the flowing Purple ſtreams.
Where no rude Hills *Sarmatia*'s Wilds reſtrain,
Or ruſhing *Tigris* cuts the level Plain,
Swifter than Winds along the Champian born,
At Liberty they fly, or fight, or turn,
And diſtant ſtill, the vain Purſuer ſcorn.
Not with like Eaſe they force their warlike Way,
Where rough unequal Grounds their Speed delay.
Whene'er the thicker Shades of Night ariſe,
Unaim'd the Shaft, and unavailing, flies.
Nor are they form'd with Conſtancy to meet
Thoſe Toils, that make the panting Soldier ſweat:
To climb the Heights, to ſtem the rapid Flood,
To make the duſty Noon-day Battle good,
Horrid with Wounds, and cruſted o'er in Blood.
Nor War's Machines they know, nor have the Skill
To ſhake the Rampire, or the Trench to fill:

Each Fence that can their winged Shafts endure,
Stands, like a Fort impregnable, ſecure.
Light are their Skirmiſhes, their War is Flight,
And ſtill to wheel their wav'ring Troops delight.
To taint their coward Darts is all their Care,
And then to truſt 'em to the flitting Air.
Whene'er their Bows have ſpent the feather'd Store,
The mighty Buſ'neſs of their War is o'er:
No manly Strokes they try, nor Hand to Hand
With cleaving Swords in ſturdy Combate ſtand.
With Swords the Valiant ſtill their Foes invade;
Theſe call in Drugs and Poiſon to their Aid.
Are theſe the Pow'rs to whom thou bidſt us fly?
Is this the Land in which thy Bones wou'd lye?
Shall theſe Barbarian Hands for thee provide
The Grave, to thy unhappy Friend deny'd?
But be it ſo! that Death ſhall bring thee Peace,
That here thy Sorrows, and thy Toils ſhall ceaſe.
Death is what Man ſhou'd wiſh. But oh! what Fate
Shall on thy Wife, thy ſad Survivor, wait?
For her, where Luſt with lawleſs Empire reigns,
Somewhat more terrible than Death remains.
Have we not heard, with what abhorr'd Deſires
The *Parthian Venus* feeds her guilty Fires?

Ver. 520. *To thy unhappy Friend.*] To Cleopatra.

low their wild Monarch, like the Bestial Race,
preads the Pollution of his lewd Embrace?
naw'd by Rev'rence of Connubial Rites,
a Multitudes, luxurious, he delights:
When gorg'd with Feasting, and inflam'd with Wine,
lo Joys can sate him, and no Laws confine;
'orbidding Nature, then, commands in vain,
'rom Sisters and from Mothers to abstain.
The *Greek* and *Roman*, with a trembling Ear,
Th' unwilling Crime of *Oedipus* may hear;
Vhile *Parthian* Kings like Deeds, with Glory, own,
nd boast incestuous Titles to the Throne.
f Crimes like these they can securely brave,
What Laws, what Pow'r shall thy *Cornelia* save?
hink, how the helpless Matron may be led,
he thousandth Harlot, to the Royal Bed.
ho' when the Tyrant clasps his noble Slave,
nd hears to whom her plighted Hand she gave,
er Beauties oft in Scorn he shall prefer,
nd chuse t' insult the *Roman* Name in her.
hese are the Pow'rs to whom thou wou'dst submit,
nd *Rome*'s Revenge and *Crassus*' quite forget.
hy Cause, prefer'd to his, becomes thy Shame,
nd blots, in common, thine and *Cæsar*'s Name.
ith how much greater Glory might you join,
o drive the *Dusi*, or to free the *Rhine*?

How well your conqu'ring Legions might you lead
'Gainſt the fierce *Bactrian*, and the haughty *Mede*?
Level proud *Babylon*'s aſpiring Domes,
And with their Spoils inrich our ſlaughter'd Leaders?
No longer, Fortune! let our Friendſhip laſt,
Our Peace, ill-omen'd, with the Barb'rous Eaſt;
If Civil Strife with *Cæſar*'s Conqueſt end,
To *Aſia* let his proſp'rous Arms extend:
Eternal Wars there let the Victor wage,
And on proud *Parthia* pour the *Roman* Rage.
There I, there all, his Victories may bleſs,
And *Rome* her ſelf make Vows for his Succeſs.
When-e'er thou paſs the cold *Araxes* o'er,
An aged Shade ſhall greet thee on the Shore,
Transfix'd with Arrows, mournful, pale, and hoar.
And art thou (ſhall he cry, complaining) come
In Peace and Friendſhip, to theſe Foes of *Rome*?
Thou! from whoſe Hand we hop'd Revenge in vain
Poor naked Ghoſts, a thin unbury'd Train,
That flit, lamenting, o'er this dreary Plain?
On ev'ry Side new Objects ſhall diſcloſe
Some mournful Monument of *Roman* Woes;
On ev'ry Wall freſh Marks thou ſhalt deſcry,
Where pale *Heſperian* Heads were fix'd on high:

Ver. 568. *An aged Shade.*] The Ghoſt of *Craſſus*.

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iver, as he rolls his Purple Tide,
vn his Waves in *Latian* Slaughter dy'd.
ts like theſe thou canſt with Patience bear,
re the Horrors which thy Soul wou'd fear?
*eſar*'s ſelf with Joy may be beheld,
n'd on Slaughter in *Emathia*'s Field.
n, we grant, thy Cautions were not vain,
*ick* Frauds and *Juba*'s faithleſs Reign;
ling *Egypt* ſhall receive thee yet,
:ld, unqueſtion'd, a ſecure Retreat.
ure ſtrengthen'd with a dang'rous Strand,
*ts* and untry'd Channels guard the Land.
i the Fatneſs of her plenteous Soil,
nts her only Confidence in *Nile*.
onarch, bred beneath thy Guardian Cares,
wn, the Largeſs of thy Bounty, wears.
: unjuſt Suſpicions brand his Truth;
and Innocence ſtill dwell with Youth.
ot a Pow'r accuſtom'd to be great,
rs'd in wicked Policies of State.
ıgs, long harden'd in the regal Trade,
eſt and by Craft alone are ſway'd,
ılate with Eaſe the Leagues they made:
ew ones ſtill make Conſcience of the Truſt,
their Friends, and to their Subjects juſt.
oke; the liſtning Fathers all were mov'd;
th concurring Votes the Thought approv'd.

So much ev'n dying Liberty prevail'd,
Which *Pompey's* Suffrage, and his Counsel fail'd.
And now *Cilicia's* Coast the Fleet forsake,
And o'er the wat'ry Plain for *Cyprus* make.
*Cyprus*, to Love's Ambrosial Goddess dear,
For ever grateful sneak the Altars there:
Indulgent still she hears the *Paphian* Vows,
And loves the Fav'rite Seas from whence she rose.
So Fame reports, if we may credit Fame,
When her fond Tales the Birth of Gods proclaim,
Unborn, and from Eternity the same.
The craggy Cliffs of *Cyprus* quickly past,
The Chief runs Southward o'er the Ocean vast.
Nor views he, thro' the murky Veil of Night,
The *Casian* Mountains for distinguish'd Height,
The high-hung Lantern, or the beamy Light.
Happy at length the lab'ring Canvass bore
Full on the farthest Bounds of *Egypt's* Shore,
Where near *Pelusium* parting *Nile* descends,
And in her utmost Eastern Channel ends.

Ver. 620. *The* Casian *Mountains fair.*] *Casium*, or ther *Casius*, was a Promontory in the most Easterly of *Ægypt*. At the Foot of this Mountain, on the Sea-S was *Pompey* bury'd. *Lucan* says, that *Pompey's* Fleet shot this Promontory, and did not see the Light tha always kept on the Top of it for the Direction of S *Pelusium*, mention'd just after this, was in *Pompey's* a great City. 'Tis now a poor Village, and call'd, am not mistaken, *Belbais* or *Bebais*.

now the Time, when equal *Jove* on high
ng the golden Ballance of the Sky:
! not long such just Proportions last,
ghteous Season soon was chang'd and pass'd;
ring's Encroachment, on the short'ning Shade,
ly to the wintry Nights repaid: 631
o the Chief from Shore they made Report,
ear high *Casium*, lay the *Pharian* Court.
nown, he thither turns his ready Sail,
ght yet lasting with the fav'ring Gale. 635
et arriv'd, the News flies swiftly round,
eir new Guests the troubled Court confound.
me was short, howe'er the Council met,
inisters, a monstrous Motley Set.
e, the Chief in Honour, and the Best, 640
l *Achoreus*, the *Memphian* Priest:
nd *Osiris* he believ'd,
r'rend Tales, from Sire to Son receiv'd;

626. *'Twas now the Time.*] About the Middle of
er.

642. *In Isis and Osiris.*] Of these two *Ægyptian*
for the Third Book of *Herodotus*, and other An-
ut above all the Learned *Selden's Syntagma de Diis*
le will be sufficient to observe here, that they were
k and Wife, and the two chief Gods among the
ns.
was a living Ox, worshipp'd likewise by the *Æ-*
. He was only suffer'd to live such a certain time,
i his own Priests put him into the Fountain of
the

Could mark the Swell of *Nile's* increaſing Tide,
And many an *Apis* in his Time had dy'd;
Yet was his Age with gentleſt Manners fraught,
Humbly he ſpoke, and modeſtly he taught.
With good Intent the pious Seer aroſe,
And told how much their State to *Pompey* owes:
What large Amends their Monarch ought to make,
Both for his own, and for his Father's Sake.
But Fate had plac'd a ſubtler Speaker there,
A Tongue more fitted for a Tyrant's Ear,
*Pothinus*, deep in Arts of Miſchief read,
Who thus, with falſe Perſuaſion, blindly lead
The eaſie King, to doom his Guardian dead.
To ſtricteſt Juſtice many Ills belong,
And Honeſty is often in the Wrong:
Chiefly when ſtubborn Rules her Zealots puſh,
To favour thoſe whom Fortune means to cruſh.
But thou, oh Royal *Ptolemy!* be wiſe;
Change with the Gods, and fly whom Fortune flies.

the Sun, and kill'd him. Upon the Death of one, immediately, with great Marks of Grief, look'd ou another, who was to be of the ſame Race, and m after the ſame manner, eſpecially he was to have a Half-Moon on the Right Side.

Ver. 644. *Cou'd mark the Swell.*] Of this ſee at in the Tenth Book.

Ver. 657. *Many Ills.*] Many Inconveniencies an Conſequences, as to what regards the Succeſs of Th in this World.

Not Earth, from yon' high Heav'ns which we admire,
Not from the watry Element the Fire,
Are ſever'd by Diſtinctions half ſo wide,
As Int'reſt and Integrity divide.
The mighty Pow'r of Kings no more prevails,
When Juſtice comes with her deciding Scales.
Freedom for all Things, and a lawleſs Sword,
Alone ſupport an Arbitrary Lord.
He that is cruel muſt be bold in Ills,
And find his Safety from the Blood he ſpills.
For Piety, and Virtue's ſtarving Rules,
To mean Retirements let 'em lead their Fools:
There, may they ſtill ingloriouſly be good;
None can be ſafe in Courts, who bluſh at Blood.
Nor let this Fugitive deſpiſe thy Years,
Or think a Name, like his, can cauſe thy Fears:
Exert thy ſelf, and let him feel thy Pow'r,
And know, that we dare drive him from our Shore.
But if thou wiſh to lay thy Greatneſs down,
To ſome more juſt Succeſſion yield thy Crown;
Thy Rival Siſter willingly ſhall reign,
And ſave our *Ægypt* from a Foreign Chain.
Is now, at firſt, in Neutral Peace we lay,
For wou'd be *Pompey*'s Friends, nor *Cæſar*'s Prey.
Impoſiſh'd, where-e'er his Fortune has been try'd,
And driv'n, with Scorn, from all the World beſide.

By

By *Cæſar* chas'd, and left by his Allies,
To us a baſſl'd Vagabond he flies.
The poor remaining Senate loath his Sight,
And ruin'd Monarchs curſe his fatal Flight:
While thouſand Fantoms from th' unbury'd Slain,
Who feed the Vultures of *Mountain*'s Plain,
Diſaſtrous ſtill purſue him in the Rear,
And urge his Soul with Horror and Deſpair.
To us for Refuge now he ſeeks to run,
And wou'd once more with *Egypt* be undone.
Rouſe then, oh! *Ptolomy*, repreſs the Wrong;
He thinks we have enjoy'd our Peace too long:
And therefore kindly comes, that we may ſhare
The Crimes of Slaughter, and the Woes of War.
His Friendſhip ſhews to thee Suſpicions draws,
And makes us ſeem too guilty of his Cauſe:
Thy Crown beſtow'd, the Victor may impute;
The Senate gave it, but at *Pompey*'s Suit.
Nor, *Pompey!* thou thy ſelf ſhalt think it hard,
If from thy Aid, by Fate, we are debarr'd.
We follow where the Gods, conſtraining lead;
We ſtrike at thine, but with 'twere *Cæſar*'s Head.
Our Weakneſs this, this Fate's Compulſion call;
We only yield to him who conquers all.

Ver. 699. *Repreſs the Wrong.*] The Deſtruction and F
that *Pompey* would involve us in.

T

Then doubt not if thy Blood we mean to ſpill;
Pow'r awes us; if we can, we muſt, and will.
What Hopes thy fond miſtaking Soul poſſeſs'd,
To put thy Truſt in *Egypt*'s feeble Aid?
Our ſlothful Nation, long diſus'd to Toil,
With Pain ſuffice to till their ſlimy Soil,
Our idle Force due Modeſty ſhou'd teach,
Nor dare to aim beyond its humble Reach.
Shall we reſiſt where *Rome* was forc'd to yield,
And make us Parties to *Pharſalia*'s Field?
We mix'd not in the fatal Strife before;
And ſhall we, what the World has giv'n it o'er?
Now! when we know th' avenging Victor's Pow'r?
Nor do we turn, unpit'ying, from Diſtreſs;
We fly not *Pompey*'s Woes, but ſeek Succeſs.
The Prudent oft the Proſp'rous firſt attends,
And none, but Fools, chuſe Wretches for their Friends.
He ſaid; the vile Aſſembly all aſſent,
And the Boy-king his glad Concurrence lent.
Fond of the Royalty his Slaves beſtow'd,
And by new Pow'r of Wickedneſs made proud.

Ver. 732. *Fond of the Royalty.*] As if he was pleas'd that his Miniſters, who govern'd and controll'd him on all other Occaſions, wou'd give him Leave to exerciſe his Royal Power for the Commiſſion of ſo baſe a Murder.

Where

Where *Caſium* high o'er-looks the ſhoaly Strand,
A Bark with armed Ruffians ſtrait is mann'd,
And the Task truſted to *Achillas'* Hand.
Can then *Ægyptian* Souls thus proudly dare!
Is *Rome*, ye Gods! thus fall'n by Civil War!
Can you to *Nile* transfer the *Roman* Guilt,
And let ſuch Blood by Cowards Hands be ſpilt?
Some kindred Murtherer at leaſt afford,
And let him fall by *Caſar's* worthy Sword.
And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardleſs Boy!
Dar'ſt thou thy Hand in ſuch a Deed employ?
Does not thy trembling Heart, with Horror, dread
*Jove's* Thunder, grumbling o'er thy guilty Head?
Had not his Arms with Triumphs oft been crown'd,
And ev'n the vanquiſh'd World his Conqueſt own'd;
Had not the rev'rend Senate call'd him Head,
And *Caſar* giv'n fair *Julia* to his Bed;
He was a *Roman* ſtill: A Name ſhou'd be
For ever ſacred to a King, like thee.
Ah Fool! thus blindly by thy ſelf undone,
Thou ſeek'ſt his Ruin, who upheld thy Throne:
He only cou'd thy feeble Pow'r maintain,
Who gave thee firſt o'er *Ægypt's* Realm to reign.
The Seamen, now, advancing near to Shore,
Strike the wide Sail, and ply the plunging Oar;

When

When the falſe Miſcreants the Navy meet,
And with diſſembled Chear the *Roman* greet.
They feign their hoſpitable Land addreſs'd,
With ready Friendſhip, to receive her Gueſt;
Excuſing much an inconvenient Shore,
Where Shoals lye thick, and meeting Currents roar:
From his tall Ship, unequal to the Place,
They beg him to their lighter Bark to paſs.
Had not the Gods, unchangeably, decreed
Devoted *Pompey* in that Hour to bleed,
A thouſand Signs the Danger near foretell,
Seen by his ſad preſaging Friends too well.
Had their low Fawning juſtly been deſign'd,
If Truth cou'd lodge in an *Ægyptian* Mind,
Their King himſelf with all his Fleet had come,
To lead, in Pomp, his Benefactor home.
But thus Fate will'd; and *Pompey* choſe to bear
A certain Death, before uncertain Fear.
While, now, aboard the hoſtile Boat he goes,
To follow him the frantick Matron vows,
And claims her Partnerſhip in all his Woes.
But oh! forbear (he cries) my Love, forbear;
Thou and my Son remain in Safety here.
Let this old Head the Danger firſt explore,
And prove the Faith of your ſuſpected Shore.

He

He ſpoke; but ſhe, unmov'd at his Commands,
Thus loud exclaiming, ſtretch'd her eager Hands.
Whither, Inhuman! whither art thou gone?
Still muſt I weep our common Griefs alone?
Joy ſtill, with thee, forſakes my leading Hearts
And fatal is the Hour where'er we part.
Why did thy Veſſel to my *Lesbos* turn?
Why was I from the faithful Iſland born?
Muſt I all Lands, all Shores, alike, forbear,
And only on the Seas thy Sorrows ſhare?
Thus, to the Winds, loud plain'd her ſwelling Tongue
While eager from the Deck on high ſhe hung;
Trembling with wild Aſtoniſhment and Fear,
She dares not, while her parting Lord they bear,
Turn her Eyes from him once, or fix 'em there.
On him his anxious Mary all are bent,
And wait, ſollicitous, the dire Event.
No Danger aim'd againſt his Life they doubt;
Care for his Glory only, fills their Thought:
They wiſh he may not ſtain his Name renown'd,
By mean Submiſſion to the Boy he crown'd.
Juſt as he enter'd o'er the Veſſel's Side,
Hail General! the curs'd *Septimius* cry'd,
A *Roman* once in gen'rous Warfare bred,
And oft' in Arms by mighty *Pompey* led.

ow (what vile Dishonour must it bring)
uffian Slave of an *Egyptian* King.
was he, horrible, inur'd to Blood,
ithleſs as the Savage of the Wood.
rtune! who but wou'd have call'd thee kind,
hought thee mercifully now inclin'd,
thy o'er-ruling Providence withheld
land of *Miſchief* from *Pharſalia's* Field?
hus, thou ſcarce 'ſt thy deſtroying Swords,
v'ry Land thy Victims thus affords.
*Pompey* at a Tyrant's Bidding bleed!
*oman* Hands be to the Task decreed!
*Caſar*, and his Gods, abhor the Deed.
a! who with the Stain of Murder brand
rtal *Brutus's* avenging Hand,
monſtrous Title, yet to Speech unknown,
all Times ſhall mark *Septimius* down!
w in the Boat defenceleſs *Pompey* ſate,
nded and abandon'd to his Fate.
ng they hold him, in their Pow'r, aboard,
'ry Villain drew his ruthleſs Sword:
hief perceiv'd their Purpoſe ſoon, and ſpread
*man* Gown, with Patience, o'er his Head:

. 822. *Say you!*] If *Brutus* who kill'd *Cæſar* was a rer, what is *Septimius!*

And

And when the curs'd *Achillas* pierc'd his Breaſt,
His riſing Indignation cloſe repreſs'd.
No Sighs, no Groans, his Dignity profan'd,
Nor Tears his ſtill unſully'd Glory ſtain'd:
Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his Seat,
And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great.
Meanwhile, within his equal panting Soul,
Theſe lateſt pleaſing Thoughts revolving roll.
In this my ſtrongeſt Tryal, and my laſt,
As in ſome Theatre I here am plac'd:
The Faith of *Ægypt*, and my Fate, ſhall be
A Theme for preſent Times, and late Poſterity.
Much of my former Life was crown'd with Praiſe,
And Honours waited on my early Days:
Then, fearleſs, let me this dread Period meet,
And force the World to own the Scene compleat.
Nor grieve, my Heart! by ſuch baſe Hands to bleed
Who ever ſtrikes the Blow, 'tis *Ceſar*'s Deed.
What, tho' this mangled Carcaſs ſhall be torn,
Theſe Limbs be toſt about for publick Scorn;
My long Proſperity has found its End,
And Death comes opportunely, like a Friend:
It comes, to ſet me free from Fortune's Pow'r,
And gives, what ſhe can rob me of no more.
My Wife and Son behold me now, 'tis true;
Oh! may no Tears, no Groans, my Fate purſue!

My Virtue rather let their Praiſe approve,
Let 'em admire my Death, and my Remembrance love.
Such Conſtancy in that dread Hour remain'd,
And, to the laſt, the ſtrugg'ling Soul ſuſtain'd.
Not ſo the Matron's feebler Pow'rs repreſs'd
The wild Impatience of her frantick Breaſt:
With ev'ry Stab her bleeding Heart was torn,
With Wounds much harder to be ſeen, than born.
'Tis I, 'tis I have murder'd him! (ſhe cries)
My Love the Sword and ruthleſs Hand ſupplies.
'Twas I allur'd him to my fatal Iſle,
That cruel *Caſar* firſt might reach the *Nile*;
For *Caſar* ſure is there; no Hand but his
Has Right to ſuch a Parricide as this.
But whether *Caſar*, or whoe'er thou art,
Thou haſt miſtook the Way to *Pompey*'s Heart:
That ſacred Pledge in my ſad Boſom lyes,
There plunge thy Dagger, and he more than dies.
Me too, moſt worthy of thy Fury know,
The Part'ner of his Arms, and ſworn your Foe.
Of all our *Roman* Wives, I ſingly bore
The Camp's Fatigue, the Sea's tempeſtuous Roar:
No Dangers, not the Victor's Wrath, I fear'd;
What mighty Monarchs durſt not do, I dar'd.
Theſe guilty Arms did their glad Refuge yield,
And claſp'd him, flying from *Pharſalia*'s Field.

Ah

Ah *Pompey!* doſt thou thus my Faith reward?
Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be ſpar'd?
But Fate ſhall many Means of Death afford,
Nor want th' Aſſiſtance of a Tyrant's Sword.
And you, my Friends, in Pity, let me leap
Hence headlong, down amidſt the tumbling Deep:
Or to my Neck the ſtrangling Cordage tye;
If there be any Friend of *Pompey* nigh,
Transfix me, ſtab me, do but let me die.
My Lord! my Husband!—Yet thou art not dead;
And ſee! *Cornelia* is a Captive led:
From thee their cruel Hands thy Wife detain,
Reſerv'd to wear th' inſulting Victor's Chain.
She ſpoke; and ſtiff'ning ſunk in cold Deſpair;
Her weeping Maids the lifeleſs Burthen bear;
While the pale Mariners the Bark unmoor,
Spread ev'ry Sail, and fly the faithleſs Shore.
Nor Agonies, nor livid Death, diſgrace
The ſacred Features of the Hero's Face;
In the cold Viſage, mournfully ſevene,
The ſame Indignant Majeſty was ſeen;
There Virtue ſtill unchangeable abode,
And ſcorn'd the Spite of ev'ry partial God.
The bloody Buſneſs now compleat and done,
New Furies urge the fierce *Septimius* on:

ds the Robe that veil'd the Hero's Head,
full View expos'd the recent Dead;
his horrid Gripe the Face he press'd,
yet the quiv'ring Muscles Life confess'd:
w the dragging Body down with haste,
ross a Rower's Seat the Neck he plac'd;
aukward, haggling, he divides the Bone,
Headsman's Art was then but rudely known.)
n the Spoil his *Phurian* Partner flies,
bs the heartless Villain of his Prize.
ead, his Trophy, proud *Achillas* bears;
*ius* an inferior Drudge appears,
the meaner Mischief poorly shares.
t by the venerable Locks, which grow,
ry Ringlets, on his gen'rous Brow,
*gypt*'s impious King that Head they bear,
Laurels us'd to bind, and Monarchs fear.
sacred Lips, and that commanding Tongue,
hich the listening *Parnas* oft' has hung;
Tongue which cou'd the World with Ease restrain,
e'er commanded War, or Peace, in vain;
Face, in which Success came smiling home,
oubled ev'ry Joy it brought to *Rome*;
pale and wan, is fix'd upon a Spear,
[illegible] for publick Vians, [illegible] in Air.

The

The Tyrant, pleas'd, beheld it; and decreed
To keep this Pledge of his deteſted Deed.
His Slaves ſtrait drain the ſerous Parts away,
And arm the waſting Fleſh againſt Decay;
Then Drugs and Gums thro' the void Veſſels paſs,
And for Duration fix the ſtiff'ning Maſs.
Inglorious Boy! Degenerate and Baſe!
Thou laſt and worſt of the *Lagean* Race!
Whoſe feeble Throne, ere long, ſhall be compell'd
To thy laſcivious Siſter's Reign to yield:
Canſt thou, with Altars, and with Rites divine,
The raſh vain Youth of *Macedon* inſhrine;
Can *Ægypt* ſuch ſtupendous Fabricks build;
Can her wide Plains with Pyramids be fill'd;
Canſt thou, beneath ſuch monumental Pride,
Thy worthleſs *Ptolemean* Fathers hide;
While the great *Pompey*'s headleſs Trunk is toſs'd
In Scorn, unbury'd, on thy barb'rous Coaſt?
Was it ſo much? could not thy Care ſuffice,
To keep him whole, and glut his Father's Eyes?
In this, his Fortune ever held the ſame,
Still wholly Kind, or wholly Croſs, ſhe came.

Ver. 938. *Then Drugs and Gums.*] That is, he order'd it to be embalm'd.

Ver. 942. *Whoſe feeble Throne.*] It was not long *Ptolemy* was kill'd, and his Siſter *Cleopatra* reign'd al

Patient, his long Proſperity ſhe bore,
But kept this Death, and this ſad Day in ſtore.
No medling God did e'er his Pow'r employ,
To eaſe his Sorrows, or to damp his Joy;
Unmingled came the Bitter, and the Sweet,
And all his Good and Evil was compleat.
No ſooner was he ſtruck by Fortune's Hand,
But, ſee! he lyes unbury'd on the Sand;
Rocks tear him, Billows toſs him up and down,
And *Pompey* by a headleſs Trunk is known.
Yet, e'er proud *Caſar* touch'd the *Pharian Nile*,
Chance found his mangled Foe a fun'ral Pile:
In Pity half, and half in Scorn, ſhe gave,
A wretched, to prevent a nobler Grave.
*Cordus*, a Foll'wer long of *Pompey*'s Fate,
(His *Queſtor* in *Idalian Cyprus* late)
From a cloſe Cave, in Covert where he lay,
Swift to the neighb'ring Shore betook his Way:
Safe in the Shelter of the gloomy Shade,
And by ſtrong Ties of pious Duty ſway'd,
The fearleſs Youth the watry Strand ſurvey'd.

Ver. 970. *Cordus.*] *Plutarch* ſays this Man's Name was *Philip*.

Ver. 971. *Queſtor.*] A ſort of Collector or publick Treaſurer. *Cyprus* is call'd *Idalian* from a Town, Grove, or Mountain (perhaps there were all theſe) call'd *Idalium*, or *Idalia*, in that Iſland, ſacred to *Venus*.

'Twas now the thickeſt Darkneſs of the Night,
And waining *Phœbe* lent a feeble Light;
Yet ſoon the glimm'ring Goddeſs plainly ſhew'd
The paler Coarſe, amidſt the dusky Flood.
The plunging *Roman* flies to its Relief,
And with ſtrong Arms infolds the floating Chief.
Long ſtrove his Labour with the tumbling Main,
And dragg'd the ſacred Burthen on with Pain.
Nigh weary now, the Waves inſtruct him well,
To ſeize th' Advantage of th' alternate Swell:
Born on the mounting Surge, to Shore he flies,
And on the Beach in Safety lands his Prize.
There o'er the Dead he hangs with tender Care,
And drops in ev'ry gaping Wound a Tear:
Then lifting to the gloomy Skies his Head,
Thus to the Stars, and cruel Gods, he pray'd.

See Fortune! where thy *Pompey* lyes! And, oh!
In Pity, one, laſt, little Boon beſtow.
He asks no Heaps of Frankincenſe to riſe,
No Eaſtern Odours to perfume the Skies;

V. 995. *He asks no Heaps.*] In enumerating what was wanting to *Pompey*'s Funeral, the Poet takes notice of the chief Pieces of Magnificence which were uſual at the Funerals of great Men among the *Romans*. See the Learned Dr. *Kennet* upon this Subject, in his *Roman* Antiquities, in his Chapter of the *Roman* Funerals.

No

*an* Necks his Patriot Corſe to bear,
end Train of Statues to appear;
ant Shows his Glories to record,
the Triumphs of his conqu'ring Sword;
uments in plaintive Notes to ſound,
ions ſad to march in ſolemn Round;
no better than the Vulgar need,
Wood the kindling Flame to feed,
me poor Hand to tend the homely Fire,
ieſe wretched Relicks now require.
rath, ye Pow'rs! *Cornelia*'s Hand denies;
, for ev'ry other Loſs, ſuffice:
s not her laſt Leave, ſhe weeps not here,
ſhe is, ye Gods! ſhe is too near.
while he ſpoke, he ſaw where thro' the Shade
r Flame its gleamy Light diſplay'd;
as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,
neglected Body lonely burn'd.
l the kindled Brands; and oh! (he ſaid)
thou art, forgive me, friendleſs Shade;
' unpity'd and forlorn thou lye,
' a better Office ſhalt ſupply.

1010. *She is too near.*] As having ſeen his Murder, v probably being in Sight of his mean Funeral. *Ver.* 95.

If there be ſenſe in Souls departed, thine
To my great Leader ſhall her Rites reſign:
With humble Joy ſhall quit her meaner Claim,
And bluſh to burn, when *Pompey* wants the Flame.
He ſaid; and guſh'ring in his Garment, bore
The glowing Fragments to the neighb'ring Shore,
There ſoon arriv'd, the noble Trunk he found,
Half waſh'd into the Flood, half reſting on the Ground
With Diligence his Hands a Trench prepare,
Fit it around, and place the Body there.
No cloven Oaks in lofty Order lye,
To lift the great Patrician to the Sky:
By Chance a few poor Planks were hard at hand,
By ſome late Shipwreck caſt upon the Strand;
Theſe pious *Cordus* gathers where they lay,
And plants about the Chief, as beſt he may.
Now while the Blaze began to riſe around,
The Youth ſat mournful by, upon the Ground:
And oh (he *cry'd*) if this unworthy Flame
Diſgrace thy great, majeſtick, *Romyn* Name;
If the rude Outrage of the ſtormy Seas
Seem better to thy Ghoſt, than Rites like theſe;
Yet let thy injur'd Shade the Wrong forget,
Which Duty, and officious Zeal commit.
Fate ſeems, it ſelf, in my Excuſe to plead,
And thy hard Fortune juſtifies my Deed.

I only wiſh'd, nor is that Wiſh in vain,
To ſave thee from the Monſters of the Main;
From Vulturs Claws, from Lions that devour,
From mortal Malice, and from *Cæſar*'s Pow'r.
No longer, then, this humbler Flame withſtand;
'Tis lighted to thee by a *Roman* Hand.
If e'er the Gods permit unhappy me,
Once more, thy lov'd *Heſperia*'s Land to ſee,
With me thy exil'd Aſhes ſhall return,
And Chaſt *Cornelia* give thee to thy Urn.
Meanwhile, a Signal ſhall my Care provide,
Some future *Roman* Votary to guide;
When with due Rites thy Fate he would deplore,
And thy pale Head to theſe thy Limbs reſtore:
Then ſhall he mark the Witneſs of my Stone,
And, taught by me, thy ſacred Ghoſt atone.
He ſpoke; and ſtrait, with buſie, pious Hands,
Heap'd on the ſmoaking Courſe the ſcatter'd Brands.
Slow ſunk amidſt the Fire the waſting Dead,
And the faint Flame with dropping Marrow fed.
Now 'gan the glittering Stars to fade away,
Before the roſie Promiſe of the Day,
When the pale Youth th' unfiniſh'd Rites forſook,
And to the Covert of his Cave betook.
Ah! why thus raſhly wou'd thy Fears diſclaim
That only Deed, which muſt record thy Name?

Ev'n *Cæſar*'s ſelf ſhall juſt Applauſe beſtow,
And praiſe the *Roman* that inters his Foe.
Securely tell him where his Son is laid,
And he ſhall give thee back his mangled Head.
But ſoon behold! the bolder Youth returns,
While, half conſum'd, the ſmould'ring Carcaſs burn
Ere yet the cleanſing Fire had melted down
The fleſhy Muſcles, from the firmer Bone.
He quench'd the Relicks in the briny Wave,
And hid 'em, haſty, in a narrow Grave:
Then with a Stone the ſacred Duſt he binds,
To guard it from the Breath of ſcatt'ring Winds:
And leſt ſome heedleſs Mariner ſhou'd come,
And violate the Warrior's humble Tomb;
Thus with a Line the Monument he keeps,
*Beneath this Stone the once great* Pompey *ſleeps.*

Ver. 1071. *Ev'n* Cæſar's *ſelf.*] Inſinuating that would willingly reward the Man who ſhould tell h had bury'd *Pompey*, ſince he might from thence ce conclude he was dead.

The Piety of the Perſon who took ſo much C perform theſe Rites of Funeral, tho' but mean on *Pompey*, is the more inſiſted on by the Poet, becau Ancients had nothing in greater Horrour than to 'em. *Virgil* ſays, that the Unbury'd on the Banks o

*Centum Annos errant*, &c. 6 Æn.

*An Hundred Years they wander on the Shore;*
*At length, the Penance done, are wafted o'er.*
Mr. Dr

Oh Fortune! can thy Malice ſwell ſo high?
Canſt thou with *Cæſar*'s ev'ry Wiſh comply?
Muſt he, thy *Pompey* once, thus meanly lye?
But oh! forbear, miſtaken Man, forbear!
Nor dare to fix the mighty *Pompey* there:
Where there are Seas or Air, or Earth, or Skies,
Where-e'er *Rome*'s Empire ſtretches, *Pompey* lyes.
Far be the vile Memorial then convey'd!
Nor let this Stone the partial Gods upbraid.
Shall *Hercules* all *Oeta*'s Heights demand,
And *Nyſa*'s Hill, for *Bacchus* only, ſtand;
While one poor Pebble is the Warrior's Doom,
That fought the Cauſe of Liberty and *Rome?*
If Fate decrees he muſt in *Ægypt* lye,
Let the whole fertile Realm his Grave ſupply:
Yield the wide Country to his awful Shade,
Nor let us bear on any Part to tread,
Fearful to violate the mighty Dead.
But if one Stone muſt bear the ſacred Name,
Let it be fill'd with long Records of Fame.
There let the Paſſenger, with Wonder, read,
The Pyrates vanquiſh'd, and the Ocean freed;
*Sertorius* taught to yield; the *Alpine* War;
And the young *Roman* Knight's triumphal Car.
With theſe, the mighty *Pontick* King be plac'd,
And ev'ry Nation of the vanquiſh'd Eaſt:

Nor let miſtaken Superſtition dread,
On ſuch Occaſions, to diſturb the Dead:
Oh! wou'd commanding *Rome* my Hand employ,
The impious Task ſhould be perform'd with Joy:
How won'd I fly to tear him from that Tomb,
And bear his Aſhes in my Boſom home!
Perhaps, when Flames their dreadful Ravage make,
Or groaning Earth ſhall from the Center ſhake;
When blaſting Dews the riſing Harveſt ſeize,
Or Nations ſicken with ſome dire Diſeaſe;
The Gods, in Mercy to us, ſhall command
To fetch our *Pompey* from th'accurſed Land.
Then, when his venerable Bones draw near,
In long Proceſſion ſhall the Prieſts appear,
And their great Chief the ſacred Relicks bear.
Or if thou ſtill poſſeſs the *Pharian* Shore,
What Traveller but ſhall thy Grave explore;
Whether he tread *Syene*'s burning Soil,
Or viſit ſultry *Thebes*, or fruitful *Nile:*
Or if the Merchant, drawn by Hopes of Gain,
Seek rich *Arabia*, and the ruddy Main;

Ver. 1162. *Their great Chief.*] The *Pontifex Maximus* This was an Office of the greateſt Dignity, and in Time of the Emperors always born by themſelves.

ɔly Rites thy Shade he ſhall atone,
w before thy venerable Stone.
o but ſhall prefer thy Tomb, above
aner Fane of an *Ægyptian Jove?*
ry thou, if abject *Romans* raiſe
and Temples, to their Tyrant's Praiſe;
s proud Name on Altars may preſide,
ne be waſh'd by every rolling Tide;
ave ſhall the vain Pageantry deſpiſe,
ave, where that great God, thy Fortune, lyes.
oſe who kneel not to the Gods above,
r Sacrifice or Pray'r to *Jove*,
*Bidental* bend their humble Eyes,
rſhip where the bury'd Thunder lyes.
ps Fate wills, in Honour to thy Fame,
ble ſhall record thy mighty Name.
thy Duſt, e'er long, be worn away,
Remembrance of thy Wrongs decay:
a better Age ſhall come, when none
nk thee ever laid beneath this Stone;

1170 1175 1180 1185

1179. *Ev'n thoſe who kneel not.*] There has been iſputation among the Commentators about this I have follow'd the Senſe given by the Learned. Concerning the Religion of the *Bidental*, or co- ı and conſecrating Things and Places ſtrucken by ', ſee before the Note on *Ver.* 1038. of the Firſt

When

When Ægypt's Boast of Pompey's Tomb, shall prove
As unbeliev'd a Tale, as Crete relates of Jove. 1190

Ver. 1189. *When Ægypt's Boast of* Pompey's *Tomb.*] The *Cretans* pretended not only to be *Jupiter's* Countrymen, but they likewise shew'd his Tomb, for which *Callimachus* brands 'em as very distinguish'd and known Lyars. As for the Tomb of *Pompey*, it is generally said to have been at the Point of Mount *Casius*, near *Pelusium* in *Ægypt*. The Emperor *Adrian* not only had a great Value for, and bought up many of the ancient Statues of this great Man, but likewise caus'd his Monument to be magnificently repair'd.

*Plutarch* says, that his Ashes were carry'd to his Wife *Cornelia*, who caus'd them to be bury'd at a Country-House he had near *Alba* in *Italy*.

THE

# THE

# NINTH BOOK

# OF

# *LUCAN's PHARSALIA.*

# The ARGUMENT.

*The Poet having ended the foregoing Book with the Death of* Pompey, *begins this with his* Apotheosis; *from thence, after a ſhort Account of* Cato's *gathering up the Relicks of the Battel of* Pharſalia, *and tranſporting them to* Cyrene *in* Africa, *he goes on to deſcribe* Cornelia's *Paſſion upon the Death of her Husband. Amongſt other things, ſhe informs his Son* Sextus *of his Father's laſt Commands, to continue the War in Defence of the Commonwealth.* Sextus *ſets ſail for* Cato's *Camp, where he meets his elder Brother* Cn. Pompeius, *and acquaints him with the Fate of their Father. Upon this Occaſion the Poet deſcribes the Rage of the elder* Pompey, *and the Diſorders that happen'd in the Camp, both which* Cato *appeaſes. To prevent any future Inconvenience of this kind, he reſolves to put them upon Action, and in order to that to join with* Juba. *After a Deſcription of the* Syrts, *and their dangerous Paſſage by 'em, follows* Cato's *Speech to encourage the Soldiers to march thro' the Deſarts of* Libya; *then an Account of* Libya, *the Deſarts, and their March. In the middle of which is a beautiful Digreſſion concerning the Temple of* Jupiter-Ammon, *with* Labienus's *Perſuaſion to* Cato *to enquire of the Oracle concerning the Event of the War, and* Cato's *famous Anſwer. From thence, after a warm Elogy upon* Cato, *the Author goes on to the Account of the Original of Serpents in* Africk; *and this, with the Deſcription of their various Kinds, and the ſeveral Deaths of the Soldiers by 'em, is perhaps the moſt poetical Part of this whole Work. At* Leptis *he leaves* Cato, *and returns to* Cæſar, *whom he brings into* Ægypt, *after having ſhewn him the Ruins of* Troy, *and from thence taken an Occaſion to ſpeak well of Poetry in General, and himſelf in Particular.* Cæſar, *upon his Arrival on the Coaſt of* Ægypt, *is met by an Ambaſſador from* Ptolemy *with* Pompey's *Head. He receives the Preſent (according to* Lucan) *with a feign'd Abhorrence, and concludes the Book with Tears, and a ſeeming Grief for the Misfortune of ſo great a Man.*

# *LUCAN's*
# *PHARSALIA.*

## BOOK IX.

NOR in the dying Embers of its Pile
Slept the great Soul upon the Banks of *Nile*,
Nor longer, by the Earthly Parts reſtrain'd,
Amidſt its wretched Reliques was detain'd;
But active, and impatient of Delay,
Shot from the mould'ring Heap, and upward urg'd its way.
Far in thoſe Azure Regions of the Air
Which border on the rowling ſtarry Sphere,
Beyond our Orb, and nearer to that height,
Where *Cinthia* drives around her Silver Light;

Ver. 9. *Beyond our Orb.*] It was the Opinion of many of the Ancients, eſpecially the *Platoniſts*, that there was a Place

Their happy Seats the Demy-Gods poſſeſs,
Refin'd by Virtue and prepar'd for Bliſs;
Of Life unblam'd, a pure and pious Race,
Worthy that lower Heav'n and Stars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious Place.
There *Pompey*'s Soul, adorn'd with heav'nly Light,
Soon ſhone among the reſt, and as the reſt was bright.
New to the bleſt Aboad, with Wonder fill'd,
The Stars and moving Planets he beheld;
Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray,
Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect Day,
And under what a Cloud of Night we lay.
But when he ſaw, how on the Shoar forlorn
His headleſs Trunk was caſt for publick Scorn;
When he beheld, how envious Fortune, ſtill,
Took Pains to uſe a ſenſeleſs Carcaſs ill,
He ſmil'd at the vain Malice of his Foe,
And pity'd impotent Mankind below.
Then lightly paſſing o'er *Æmathia*'s Plain,
His flying Navy ſcatter'd on the Main,

Place of Happineſs aſſign'd to good Men between the Moon and the Earth. This the Followers of *Plato* call'd the Confines between Life and Death. Whoever has the Curioſity to ſee their Opinions upon this Subject more at large, may find 'em in *Macrobius*'s Comment upon *Scipio*'s Viſion, eſpecially in *Lib.* 1. *Cap.* 11.

And

ruel *Caſar*'s Tents; he ſix'd at laſt
eſidence in *Brutus*' ſacred Breaſt:
brooding o'er his Country's Wrongs he ſate,
tate's Avenger, and the Tyrant's Fate;
mournful *Rome* might ſtill her *Pompey* find,
, and in *Cato*'s free unconquer'd Mind.
while in deep ſuſpenſe the World yet lay,
is and doubtful whom it ſhould obey,
arrow'd to *Pompey*'s ſelf did bear,
iis Companion in the Common War.
by the Senate's juſt Command, they ſtood
'd together for the Publick Good;
ead *Pharſalia* did all Doubts decide,
rmly fix'd him to the vanquiſh'd Side.
lpleſs Country, like an Orphan left,
eſs and poor, of all Support bereft,
ok and cherish'd with a Father's Care,
nfortune, he had her not to fear;
ught her feeble Hands, once more the Trade of War.
uſt of Empire did his Courage ſway,
late, nor proud Repugnance to Obey:

37. *He, while in deep.*] When *Pompey* follow'd into *Theſſaly*, he left *Cato* with ſome Troops about *Dyrrhachium*. With theſe Troops, and as many of thoſe led from *Pharſalia* as he could gather up, *Cato* paſs'd om the Continent to the Iſland of *Corcyra*, near Iſland *Pompey*'s Navy then lay, in order to join

Paſſions

Paſſions and private Int'reſt he forgot;
Not for himſelf, but Liberty he fought.
Streight to *Corcyra's* Port his way he bent,
The ſwift advancing Victor to prevent;
Who marching ſudden on, to new Succeſs,
The ſcatter'd Legions might with Eaſe oppreſs;
There, with the Ruins of *Æmathia's* Field,
The flying Hoſt, a thouſand Ships he fill'd.
Who that from Land, with Wonder, had deſcry'd
The paſſing Fleet, in all its Naval Pride,
Stretch'd wide, and o'er the diſtant Ocean ſpread,
Cou'd have believ'd thoſe mighty Numbers fled?
*Malea* o'erpaſt, and the *Tenarian* Shore,
With ſwelling Sails he for *Cythera* bore:
Then *Crete* he ſaw, and with a Northern Wind
Soon left the fam'd *Dictæan* Iſle behind.
Urg'd by the bold *Phycuntine's* churliſh Pride,
(Their Shores, their Haven, to his Fleet deny'd)
The Chief reveng'd the Wrong, and as he paſs'd,
Laid their unhoſpitable City waſte.

Ver. 64. *Malea,*] A Promontory on the Southern of the *Peloponeſus* (*Morea.*) It is now call'd Cape *Ma* St. *Angelo.*

*Cythera* is an Iſland not far from *Malea*, now ca *rigo.* It was famous among the Ancients for the ſhip of *Venus*, hence call'd *Cytherea.*

Ver. 67. Dictæan *Iſle.*] *Crete.*

Ver. 68. *Phycuntines.*] *Phycus* was a Promontory, a Town of the ſame Name, on the Coaſt of *Cyr Africa.*

Thence wafted forward, to the Coaſt he came
Which took of old from *Palinure* its Name.
(Nor *Italy* this Monument alone
Can boaſt, ſince *Libya*'s *Palinure* has ſhown
Her peaceful Shores were to the *Trojan* known.)
From hence they ſoon deſcry with doubtful Pain,
Another Navy on the diſtant Main.
Anxious they ſtand, and now expect the Foe,
Now their Companions in the publick Woe:
The Victor's haſte enclines 'em moſt to Fear;
Each Veſſel ſeems a hoſtile Face to wear,
And ev'ry Sail they 'ſpy, they fancy *Caſar* there.
But oh thoſe Ships a diff'rent Burthen bore,
A mournful Freight they wafted to the Shore:
Sorrows, that might Tears, ev'n from *Cato*, gain,
And teach the rigid Stoick to complain.
When long the ſad *Cornelia*'s Pray'rs, in vain,
Had try'd the flying Navy to detain,
With *Sextus* long had ſtrove, and long implor'd,
To wait the Relicks of her murder'd Lord;

Ver. 73. *From* Palinure *its Name.*] On the Coaſt of *Naples* is a Promontory ſtill call'd *Cabo di Palinuro*, from *Palinurus*, *Æneas*'s Pilot, who was drown'd, or rather murther'd by the People of the Country near that Place. As for the *Libyan Palinurus*, the Commentators aſſign it a Place as a Promontory likewiſe on the Coaſt of *Cyrene*, tho' I do not find it mention'd amongſt the ancient Geographers. *Cellarius* has a Lake call'd *Palinurus*, and a River of the ſame Name in the Province of *Cyrene*.

The

The Waves, perchance, might the dear Pledge reſtore,
And waft him bleeding from the faithleſs Shore:
Still Grief and Love their various Hopes inſpire,
'Till ſhe beholds her *Pompey's* fun'ral Fire,
'Till on the Land ſhe ſees th'ignoble Flame
Aſcend, unequal to the Heroe's Name;
Then into juſt Complaints at length ſhe broke,
And thus with pious Indignation ſpoke.
Oh Fortune! doſt thou then diſdain t'afford
My Love's laſt Office to my deareſt Lord?
Am I one chaſt, one laſt Embrace deny'd?
Shall I not lay me by his Clay-cold Side,
Nor Tears to bathe his gaping Wounds provide?
Am I unworthy the ſad Torch to bear,
To light the Flame, and burn my flowing Hair?
To gather from the Shore the noble Spoil,
And place it decent on the fatal Pile?
Shall not his Bones and ſacred Duſt be born,
In this ſad Boſom, to their peaceful Urn?
Whate'er the laſt conſuming Flame ſhall leave,
Shall not this widow'd Hand by Right receive,
And to the Gods the precious Relicks give?
Perhaps, this laſt Reſpect which I ſhould ſhow,
Some vile *Egyptian* Hand does now beſtow,
Injurious to the *Roman* Shade below.
Happy, my *Craſſus*, were thy Bones, which lay
Expos'd to *Parthian* Birds and Beaſts of Prey!

Here

e laſt Rites the cruel Gods allow,
a Curſe my *Pompey*'s Pile beſtow.
r will the ſame ſad Fate return?
unburied Husband muſt I mourn,
ep my Sorrows o'er an empty Urn?
y ſhould Tombs be built, or Urns be made?
rief like mine require their feeble Aid?
ot dodg'd, thou Wretch! within thy Heart,
'd in ev'ry deareſt vital Part?
onuments ſurviving Wives may grieve,
r will need 'em, who diſdains to live.
! behold where yon' malignant Flames
bly forth their mean inglorious Beams:
ny lov'd Lord, his dear Remains, they riſe,
ing my *Pompey* to my weeping Eyes;
w they ſink, the languid Lights decay,
udy Smoak all Eaſtward rolls away,
afts my Heroe to the Riſing Day.
the Winds demand, with freſh'ning Gales,
s they call, and ſtretch the ſwelling Sails.

. 123. *O'er an empty Urn.*] The Ancients plac'd ſo Religion in performing Funeral Rites for the Dead, o' the Body was not in their Power, they per- all the ſame Ceremonies to it in its Abſence, cted a Monument, which, as it contain'd nothing, li'd *Cenotaphium*, or an empty Sepulcher.

No

No Land on Earth ſeems dear as *Egypt* now,
No Land that Crowns and Triumphs did beſtow,
And with new Laurels bound my *Pompey*'s Brow.
That happy *Pompey* to my Thoughts is loſt,
He that is left, lyes dead on yonder Coaſt;
He, only he, is all I now demand,
For him I linger near this curſed Land:
Endear'd by Crimes, for Horrors lov'd the more,
I cannot, will not, leave the *Pharian* Shore.
Thou, *Sextus*, thou ſhalt prove the Chance of War,
And thro' the World thy Father's Enſigns bear,
Then hear his laſt Command, entruſted to my Care.
" When e'er my laſt, my fatal Hour ſhall come,
" Arm you, my Sons, for Liberty and *Rome*;
" While one ſhall of our Free-born Race remain,
" Let him prevent the Tyrant *Caſar*'s Reign.
" From each free City round, from ev'ry Land,
" Their warlike Aid in *Pompey*'s Name demand.
" Theſe are the Parties, theſe the Friends he leaves,
" This Legacy your dying Father gives.
" If for the Sea's wide Rule your Arms you bear,
" A *Pompey* ne'er can want a Navy there,
" Heirs of my Fame, my Sons, ſhall wage my War.
" Only be bold, unconquer'd in the Fight,
" And, like your Father, ſtill defend the Right.

" To

" To *Cato*, if for Liberty he ſtand,
" Submit, and yield you to his ruling Hand,
" Brave, Juſt, and only worthy to command.
At length to thee, my *Pompey*, I am Juſt,
I have ſurviv'd, and well diſcharg'd my Truſt;
Thro' Chaos now, and the dark Realms below,
To follow thee a willing Shade I go:
If longer with a lingring Fate I ſtrive,
'Tis but to prove the Pain of b'ing alive,
'Tis to be Curs'd for daring to ſurvive.
She, who could bear to ſee thy Wounds, and live,
New Proofs of Love, and fatal Grief ſhall give.
Nor need ſhe fly for Succour to the Sword,
The ſteepy Precipice, and deadly Cord;
She from her ſelf ſhall find her own Relief,
And ſcorn to die of any Death but Grief.
So ſaid the Matron; and about her Head
Her Veil ſhe draws, her mournful Eyes to ſhade.
Reſolv'd to ſhroud in thickeſt Shades her Woe,
She ſeeks the Ship's deep darkſom Hold below:
There lonely left, at leiſure to complain,
She hugs her Sorrows, and enjoys her Pain;
Still with freſh Tears the living Grief wou'd feed,
And fondly loves it, in her Husband's ſtead.
In vain the beating Surges rage aloud,
And ſwelling *Eurus* grumbles in the Shroud;

Her

Her, nor the Waves beneath, nor Winds above,
Nor all the noiſy Cries of Fear can move;
In ſullen Peace compos'd for Death ſhe lyes,
And waiting, longs to hear the Tempeſt riſe;
Then hopes the Seamens Vows ſhall all be croſt,
Prays for the Storm, and wiſhes to be loſt.

Soon from the *Pharian* Coaſt the Navy bore,
And ſought thro' foamy Seas the *Cyprian* Shore;
Soft Eaſtern Gales prevailing thence alone,
To *Cato*'s Camp and *Libya* waft 'em on.
With mournful Looks from Land, (as oft, we know
A ſad Prophetick Spirit waits on Woe,)
*Pompey*, his Brother and the Fleet beheld,
Now near advancing o'er the Wat'ry Field:
Straight to the Beach with headlong haſte he flies:
Where is our Father, *Sextus*, where? he cries:
Do we yet Live? Stands yet the Sov'raign State?
Or does the World, with *Pompey*, yield to Fate?
Sink we at length before the Conqu'ring Foe?
And is the Mighty Head of *Rome* laid low?
He ſaid; the mournful Brother thus reply'd;
O happy thou! whom Lands and Seas divide
From Woes, which did to theſe ſad Eyes betide.
Theſe Eyes! which of their Horror ſtill complain,
Since they beheld our Godlike Father ſlain.

Ver. 202. Pompey, *his Brother.*] *Cn. Pompeius* th der Brother, who was with *Cato*.

Nor did his Fate an equal Death afford,
Nor ſuffer'd him to fall by *Cæſar*'s Sword.
Truſting in vain to hoſpitable Gods,
He dy'd, oppreſs'd by vile *Egyptian* Odds:
By the curs'd Monarch of *Nile*'s ſlimy Wave
He fell, a Victim to the Crown he gave.
Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody Deed;
Theſe Eyes beheld our valiant Father bleed:
Amaz'd I look'd, and ſcarce believ'd my Fear,
Nor thought th' *Egyptian* cou'd ſo greatly dare;
But ſtill I look'd, and fancy'd *Cæſar* there.
But oh! not all his Wounds ſo much did move,
Pierc'd my ſad Soul, and ſtruck my Filial Love,
As that his venerable Head they bear,
Their wanton Trophy, fix'd upon a Spear;
Thro' ev'ry Town 'tis ſhown, the Vulgar's Sport,
And the lewd Laughter of the Tyrant's Court.
'Tis ſaid, that *Ptolemy* preſerves this Prize,
Proof of the Deed, to glut the Victor's Eyes.
The Body, whether rent or born away,
By foul *Egyptian* Dogs, and Birds of Prey;
Whether within their greedy Maws entomb'd,
Or by thoſe wretched Flames, we ſaw, conſum'd;
Its Fate as yet we know not, but forgive:
That Crime unpuniſh'd, to the Gods we leave,
'Tis for the Part preſerv'd alone we grieve.

Scarce had he ended thus, when *Pompey*, warm
With noble Fury calls aloud to Arm;
Nor ſeeks in Sighs and helpleſs Tears Relief,
But thus in pious Rage expreſs'd his Grief.
Hence all aboard, and haſte to put to Sea,
Urge on againſt the Winds our adverſe Way;
With me let ev'ry *Roman* Leader go,
Since Civil Wars were ne'er ſo juſt as now.
*Pompey*'s unbury'd Relicks ask your Aid,
Call for due Rites and Honours to be paid.
Let *Egypt*'s Tyrant pour a purple Flood,
And ſooth the Ghoſt with his inglorious Blood.
Not *Alexander* ſhall his Frieffs defend,
Forc'd from his Golden Shrine he ſhall deſcend:
In *Mareotis* deep I'll plunge him down,
Deep in the ſluggiſh Waves the Royal Carcaſs drown.
From his proud Pyramid *Amaſis* torn,
With his long Dynaſties my Rage ſhall mourn,
And floating down their muddy *Nile* be born.

Ver. 255. *Mareotis*,] or *Mareia*, was a famous Lak far from *Alexandria*. The Wine that grew in the n bouring Country, and which took its Name from h was reckon'd excellent; tho' *Lucan*, in the Tenth B ſpeaks deſpicably of it, in compariſon of that which g in the Iſland of *Meroë*.

Ver. 257. *Amaſis*] Was a famous King of *Ægypt*, ſucceeded *Apriez*, after having dethron'd him. His ſ may be ſeen at large in the Second Book of *Herodotus*

Ver. 258. *Long Dynaſties*.] The Word *Dynaſty* is G and ſignifies Lordſhip or Government. It is moſt pecu ly apply'd to the *Ægyptian* Kings.

ſtately Tomb and Monumental Stone,
ıee, unburied *Pompey*, ſhall attone.
o more, ſhall draw the cheated Crowd,
ɔod *Oſiris* in his Linnen Shrowd;
of their Shrines, with Scorn they ſhall be caſt,
: by ignominious Hands defac'd:
holy *Apis* of Diviner Breed,
*ɔmpey*'s Duſt a Sacrifice ſhall bleed,
: burning Deities the Flame ſhall feed.
: ſhall the Land be laid, and never know
Tiller's Care, nor feel the crooked Plow:
ſhall be left for whom the *Nile* may flow:
the Gods baniſh'd, and the People gone,
to *Pompey* ſhall be left alone.
: ſaid; then haſty to Revenge he flew,
Seaward out the ready Navy drew;
ooler *Cato* did the Youth aſſwage,
praiſing much, compreſt his filial Rage.
:an time the Shores, the Seas, and Skies around,
mournful Cries for *Pompey*'s Death reſound.
e Example have their Sorrows ſhown,
n no Age beſide, nor People known,
falling Pow'r did with Compaſſion meet,
Crouds deplor'd the Ruins of the Great.
when the ſad *Cornelia* firſt appear'd,
n on the Deck her mournful Head ſhe rear'd,

Her Locks hung rudely o'er the Matron's Face,
With all the Pomp of Grief's diſorder'd Grace;
When they beheld her, waſted quite with Woe,
And ſpent with Tears that never ceas'd to flow,
Again they feel their Loſs, again complain,
And Heaven and Earth ring with their Cries again.
Soon as ſhe landed on the friendly Strand,
Her Lord's laſt Rites employ her pious Hand;
To his dear Shade ſhe builds a fun'ral Pile,
And decks it proud with many a noble Spoil.
There ſhon his Arms with Antick Gold inlaid,
There the rich Robes which ſhe her ſelf had made,
Robes to Imperial *Jove* in Triumph 'erſt diſplay'd:
The Relicks of his paſt victorious Days,
Now this his lateſt Trophy ſerve to raiſe,
And in one common Flame together blaze.
Such was the weeping Matron's pious Care:
The Soldiers, taught by her, their Fires prepare;
To ev'ry valiant Friend a Pile they build,
That fell for *Rome* in curs'd *Pharſalia*'s Field:
Stretch'd wide along the Shores, the Flames extend,
And grateful to the wandring Shades, aſcend.
So when *Appulian* Hinds, with Art, renew
The wintry Paſtures to their verdant Hue,
That Flow'rs may riſe, and ſpringing Graſs return,
With ſpreading Flames the wither'd Fields they burn,

*Garga*

*Garganus* then and lofty *Vultur* blaze,
And draw the diſtant wondring Swains to gaze;
Far are the glitt'ring Fires deſcry'd by Night,
And gild the dusky Skies around with Light.
But oh! not all the Sorrows of the Crowd
That ſpoke their free impatient Thoughts aloud,
That tax'd the Gods, as Authors of their Woe,
And charg'd 'em with Neglect of Things below;
Not all the Marks of the wild People's Love,
The Hero's Soul; like *Cato*'s Praiſe, could move:
Few were his Words, but from an honeſt Heart,
Where Faction and where Favour had no Part,
But Truth made up for Paſſion and for Art.
We've loſt a *Roman* Citizen (he ſaid)
One of the nobleſt of that Name is dead;
Who, tho' not equal to our Fathers found,
Nor by their ſtricteſt Rules of Juſtice bound,
Yet from his Faults this Benefit we draw,
He, for his Country's Good, tranſgreſs'd her Law,
To keep a bold licentious Age in Awe.
*Rome* held her Freedom ſtill, tho' he was great;
He ſway'd the Senate, but they rul'd the State.
When Crouds were willing to have worn his Chain,
He choſe his private Station to retain,
That all might free, and equal all remain.

Ver. 312. Garganus *and* Vultur,] Mountains in *Apulia*, the latter not far from *Venuſia*, the Birth-place of *Horace*.

War's boundleſs Pow'r he never ſought to uſe,
Nor ask'd, but what the People might refuſe:
Much he poſſeſs'd, and wealthy was his Store,
Yet ſtill he gather'd but to give the more,
And *Rome*, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor.
He drew the Sword, but knew its Rage to charm,
And lov'd Peace beſt, when he was forc'd to Arm;
Unmov'd with all the glittering Pomp of Pow'r,
He took with Joy, but laid it down with more:
His chaſter Houſhold and his frugal Board,
Nor Lewdneſs did, nor Luxury afford,
Ev'n in the higheſt Fortunes of their Lord.
His noble Name, his Country's Honour grown,
Was venerably round the Nations known,
And as *Rome*'s faireſt Light and brighteſt Glory ſhone.
When betwixt *Marius* and fierce *Sylla* toſt,
The Commonwealth her ancient Freedom loſt,
Some Shadow yet was left, ſome Shew of Pow'r;
Now ev'n the Name with *Pompey* is no more:
Senate and People all at once are gone,
Nor need the Tyrant bluſh to mount the Throne.
Oh happy *Pompey!* happy in thy Fate,
Happy by falling with the falling State,
Thy Death a Benefit the Gods did grant,
Thou might'ſt have liv'd thoſe *Pharian* Swords to want.

Ver. 356. *Senate and People.*] All thoſe Laws that ſerv'd for the Preſervation of the Senate's juſt Authority, and the *People*'s Liberty.

Freedom,

Freedom, at leaſt, thou doſt by dying gain,
Nor liv'ſt to ſee thy *Julia*'s Father reign;
Free Death is Man's firſt Bliſs, the next is to be ſlain.
Such Mercy only, I from *Juba* crave,
(If Fortune ſhould ordain me *Juba*'s Slave)
To *Cæſar* let him ſhew, but ſhew me dead,
And keep my Carcaſe, ſo he takes my Head.
He ſaid, and pleas'd the noble Shade below,
More than a thouſand Orators could do;
Tho' *Tully* too had lent his charming Tongue,
And *Rome*'s full *Forum* with his Praiſe had rung.
But Diſcord new infects the ſullen Crowd,
And now they tell their Diſcontents aloud:
When *Tarchon* firſt his flying Enſigns bore,
Call'd out to march, and haſten'd to the Shore;
Him *Cato* thus, purſuing as he mov'd,
Sternly beſpoke, and juſtly thus reprov'd.

Ver. 364. *To be Slain.*] I don't think this is ſo clearly expreſs'd as it ought to be. The Author's Meaning is, that next to dying when and how one pleaſes, is the Happineſs of being compell'd to die by another.

Ver. 365. *I from* Juba *crave.*] To whom *Cato* then reſolv'd to join himſelf.

Ver. 375. *When* Tarchon.] This *Tarchon* was a Prince of the *Cilicians*, or perhaps rather a Leader of ſome of the *Cilician* Pyrates, who had been formerly vanquiſh'd and pardon'd by *Pompey*, and in this Civil War came to his Aſſiſtance. I have follow'd the comuon Reading of *Tarchon*, tho' (according to the Opinion of *Grotius*) this Prince or General's Name was *Tarchondimotus*.

Oh reſtleſs Author of the roving War,
Doſt thou again Piratick Arms prepare?
*Pompey*, thy Terror and thy Scourge, is gone,
And now thou hop'ſt to rule the Seas alone.
He ſaid, and bent his Frown upon the reſt,
Of whom one bolder thus the Chief addreſs'd,
And thus their Wearineſs of War confeſs'd.
For *Pompey*'s ſake (nor thou diſdain to hear)
The Civil War we wage, theſe Arms we bear;
Him we preferr'd to Peace: But (*Cato*) now,
That Cauſe, that Maſter of our Arms lyes low.
Let us no more our abſent Country mourn,
But to our Homes and Houſhold-Gods return;
To the chaſt Arms from whoſe Embrace we fled,
And the dear Pledges of the Nuptial Bed.
For oh! what Period can the War attend,
Which nor *Pharſalia*'s Field nor *Pompey*'s Death can end?
The better Times of flying Life are paſt,
Let Death come gently on in Peace at laſt.
Let Age at length with providential Care
The neceſſary Pile and Urn prepare,
All Rites, the cruel Civil War denies,
Part ev'n of *Pompey* yet unbury'd lyes.
Tho' vanquiſh'd, yet by no Barbarian Hand,
We fear not Exile in a foreign Land,

Nor

Nor are our Necks by Fortune now beſpoke,
To bear the *Scythian* or *Armenian* Yoke;
The Victor ſtill a Citizen we own,
And yield Obedience to the *Roman* Gown.
While *Pompey* liv'd, he bore the Sov'reign Sway;
*Ceſar* was next, and him we now obey;
With Reverence be the ſacred Shade ador'd,
But War has giv'n us now another Lord:
To *Ceſar* and ſuperior Chance we yield:
All was determin'd in *Emathia*'s Field.
Nor ſhall our Arms on other Leaders wait,
Nor for uncertain Hopes moleſt the State,
We follow'd *Pompey* once, but now we follow Fate.
What Terms, what Safety can we hope for now,
But what the Victor's Mercy ſhall allow?
Once *Pompey*'s Preſence juſtify'd the Cauſe,
Then fought we for our Liberties and Laws;
With him the Honours of that Cauſe lye dead,
And all the Sanctity of War is fled.
If *Cato*, thou for *Rome* theſe Arms doſt bear,
If ſtill, thy Country only be thy Care,
Seek we the Legions where *Rome*'s Enſigns fly
Where her proud Eagles wave their Wings on high:
No matter who to *Pompey*'s Pow'r ſucceeds,
We follow where a *Roman* Conſul leads.

This ſaid, he leap'd aboard; the youthful Sort
Join in his Flight, and haſte to leave the Port;
The ſenſeleſs Crowd their Liberty diſdain,
And long to wear victorious *Cæſar*'s Chain.
Tyrannick Pow'r now ſudden ſeem'd to threat
The ancient Glories of *Rome*'s free-born State,
Till *Cato* ſpoke, and thus deferr'd her Fate.
Did then your Vows and ſervile Pray'rs conſpire
Nought but a haughty Maſter to deſire?
Did you, when eager for the Battle, come
The Slaves of *Pompey*, not the Friends of *Rome*?
Now, weary of the Toil, from War you fly,
And idly lay your uſeleſs Armour by;
Your Hands neglect to wield the ſhining Sword,
Nor can you fight but for a King and Lord.
Some mighty Chief you want, for whom to ſweat;
Your ſelves you know not, or at leaſt forget,
And fondly bleed, that others may be great:
Meanly you toil, to give your ſelves away;
And die, to leave the World a Tyrant's Prey.
The Gods and Fortune do at length afford
A Cauſe moſt worthy of a *Roman* Sword.
At length 'tis ſafe to conquer. *Pompey* now
Cannot, by your Succeſs, too potent grow;
Yet now, ignobly, you with-hold your Hands,
When nearer Liberty your Aid demands.

Of

:e who durſt the Sovereign Pow'r invade,
y your Fortune's kinder Doom lye dead;
ll the *Pharian* Sword and *Parthian* Bow
re for Liberty and *Rome*, than you?
ye are, in vile Subjection go,
rn what *Ptolemy* did ill beſtow.
Innocent, and meanly Good,
rſt not ſtain your hardy Hands in Blood;
a while you fought, but ſoon did yield,
d the firſt from dire *Pharſalia*'s Field;
a ſecure, for *Cæſar* will be good,
rdon thoſe who are with Eaſe ſubdu'd;
ying Victor will in Mercy ſpare
retch, who never durſt provoke his War.
did Slaves! one lordly Maſter gone,
irlooms go from Father to the Son.
nhance your ſervile Merit more,
*Cornelia* weeping from the Shore;
for Hire expoſe the Matron's Life,
Daughter ſell, and *Pompey*'s Wife;
o his Sons: Let *Cæſar* find in you
s that may ev'n *Ptolemy* out-do.

456. *Two by your.*] *Craſſus* and *Pompey*, who, with compos'd the firſt Triumvirate.
474. Metellus' *Daughter.*] *Cornelia* was the r of *Corn. Scipio Metellus.*

But

But let not my devoted Life be ſpar'd,
The Tyrant greatly ſhall that Deed reward;
Such is the Price of *Cato*'s hated Head,
That all your former Wars ſhall well be paid;
Kill me, and in my Blood do *Cæſar* Right,
'Tis mean to have no other Guilt but Flight.
He ſaid, and ſtopp'd the flying Naval Pow'r;
Back they return'd, repenting, to the Shore.
As when the Bees their waxen Town forſake,
Careleſs in Air their wandring Way they take,
No more in cluſtring Swarms condens'd they fly,
But fleet uncertain thro' the various Sky;
No more from Flow'rs they ſuck the liquid Sweet,
But all their Care and Induſtry forget:
Then if at length the tinkling Braſs they hear,
With ſwift Amaze their Flight they ſoon forbear;
Sudden their flow'ry Labours they renew,
Hang on the Thyme, and ſip the balmy Dew.
Mean time, ſecure on *Hybla*'s fragrant Plain,
With Joy exults the happy Shepherd Swain;
Proud that his Art had thus preſerv'd his Store,
He ſcorns to think his homely Cottage poor.
With ſuch prevailing force did *Cato*'s Care
The fierce impatient Soldiers Minds prepare,
To learn Obedience, and endure the War.

And now their Minds, unknowing of Repoſe,
With buſie Toil to exerciſe he choſe;
Still with ſucceſſive Labours are they ply'd,
And oft in long and weary Marches try'd.
Before *Cyrene*'s Walls they now ſit down;
And here the Victor's Mercy well was ſhown,
He takes no Vengeance of the Captive Town;
Patient he ſpares, and bids the Vanquiſh'd live,
Since *Cato*, who could conquer, could forgive.
Hence, *Libyan Juba*'s Realms they mean t' explore,
*Juba*, who borders on the ſwarthy *Moor*;
But Nature's Boundaries the Journey ſtay,
The *Syrts* are fix'd athwart the middle Way;
Yet led by daring Virtue on they preſs,
Scorn Oppoſition, and ſtill hope Succeſs.
When Nature's Hand the firſt Formation try'd,
When Seas from Lands ſhe did at firſt divide,
The *Syrts*, nor quite of Sea nor Land bereft,
A mingled Maſs uncertain ſtill ſhe left;

Ver. 514. *The* Syrts.] The *Syrts* are two Gulfs upon the Coaſt of *Africa* in the *Mediterranean* Sea; the firſt (which is that here mention'd) called *Syrtis Major* (now *Golfo di Solocho*) lyes between *Cyrenaica* (now the Kingdom of *Barca*) and the River *Cinyps* or *Cinyphus*: The other, call'd *Syrtis Minor* (now *Golfo di Capes*) on the Coaſt of *Barbary*, between *Tunis* and *Tripoli*. They are both very dangerous, as being full of Shoals, Banks of Sand, and Rocks.

For

For nor the Land with Seas is quite o'er-ſpread,
Nor ſink the Waters deep their oozy Bed,
Nor Earth defends its Shore, nor lifts aloft its Head.
The Site with neither, and with each complies,
Doubtful and inacceſſible it lyes;
Or 'tis a Sea with Shallows bank'd around,
Or 'tis a broken Land with Waters drown'd;
Here Shores advanc'd o'er *Neptune*'s Rule we find,
And there an inland Ocean lags behind.
Thus Nature's Purpoſe by her ſelf deſtroy'd,
Is uſeleſs to her ſelf and unimploy'd,
And Part of her Creation ſtill is void.
Perhaps, when firſt the World and Time began,
Here ſwelling Tides and plenteous Waters ran;
But long confining on the burning Zone,
The ſinking Seas have felt the neighb'ring Sun:
Still by degrees we ſee how they decay,
And ſcarce reſiſt the thirſty God of Day.
Perhaps, in diſtant Ages, 'twill be found,
When future Suns have run the burning Round,
Theſe *Syrts* ſhall all be dry and ſolid Ground:
Small are the Depths their ſcanty Waves retain,
And Earth grows daily on the yielding Main.
And now the loaden Fleet with active Oars
Divide the liquid Plain, and leave the Shores.

Ver. 544. *And now the loaden.*] *Plutarch* ſays, that *Cato* took

When cloudy Skies a gath'ring Storm preſage,
And *Auſter* from the South began to rage,
Full from the Land the ſounding Tempeſt roars,
Repels the ſwelling Surge, and ſweeps the Shores;
The Wind purſues, drives on the rolling Sand,
And gives new Limits to the growing Land.
'Spight of the Seaman's Toil the Storm prevails;
In vain with skilful Strength he hands the Sails,
In vain the cordy Cables bind 'em faſt,
At once it rips and rends 'em from the Maſt;
At once the Winds the fluttering Canvas tear,
Then whirl and whisk it thro' the ſportive Air.
Some timely for the riſing Rage prepar'd,
Furl the looſe Sheet, and laſh it to the Yard:
In vain their Care; ſudden the furious Blaſt
Snaps by the Board, and bears away the Maſt;
Of Tackling, Sails, and Maſt, at once bereft,
The Ship a naked helpleſs Hull is leſt.
Forc'd round and round, ſhe quits her purpos'd Way,
And bounds uncertain o'er the ſwelling Sea.
But happier ſome a ſteady Courſe maintain,
Who ſtand far out, and keep the deeper Main.

took this Journey by Land, tho' our Author makes him go part by Sea, and the reſt by Land. He brings him as far as the River *Triton* or *Tritonis* with the Fleet. This River, with a Lake of the ſame Name, was famous for the Birth or firſt Appearance of *Pallas* upon Earth. She was from thence call'd *Tritonia*.

Their

Their Maſts they cut, and driving with the Tide,
Safe o'er the Surge beneath the Tempeſt ride:
In vain did, from the Southern Coaſt, their Foe,
All black with Clouds, old ſtormy *Auſter* blow;
Lowly ſecure amidſt the Waves they lay,
Old Ocean heav'd his Back, and roll'd 'em on their Way.
Some on the Shallows ſtrike, and doubtful ſtand,
Part beat by Waves, part fix'd upon the Sand.
Now pent amidſt the Shoals the Billows roar,
Daſh on the Banks, and ſcorn the new-made Shore:
Now by the Wind driv'n on in heaps they ſwell,
The ſtedfaſt Banks both Winds and Waves repel:
Still with united Force they rage in vain,
The ſandy Piles their Station fix'd maintain,
And lift their Heads ſecure amidſt the watry Plain.
There 'ſcap'd from Seas, upon the faithleſs Strand,
With weeping Eyes the ſhipwreck'd Seamen ſtand,
And caſt aſhore, look vainly out for Land.
Thus ſome were loſt; but far the greater Part,
Preſerv'd from Danger by the Pilot's Art,
Keep on their Courſe, a happier Fate partake,
And reach in Safety the *Tritonian* Lake.
Theſe Waters to the tuneful God are dear,
Whoſe vocal Shell the Sea-green *Nereids* hear;
Theſe *Pallas* loves, ſo tells reporting Fame,
Here firſt from Heav'n to Earth the Goddeſs came,

(Her

ns Neighbourhood the warmer Clime betrays,
eaks the nearer *Sun*'s immediate Rays)
ier firſt Footſteps on the Brink ſhe ſtaid,
n the watry Glaſs her Form ſurvey'd,
ll'd her ſelf, from hence, the chaſte *Trivonian* Maid.
*Lethe*'s Streams from ſecret Springs below,
o the Light; here heavily, and ſlow,
lent dull forgetful Waters flow.
by the wakeful Dragon kept of old,
*ian* Plants grew rich with living Gold;
ſince, the Fruit was from the Branches torn,
ow the Gardens their loſt Honours mourn.
was in ancient Times the Tale receiv'd,
y our good Forefathers was believ'd;
t Enquirers the Tradition wrong,
e to queſtion, now, the Poet's ſacred Song.
take it for a Truth, the wealthy Wood,
nder golden Boughs low bending ſtood;

'. 599. *Here* Lethe's *Streams.*] This is, according to *ius*, a Miſtake in Geography: He places both this and the *Heſperian* Gardens in the Region of *Cyrene*, e Eaſtern Side of the *Syrtis Major*. This River's ; its Riſe from Hell is a known Fable. As common iſe is the Story of the *Heſperides*, and their Dragon, watch'd the Golden Apples 'till their Orchard was by *Hercules*, and the Pippins carried to *Euryſtheus*, om, at *Juno*'s Command, he was put to ſo many of hard Service.

On

On ſome large Tree his Folds the Serpent wound,
The fair *Heſperian* Virgins watch'd around,
And join'd to guard the rich forbidden Ground:
But great *Alcides* came to end their Care,
Strip'd the gay Grove, and left the Branches bare;
Then back returning ſought the *Argive* Shore,
And the bright Spoil to proud *Euryſtheus* bore.

Theſe famous Regions and the *Syrts* o'erpaſt,
They reach'd the *Garamantian* Coaſt at laſt;
Here, under *Pompey*'s Care the Navy lyes,
Beneath the gentleſt Clime of *Libya*'s Skies.

But *Cato*'s Soul, by Dangers unreſtrain'd,
Eaſe and a dull unactive Life diſdain'd.
His daring Virtue urges to go on,
Thro' Deſart Lands, and Nations yet unknown;
To march, and prove th' unhoſpitable Ground,
To ſhun the *Syrts*, and lead the Soldier round.
Since now tempeſtuous Seaſons vex the Sea,
And the declining Year forbids the watry Way;

Ver. 620. *The* Garamantian *Coaſt.*] This is another Fault in Geography; for the *Garamantes* were an I People of *Libya*, that join'd on the South to *Æth* This Tract of Land is now called by the *Arabians, Z* or the Deſart.

Ver. 628. *To ſhun the* Syrts.] Theſe were the *Syrts*, round which *Cato* march'd to *Syrtis Parva* in *E ciam* or *Tunis*.

He ſees the cloudy drizling Winter near,
And hopes kind Rains may cool the ſultry Air:
So happ'ly may they journey on ſecure,
Nor burning Heats, nor killing Froſts endure;
But while cool Winds the Winter's Breath ſupplies,
With gentle Warmth the *Libyan* Sun may riſe,
And both may join and temper well the Skies.
But e'er the toilſom March he undertook,
The Heroe thus the liſtning Hoſt beſpoke:
Fellows in Arms! whoſe Bliſs, whoſe chiefeſt Good
Is *Rome*'s Defence, and Freedom bought with Blood;
You, who, to die with Liberty, from far
Have follow'd *Cato* in this fatal War,
Be now for Virtue's nobleſt Task prepar'd,
For Labours many, perillous, and hard.
Think thro' what burning Climes, what Wilds we go,
No leafie Shades the naked Deſarts know,
Nor Silver Streams thro' flowry Meadows flow.
But Horrors, there, and various Deaths abound,
And Serpents guard th' unhoſpitable Ground.
Hard is the Way; but thus our Fate demands;
*Rome* and her Laws we ſeek amidſt theſe Sands.
Let thoſe who, glowing with their Country's Love,
Reſolve with me theſe dreadful Plains to prove,
Nor of Return nor Safety once debate,
But only dare to go, and leave the reſt to Fate.

Think

Think not I mean the Dangers to diſguiſe,
Or hide 'em from the cheated Vulgar's Eyes:
Thoſe, only thoſe, ſhall in my Fate partake,
Who love the Daring for the Danger's ſake;
Thoſe who can ſuffer all the worſt can come,
And think it what they owe themſelves and *Rome*.
If any yet ſhall doubt, or yet ſhall fear;
If Life be, more than Liberty, his Care;
Here, e'er we journey further, let him ſtay,
Inglorious let him, like a Slave, obey,
And ſeek a Maſter in ſome ſafer Way.
Foremoſt, behold, I lead you to the Toil;
My Feet ſhall foremoſt print the duſty Soil:
Strike me the firſt, thou flaming God of Day,
Firſt let me feel thy fierce, thy ſcorching Ray;
Ye living Poiſons all, ye ſnaky Train,
Meet me the firſt upon the fatal Plain.
In ev'ry Pain, which you my Warriors fear,
Let me be firſt, and teach you how to bear.
Who ſees me pant for Drought, or fainting firſt,
Let him upbraid me, and complain of Thirſt.
If e'er for Shelter to the Shades I fly,
Me let him curſe, me, for the ſultry Sky.
If while the weary Soldier marches on,
Your Leader by diſtinguiſh'd Eaſe be known,
Forſake my Cauſe, and leave me there alone.

s, the Serpents, Thirſt, and burning Heat,
to Patience, and to Virtue ſweet;
nat ſcorns on Cowards Terms to pleaſe,
y to be bought, or won with Eaſe;
ſhe joys, then ſmiles upon her State,
eſt to her ſelf, then moſt compleat,
rious Danger makes her truly great.
; Plains alone ſhall wipe away
Diſhonours of *Pharſalia*'s Day;
our Courage now, tranſcend that Fear:
with Glory there, to Conquer here.
; and hardy Love of Toil inſpir'd;
r Breaſt with Godlike Ardor fir'd.
:eleſs of Return, without delay
wide Waſte he took his pathleſs Way.
dain'd to be his laſt Retreat,
the Heroe, fearleſs of his Fate;
good Gods his laſt of Labours doom,
l his Bones and ſacred Duſt find room,
great Head be hid, within an humble Tomb.
large Globe be portion'd right by Fame,
: third Part ſhall ſandy *Libya* claim:

03. *If this large Globe.*] The Ancients divided ld into three Parts, *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *Africa* or or that whole Part is frequently call'd *Libya*; the ſion, which was ſometimes uſed, and is here d by *Lucan*, was into the Eaſtern and Weſtern

Bur

But if we count, as Suns deſcend and riſe,
If we divide by Eaſt and Weſt the Skies,
Then with fair *Europe*, *Libya* ſhall combine,
And both to make the Weſtern Half ſhall join.
Whilſt wide-extended *Aſia* fills the reſt,
Of all from *Tanais* to *Nile* poſſeſt,
And reigns ſole Empreſs of the dawning Eaſt.
Of all the *Libyan* Soil, the kindlieſt found
Far to the Weſtern Seas extends its Bound;
Where cooling Gales, where gentle *Zephyrs* fly,
And ſetting Suns adorn the gaudy Sky:
And yet ev'n here no liquid Fountain's Vein
Wells thro' the Soil, and gurgles o'er the Plain;
But from our Northern Clime, our gentler Heav'n,
Refreſhing Dews and fruitful Rains are driv'n;
All bleak, the God, cold *Boreas*, ſpreads his Wing,
And with our Winter, gives the *Libyan* Spring.
No wicked Wealth infects the ſimple Soil,
Nor golden Ores diſcloſe their ſhining Spoil:
Pure is the Glebe, 'tis Earth, and Earth alone,
To guilty Pride and Avarice unknown:

Ver. 723. *No Golden Ores.*] That which we call Gold Coaſt and *Guinea*, were very little, if at all kno to the Ancients.

Citron Groves, the Native Riches, grow,
cool Retreats and fragrant Shades beſtow,
ſpitably skreen their Gueſts below.
their Leafy Office, long they ſtood
d, old, unviolated Wood,
*man* Luxury to *Africk* paſt,
reign Axes laid their Honours waſte.
tmoſt Lands are ranſack'd, to afford
-fetch'd Dainties, and the coſtly Board.
de and waſteful all thoſe Regions lye
order on the *Syrts*, and feel too nigh
ultry Summer Sun, and parching Sky.
veſt, there, the ſcatter'd Grain repays,
thering dies, and e'er it ſhoots decays:
never loves to ſpring the mantling Vine,
anton Ringlets round her Elm to twine:
irſty Duſt prevents the ſwelling Fruit,
up the gen'rous Juice, and kills the Root;
ſecret Veins no temp'ring Moiſtures paſs,
d with viſcous Force the mould'ring Maſs;
enial *Jove* averſe, diſdains to ſmile,
s, and curſes the neglected Soil.
e lazy Nature droops her idle Head,
y vegetable Senſe were dead;

. 726. *Citron Groves.*] See Note on *Book* 1. *Ver.* 312.

Thence

Thence the wide dreary Plains one Viſage wear,
Alike in Summer, Winter, Spring appear,
Nor feel the Turns of the revolving Year.
Thin Herbage here (for ſome ev'n here is found)
The *Naſamonian* Hinds collect around;
A naked Race, and barbarous of Mind,
That live upon the Loſſes of Mankind:
The *Syrts* ſupply their Wants and Barren Soil,
And ſtrow th' unhoſpitable Shores with Spoil.
Trade they have none, but ready ſtill they ſtand,
Rapacious, to invade the wealthy Strand,
And hold a Commerce, thus, with ev'ry diſtant Land.
Thro' this dire Country *Cato*'s Journey lay,
Here he purſu'd, while Virtue led the Way.
Here the bold Youth, led by his high Command,
Fearleſs of Storms and raging Winds, by Land
Repeat the Dangers of the ſwelling Main,
And ſtrive with Storms, and raging Winds again.
Here all at large, where nought reſtrains his Force,
Impetuous *Auſter* runs his rapid Courſe;
Nor Mountains here, nor ſteadfaſt Rocks reſiſt,
But free he ſweeps along the ſpacious Liſt.
No ſtable Groves of ancient Oaks ariſe,
To tire his Rage, and catch him as he flies;

Ver. 754. Naſamonian *Hinds.*] The *Naſamones* were a barbarous People that liv'd near the *Syrtis Major*.

But

But wide, around, the naked Plains appear,
Here fierce he drives unbounded thro' the Air,
Roars, and exerts his dreadful Empire here.
The whirling Duſt, like Waves in Eddies wrought,
Riſing aloft, to the mid Heav'n is caught;
There hangs a ſullen Cloud; nor falls again,
Nor breaks, like gentle Vapours, into Rain.
Gazing, the poor Inhabitant deſcries,
Where high above his Land and Cottage flies;
Bereft, he ſees his loſt Poſſeſſions there,
From Earth tranſported, and now fix'd in Air.
Not riſing Flames attempt a bolder Flight;
Like Smoke by riſing Flames uplifted, light
The Sands aſcend, and ſtain the Heav'ns with Night.
But now, his utmoſt Pow'r and Rage to boaſt,
The ſtormy God invades the *Roman* Hoſt;
The Soldier yields, unequal to the Shock,
And ſtaggers at the Wind's ſtupendous Stroke.
Amaz'd he ſees that Earth, which lowly lay,
Forc'd from beneath his Feet, and torn away.
Oh *Libya!* were thy pliant Surface bound,
And form'd a ſolid, cloſe compacted Ground;
Or hadſt thou Rocks, whoſe Hollows deep below,
Wou'd draw thoſe ranging Winds that looſely blow;
Their Fury, by thy firmer Maſs oppos'd,
Or in thoſe dark infernal Caves inclos'd,

Thy certain Ruin wou'd at once compleat,
Shake thy Foundations, and unfix thy Seat:
But well thy flitting Plains have learn'd to yield;
Thus, not contending, thou thy Place haſt held,
Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'ſt the Field.
Helms, Spears and Shields, ſnatch'd from the warlike Hoſt,
Thro' Heav'n's wide Regions far away were toſt;
While diſtant Nations, with Religious Fear,
Beheld 'em, as ſome Prodigy in Air,
And thought the Gods by them denounc'd a War.
Such hap'ly was the Chance, which firſt did raiſe
The pious Tale, in Prieſtly *Numa*'s Days:
Such were thoſe Shields, and thus they came from Heav'n,
A ſacred Charge to young Patricians giv'n;
Perhaps, long ſince, to lawleſs Winds a Prey,
From far Barbarians were they forc'd away;
Thence thro' long airy Journies ſafe did come,
To cheat the Crowd with Miracles at *Rome*.

Ver. 812. *Such were thoſe Shields.*] In the Time of *Numa Pompilius* there was a Buckler found in *Rome*, ſuch as the *Romans* called *Ancyle*, which was ſuppos'd to be dropp'd down from Heaven. The Augurs, who were conſulted upon the Occaſion, pronounc'd that where-ever that Shield ſhould remain, the chief Command and Empire of the World ſhould be fix'd. Upon this *Numa* gave Orders to a Workman called *Mamurra*, that he ſhould make Eleven others exactly like that which came from Heaven, to prevent the true one from being ſtolen. Theſe *Ancylia Sacra*, or Holy Bucklers, were committed to the Care of the *Salii*, who were Prieſts of *Mars*, and always choſen out of the Patricians, or *Roman* Nobility.

Thus

wide o'er *Libya*, rag'd the ſtormy South,
ev'ry way aſſail'd the *Latian* Youth:
ev'ral Method for Defence they try,
wrap their Garments tight, now cloſe they lye:
ſinking to the Earth, with Weight they preſs,
claſp it to 'em with a ſtrong Embrace,
: in that Poſture ſafe; the driving Blaſt
hard, and almoſt heaves 'em off at laſt.
time a ſandy Flood comes rolling on,
welling Heaps the proſtrate Legions drown;
to the ſudden Danger, and diſmaid,
ighted Soldier haſty calls for Aid,
s at the Hill, and ſtruggling rears his Head.
hoots the growing Pile, and reat'd on high,
ıp its lofty Summit to the Sky:
ſandy Walls, like Forts, their Paſſage ſtay,
iſing Mountains intercept their Way:
ertain Bounds which ſhould their Journey guide,
noving Earth and duſty Deluge hide;
ndmarks ſink beneath the flowing Tide.
o' mid Seas uncertainly they move,
aly by *Jove*'s ſacred Lights above:
v'n of them the *Libyan* Clime denies,
ls their native Northern Stars to riſe,
ades the well-known Luſtre from their Eyes.
w near approaching to the burning Zone,
armer, calmer Skies they journey'd on.

The ſlackning Storms the neighb'ring Sun confeſs,
The Heat ſtrikes fiercer, and the Winds grow leſs,
Whilſt parching Thirſt and fainting Sweats increaſe.
As forward on the weary Way they went,
Panting with Drought, and all with Labour ſpent,
Amidſt the Deſart, deſolate and dry,
One chanc'd a little trickling Spring to ſpy:
Proud of the Prize, he drain'd the ſcanty Stone,
And in his Helmet to the Chieftain bore.
Around, in Crowds, the thirſty Legions ſtood,
Their Throats and clammy Jaws with Duſt beſtrew'
And all with wiſhful Eyes the liquid Treaſure view'd
Around the Leader caſt his careful Look,
Sternly, the tempting envy'd Gift he took,
Held it, and thus the Giver fierce beſpoke:
And think'ſt thou then that I want Virtue moſt!
Am I the meaneſt of this *Roman* Hoſt!
Am I the firſt ſoft Coward that complains!
That ſhrinks, unequal to theſe glorious Pains!
Am I in Eaſe and Infamy the firſt!
Rather be thou, Baſe as thou art, Accurs'd,
Thou that dar'ſt Drink, when all beſide thee Thirſt.
He ſaid; and wrathful ſtretching forth his Hand,
Pour'd out the precious Draught upon the Sand.

Ver. 868. *Pour'd out the precious Draught.*] This Act of *Cato*'s is not much unlike that of *David*, when he

the Water thus for all provide,
y none, while thus to all deny'd;
hus the gen'ral Want ſupply'd.
to the ſacred Temple they draw near;
nly Altars *Libyan* Lands revere;
ut unlike the *Jove* by *Rome* ador'd,
uncouth, ſtands Heav'n's Almighty Lord.
l Enſigns grace his potent Hand,
kes he there the Lightning's flaming Brand;
ler to behold, a Horned Ram
e God, and *Ammon* is his Name.
ho' he Reigns unrival'd and alone,
: rich Neighbours of the Torrid Zone;

drink of the Water of the Well of *Bethlehem*, Three Men had ventur'd their Lives to fetch. See . xi. 15.

872. *Now to the ſacred Temple.*] *Lucan* has made ple of committing here another great Fault in Geo- for the ſake of bringing his great *Cato* to the of *Jupiter Hammon*. This famous Oracle was y ſituate between the Leſs and the Greater *Cata-*, to the Weſt of *Ægypt*, in what is now called ert of *Barca*, a great way diſtant from the March as then taking in the Kingdom of *Tunis*. The De- n of the Place it ſelf, except that (as I underſtand : places it under the *Æquator*, is agreeable to moſt icient Authors. It is pretty well known that *Ju-* as worſhipp'd in this Place under the Shape of a (at leaſt the upper Part) and there are ſtill to be mong the *Ægyptian* Idols in the Cabinets of the , ſome with the Body of a Man and a Ram's Head.

Tho' ſwarthy *Æthiops* are to him confin'd,
With *Araby* the bleſt, and wealthy *Inde*;
Yet no proud Domes are rais'd, no Gems are ſeen,
To blaze upon his Shrines with coſtly Sheen;
But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he ſtood,
Such as, to whom our great Fore-fathers bow'd:
A God of pious Times, and Days of Old,
That keeps his Temple ſafe from *Roman* Gold.
Here, and here only, thro' wide *Libya*'s Space,
Tall Trees, the Land, and verdant Herbage grace;
Here the looſe Sands by plenteous Springs are bound,
Knit to a Maſs, and moulded into Ground:
Here ſmiling Nature wears a fertile Dreſs,
And all Things here the preſent God confeſs.
Yet here the Sun to neither Pole declines,
But from his Zenith vertically ſhines:
Hence, ev'n the Trees no friendly Shelter yield,
Scarce their own Trunks the leafy Branches ſhield;
The Rays deſcend direct, all round embrace,
And to a central Point the Shadow chace.
Here equally the middle Line is found,
To cut the Radiant Zodiack in its Round:
Here unoblique the *Bull* and *Scorpion* riſe,
Nor mount too ſwift, nor leave too ſoon the Skies;

Ver. 904. *Here unobliquo.*] Suppoſing it to lye under the Æquinoctial; but of our Author's Aſtronomical Notions I have taken notice in another Place.

Nor

*ibra* do's too long the *Ram* attend,
ids the *Maid* the *fiſhy* Sign deſcend.
*oys* and *Centaur* juſtly Time divide,
jually their ſev'ral Seaſons guide:
he *Crab* and wintry *Goat* return,
he *Lyon* and the flowing *Urn*.
farther Nations yet are known,
d the *Libyan* Fires, and ſcorching Zone;
ward from them the Sun's bright Courſe is made;
o the Southward ſtrikes the leaning Shade:
ſlow *Boötes*, with his laſie Wain
nding, ſeems to reach the wat'ry Main.
the Lights which high above they ſee,
ar whate-e'er from *Neptune*'s Waves is free,
whirling Axle drives 'em round, and plunges in the Sea.
ore the Temple's Entrance, at the Gate,
ling Crowds of Eaſtern Pilgrims wait:
from the horned God expect Relief;
l give way before the *Latian* Chief.
oft, (as Crowds are Superſtitious ſtill)
as of Fate, of Future Good and Ill,
and to prove Prophetick *Ammon*'s Skill,

'. 919. *No Star whate'er.*] Thoſe who live to the ward of the *Æquator* ſee Stars towards the Southern vhich never ſet, as well as we do who live to the ward of it. But this is what the *Romans* in *Lucan*'s had no Notion of.

Intreat their Leader to the God wou'd go,
And from his Oracle *Rome*'s Fortunes know:
But *Labienus* chief the Thought approv'd,
And thus the common Suit to *Cato* mov'd.
Chance, and the Fortune of the Way, he ſaid,
Have brought *Jove*'s ſacred Counſels to our Aid:
This Greateſt of the Gods, this Mighty Chief,
In each Diſtreſs ſhall be a ſure Relief;
Shall point the diſtant Dangers from afar,
And teach the future Fortunes of the War.
To thee, Oh *Cato!* Pious! Wiſe! and Juſt!
Their dark Decrees the cautious Gods ſhall truſt;
To thee their Fore-determin'd Will ſhall tell:
Their Will has been thy Law, and thou haſt kept it well.
Fate bids thee now the Noble Thought improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with *Jove*.
Inquire betimes, what various Chance ſhall come
To Impious *Cæſar*, and thy native *Rome*;
Try to avert, at leaſt thy Country's Doom.
Ask if theſe Arms our Freedom ſhall reſtore:
Or elſe, if Laws and Right ſhall be no more.
Be thy great Breaſt with Sacred Knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wandring Maze of Thought:
Thou, that to Virtue ever wert inclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave ſome perfect Rule to guide Mankind.

Full

Full of the God that dwelt within his Breaſt,
The Hero thus his ſecret Mind expreſs'd,
And In-born Truths reveal'd; Truths which might well
Become ev'n Oracles themſelves to tell.
Where wou'd thy fond, thy vain Enquiry go?
What Myſtick Fate, what Secret wou'dſt thou know?
Is it a Doubt if Death thou'd be my Doom,
Rather than live 'till Kings and Bondage come,
Rather than ſee a Tyrant crown'd in *Rome*?
Or wou'dſt thou know if, what we value here,
*Life*, be a Trifle hardly worth our Care?
What by Old Age and Length of Days we gain,
More than to lengthen out the Senſe of Pain?
Or if this World, with all its Forces join'd,
The univerſal Malice of Mankind,
Can ſhake or hurt the brave and honeſt Mind?
If ſtable Virtue can her Ground maintain,
While Fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?
If Truth and Juſtice with Uprightneſs dwell,
And Honeſty conſiſt in meaning well?
If Right be independent of Succeſs,
And Conqueſt cannot make it more nor leſs?
Are theſe, my Friend, the Secrets thou wou'dſt know,
Theſe Doubts for which to Oracles we go?
'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
And horned *Ammon* can no more unfold,

From God deriv'd, to God by Nature join'd,
We act the Dictates of his mighty Mind:
And tho' the Priests are mute, and Temples still,
God never wants a Voice to speak his Will.
When first we from the teeming Womb were brought,
With in-born Precepts then our Souls were fraught,
And then the Maker his new Creatures taught.
Then when he form'd, and gave us to be Men,
He gave us all our useful Knowledge, *Then.*
Canst thou believe, the vast eternal Mind
Was e'er to *Syrts* and *Libyan* Sands confin'd?
That he would chuse this waste, this barren Ground,
To teach the thin Inhabitants around,
And leave his Truth in Wilds and Deserts drown'd?
Is there a Place that God would chuse to love
Beyond this Earth, the Seas, yon' Heav'n above,
And virtuous Minds, the noblest Throne for *Jove?*

Ver. 989. *Canst thou believe?*] I cannot but observe here how finely our Author, in this Passage, reprehends the Folly of those who are fond of and believe in a local Sanctity, as if one Part of the World were holier than another, and the Ubiquity of the Divine Nature were confin'd to a particular Place: But, thank God, the Foppery of Pilgrimages is out of Fashion in *England*, or at least those who are weak enough to travel from one Country to another in search of Holiness, are wise enough not to own it amongst us.

Why ſeek we farther then? Behold around,
How all thou ſee'ſt do's with the God abound,
*Jove* is alike in all, and always to be found.
Let thoſe weak Minds, who live in Doubt and Fear,
To juggling Prieſts for Oracles repair;
One certain Hour of Death to each decreed,
My fixt, my certain Soul from Doubt has freed.
The Coward, and the Brave, are doom'd to fall;
And when *Jove* told this Truth, he told us all.
So ſpoke the Hero; and to keep his Word,
Nor *Ammon*, nor his Oracle explor'd;
But left the Crowd at freedom to believe,
And take ſuch Anſwers as the Prieſt ſhou'd give.
Foremoſt on foot he treads the burning Sand,
Bearing his Arms in his own patient Hand;
Scorning another's weary Neck to preſs,
Or in a lazy Chariot loll at Eaſe:
The panting Soldier to his Toil ſucceeds,
Where no Command, but great Example leads.
Sparing of Sleep, ſtill for the reſt he wakes,
And at the Fountain, laſt, his Thirſt he ſlakes;
Whene'er by Chance ſome living Stream is found,
He ſtands, and ſees the cooling Draughts go round,
Stays 'till the laſt and meaneſt Drudge be paſt,
And 'till his Slaves have drunk, diſdains to taſte.
If true good Men deſerve immortal Fame,
If Virtue, tho' diſtreſs'd, be ſtill the ſame;

What-

Whate'er our Fathers greatly dar'd to do,
Whate'er they bravely bore, and wiſely knew,
Their Virtues all are his, and all their Praiſe his due.
Whoe'er, with Battels fortunately fought,
Who'er, with *Roman* Blood, ſuch Honours bought?
This Triumph, this, on *Libya*'s utmoſt Bound,
With Death and Deſolation compaſs'd round,
To all thy Glories, *Pompey*, I prefer,
Thy Trophies, and thy third Triumphal Car,
To *Marius'* mighty Name, and great *Jugurthine* War.
His Country's Father here, O *Rome*, behold,
Worthy thy Temples, Prieſts, and Shrines of Gold!
If e'er thou break thy lordly Maſter's Chain,
If Liberty be e'er reſtor'd again,
Him ſhalt thou place in thy divine Abodes,
Swear by his holy Name, and rank him with thy Gods.

Now to thoſe ſult'ry Regions were they paſt,
Which *Jove* to ſtop inquiring Mortals plac'd,
And as their utmoſt, Southern, Limits caſt.
Thirſty, for Springs they ſearch the Deſart round,
And only one, amidſt the Sands, they found.

Ver. 1033. Jugurthine *War.*] See the Second Book, V. 107.

Ver. 1042. *As their utmoſt, Southern, Limits.*] The Hyperbole is very ſtrong here; and one would think *Cato* had penetrated into the very Depth and Middle of *Africk*, whereas in all appearance his March could never be very far from the *Mediterranean*.

Well

it was, but all Acceſs was barr'd;
ı ten thouſand noxious Serpents guard:
on the fatal Margin ſtood,
ı thirſted in the middle Flood.
the Stream the frighted Soldier flies,
ı'd, and languiſhing for Drink, he dies:
beheld, and ſaid, You fear in vain,
n ſafe and healthy Draughts abſtain,
, drink, and dread not Death or Pain.
l to rage, their Teeth the Serpents fix,
n with our vital Juices mix;
ıfus'd thro' ev'ry Vein runs round,
Maſs, and Death is in the Wound.
ıd ſafe, no Poiſon here they ſhed:
ıd firſt the doubtful Draught eſſay'd;
ıro' all their March, their Toil, their Thirſt,
, here alone, to drink the firſt.
lagues, like theſe, infeſt the *Libyan* Air,
ıs unknown, in various Shapes, appear;
ful to deſtroy the curſed Land
l thus, by Nature's ſecret Hand;
)bſcure the hidden Cauſe remains,
eludes the vain Enquirer's Pains;
'ale for Truth may be believ'd,
)od-natur'd World be willingly deceiv'd.

Where

Where Weſtern Waves on fartheſt *Libya* beat,
Warm'd with the ſetting Sun's deſcending Heat,
Dreadful *Meduſa* fix'd her horrid Seat.
No leafy Shade, with kind Protection, ſhields
The rough, the ſqualid, unfrequented Fields;
No mark of Shepherds, or the Plowman's Toil,
To tend the Flocks, or turn the mellow Soil:
But rude with Rocks, the Region all around
Its Miſtreſs, and her Potent Viſage own'd.
'Twas from this Monſter to afflict Mankind,
That Nature firſt produc'd the Snaky Kind:
On her, at firſt, their forky Tongues appear'd;
From her their dreadful Hiſſings firſt were heard.
Some wreath'd in Folds upon her Temples hung;
Some backwards to her Waſte depended long;
Some with their riſing Creſts her Forehead deck;
Some wanton play, and laſh her ſwelling Neck:
And while her Hands the curling Vipers comb,
Poiſons diſtill around, and Drops of livid Foam.
None, who beheld the Fury, could complain;
So ſwift their Fate, preventing Death and Pain:
E'er they had Time to fear, the Change came on,
And Motion, Senſe and Life were loſt in Stone.

Ver. 1077. *The Region all,*] Having been petrified by *Meduſa*.

The

ul it ſelf, from ſudden Flight debarr'd,
lling, in the Body's Fortune ſhar'd.
ire *Eumenides* could Rage inſpire,
uld no more; the tuneful *Thracian* Lyre
l *Cerberus* did ſoon aſſwage,
him to Reſt, and ſooth'd his triple Rage;
's ſev'n Heads the bold *Alcides* view'd,
he ſaw, and what he ſaw, ſubdu'd:
ſe in various Terrors each excell'd;
to this Superior Fury yield.
s and *Cœto*, next to *Neptune* he,
rtal both, and Rulers of the Sea,
Monſter's Parents, did their Offspring dread;
om her Sight her Siſter *Gorgon* fled,
ean's Waters, and the liquid Air,
niverſal World her Pow'r might fear:
ture's beauteous Works ſhe cou'd invade;
every Part a lazy Numbneſs ſhed,
ver all a Stony Surface ſpread.
in their Flight were ſtopt, and pond'rous grown,
t their Pinions, and fell ſenſeleſs down.
to the Rocks were fix'd, and all around
Tribes of Stone and Marble Nations found.
ring Eyes ſo fell a Sight could bear;
makes themſelves, all deadly tho' they were,
backward from her Face, and ſhrunk away for Fear.

r. 1106. *Her Siſter* Gorgons.] *Sthenio* and *Euryale*.

By her, a Rock *Titanian Atlas* grew,
And Heav'n by her the Giants did ſubdue;
Hard was the Fight, and *Jove* was half diſmay'd,
'Till *Pallas* brought the *Gorgon* to his Aid:
The heav'nly Nation laid aſide their Fear,
For ſoon ſhe finiſh'd the prodigious War;
To Mountains turn'd, the Monſter Race remains
The Trophies of her Pow'r on the *Phlegraan* Plains.
To ſeek this Monſter, and her Fate to prove,
The Son of *Danaë* and golden *Jove*,
Attempts a Flight thro' airy Ways above.
The Youth *Cyllenian Hermes'* Aid implor'd;
The God aſſiſted with his Wings and Sword,
His Sword, which late made watchful *Argus* bleed,
And *Io* from her cruel Keeper freed:
Unwedded *Pallas* lent a Siſter's Aid;
But ask'd, for recompence, *Meduſa*'s Head.
Eaſtward ſhe warns her Brother bend his Flight,
And from the *Gorgon* Realms avert his Sight;

Ver. 1119. *Titanian Atlas.*] *Atlas*, King of *Mauri nia*, was of the Race of the Giants or *Titans*. See O *Metam.* Lib. 4.

Ver. 1128. *The Son of* Danaë.] *Perſeus.*

Ver. 1130. *Cyllenian Hermes.*] *Mercury*, ſo call'd fr *Cyllene*, a Mountain in *Arcadia*, where his Mother M brought him forth. Among the peculiar Goods and P perties which belong'd to *Mercury*, were the Wings at Head and Feet, and the Falchion, or crooked Sword, ca *Harpe*, which he is here ſaid to lend his Brother *Perſ* For the Story of *Argos* and *Io* ſee *Ovid. Met.* Lib. 1.

ns his Left with her refulgent Shield,
vs how there the Foe might be beheld.
mbers had the drowzy Fiend poſſeſt,
drew on, and well might ſeem, her laſt:
ſhe ſlept not whole; one half her Snakes
l, to guard their horrid Miſtreſs, wakes;
diſhevel'd, looſely, round her Head,
her drowzy Lids and Face were ſpread.
d the Youth draws near, nor dares to look,
lly, at a venture, aims a Stroke:
ing Hand the Virgin Goddeſs guides,
n the Monſter's Neck her ſnaky Head divides.
what Art, what Numbers can expreſs
rors of the dying *Gorgon*'s Face!
louds of Poiſon from her Lips ariſe!
eath, what vaſt Deſtruction threaten'd in her Eyes!
mewhat that immortal Gods might fear,
n the warlike Maid her ſelf could bear.
or *Perſeus* ſtill had been ſubdu'd,
ry ſtill, with Eyes averſe he ſtood;
his heav'nly Siſter's timely Care
e dread Viſage with the hiſſing Hair.
his Prey, Heav'nwards, uplifted light,
es nimble Wings, he took his Flight.
ughtful of his Courſe, he hung in Air,
nt thro' *Europe*'s happy Clime to ſteer;

'Till

'Till pitying *Pallas* warn'd him not to blaſt
Her fruitful Fields, nor lay her Cities waſte.
For who would not have upwards caſt their Sight,
Curious to gaze at ſuch a wond'rous Flight?
Therefore by Gales of gentle *Zephyrs* born,
To *Libya*'s Coaſt the Heroe minds to turn.
Beneath the ſult'ry Line, expos'd it lyes
To deadly Planets, and malignant Skies.
Still with his fiery Steeds, the God of Day
Drives thro' that Heav'n, and marks his burning Way.
No Land more high erects its lofty Head,
The ſilver Moon in dim Eclipſe to ſhade;
If thro' the Summer Signs direct ſhe run,
Nor bends obliquely, North or South to ſhun
The envious Earth that hides her from the Sun.
Yet cou'd this Soil accurſt, this barren Field,
Increaſe of Deaths, and pois'nous Harveſts yield.
Where-e'er ſublime in Air the Victor flew,
The Monſter's Head diſtill'd a deadly Dew;
The Earth receiv'd the Seed, and pregnant grew.
Still as the putrid Gore dropt on the Sand,
'Twas temper'd up by Nature's forming hand;

' Ver. 1174. *No Land more high.*] *Lucan* erroneouſly ſuppoſes this Part of the Earth to riſe higher under the *Equator* than in any other Part, and to project its Shade fartheſt in Eclipſes of the Moon.

Ver. 1180. *Pois'nous Harveſts yield.*] Tho' it could produce nothing for the Good of Mankind, it brought forth Serpents.

The

ving Climate makes the Work compleat,
ds upon the Mass, and lends it genial Heat.
f those Plagues the drowsy *Asp* appear'd,
t her Crest and swelling Neck she rear'd;
drop of black congealing Blood
sh'd her amidst the deadly Brood.
: Serpent Race are none so fell,
th so many Deaths, such plenteous Venom swell;
themselves, our colder Climes they shun,
se to bask in *Africk*'s warmer Sun;
no more confines 'em now: What Bound
insatiate Avarice be found!
d with *Libyan* Deaths our Merchants come,
'nous *Asps* are things of Price at *Rome*.
aly Folds th' *Haemorrhois* unbends,
vast length along the Sands extends;
'er she wounds, from ev'ry Part the Blood
esistless in a Crimson Flood.
ibious some do in the *Syrts* abound,
v on Land, in Waters now are found.
*Cholyders* the parch'd Earth distain,
e a reeking Furrow on the Plain.
potted *Cenchris*, rich in various Dyes,
a Line, and forth directly flies;
*dan* Marbles are so gayly dress'd,
h such party-colour'd Beauties grac'd.

Safe

Safe in his earthly Hue and dusky Skin,
Th' *Ammodytes* lurks in the Sands unſeen:
The *Swimmer* there the cryſtal Stream pollutes;
And ſwift, thro' Air, the flying *Javelin* ſhoots.
The *Scytale*, e'er yet the Spring returns,
There caſts her Coat; and there the *Dipſas* burns;
The *Amphisbæna* doubly arm'd appears,
At either End a threatning Head ſhe rears.
Rais'd on his active Tail the *Pareas* ſtands,
And as he paſſes, furrows up the Sands.
The *Preſter* by his foaming Jaws is known;
The *Seps* invades the Fleſh and firmer Bone,
Diſſolves the Maſs of Man, and melts his Fabrick down
The *Baſiliſk*, with dreadful hiſſings heard,
And from afar by ev'ry Serpent fear'd,
To diſtance drives the Vulgar, and remains
The lonely Monarch of the deſart Plains.
And you, ye Dragons! of the ſcaly Race,
Whom glittering Gold and ſhining Armours grace,

Ver. 1214. *The Swimmer.*] The Latin Word is *Na*
I ſuppoſe this to be a kind of Water-Snake.

Ver. 1215. *The Javelin.*] In the Latin it is *Jaculi*
ſort of Serpent which is ſaid to lodge upon Trees,
from thence dart it ſelf with great Violence and Swift
at its Prey.

Ver. 1229. *And you, ye Dragons.*] The Ancients h
kind of religious Veneration for thoſe kind of Ser
call'd Dragons. Under this Form was *Æſculapius* worſh
and *Jupiter* convers'd with *Alexander*'s Mother, and

ations harmleſs are you found,
dian *Genii* and Protectors own'd;
nly are you fatal; there,
expanded Wings, ſublime you rear
dful Forms, and drive the yielding Air.
ag Kine in droves you chace, and cull
ſter of the Herd, ſome mighty Bull:
is ſtubborn Sides your Tails you twiſt,
compreſs, and burſt his brawny Cheſt.
hants are by their larger Size
ut, with the reſt, become your Prize.

*Auguſtus Cæſar's.* They were reckon'd Ἀγαθοὶ among the *Greeks*, and good *Genii* among the When *Æneas* ſacrificed to his Father's Ghoſt in Book of *Virgil's* Æneid, a Serpent of this kind

*et hæc; adytis cum lubricus Anguis ab imis,*
*ingens gyros, &c.*

*had he finiſh'd, when with ſpeckled Pride*
*pent from the Tomb began to glide:*
*gy Bulk on ſeven high Volumes roll'd,*
*was his Breadth of Back, and ſtreak'd with ſcaly Gold.*
*riding on his Courſe, he ſeem'd to paſs*
*ling Fire along, and ſinge the Graſs.*
*various Colours through his Body run,*
Iris *when her Bow imbibes the Sun:*
*ext the riſing Altars, and around*
*acred Monſter ſhot along the Ground:*
*harmleſs Play amidſt the Bowls he paſs'd,*
*with his lolling Tongue eſſay'd the Taſte:*
*fed with holy Food, the wondrous Gueſt*
*in the hollow Tomb retir'd to Reſt.* [Mr. Dryden.

Reſtleſs

Reſiſtleſs in your Might, you all invade,
And for Deſtruction need not Poiſon's Aid.
Thus, thro' a thouſand Plagues around 'em ſpread
A weary March the hardy Soldiers tread,
Thro' Thirſt, thro' Toil and Death, by *Cato* led.
Their Chief, with pious Grief and deep Regret,
Each moment mourns his Friends untimely Fate;
Wond'ring, he ſees ſome ſmall, ſome trivial Wound
Extend a valiant *Roman* on the Ground.
*Aulus*, a noble Youth of *Tyrrhene* Blood,
Who bore the Standard, on a *Dipſas* trode;
Backward the wrathful Serpent bent her Head,
And, fell with Rage, th'unheeded Wrong repay'd.
Scarce did ſome little Mark of Hurt remain,
And ſcarce he found ſome little Senſe of Pain;
Nor cou'd he yet the Danger doubt, nor fear
That Death with all its Terrors, threaten'd there.
When lo! unſeen, the ſecret Venom ſpreads,
And ev'ry nobler Part at once invades;
Swift Flames conſume the Marrow and the Brain,
And the ſcorch'd Entrails rage with burning Pain;
Upon his Heart the thirſty Poiſons prey,
And drain the ſacred Juice of Life away.
No kindly Floods of Moiſture bathe his Tongue,
But cleaving to the parched Roof it hung;
No trick'ling Drops diſtil, no dewy Sweat,
To eaſe his weary Limbs, and cool the raging Heat.

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ı'd he weep; ev'n Grief cou'd not ſupply
for the mournful Office of his Eye,
ver-failing Source of Tears was dry.
k he flies, and with a careleſs Hand
ıe neglected *Eagle* on the Sand;
ırs, nor minds, his pitying Chief's Command.
ings he ſeeks, he digs, he proves the Ground,
ings, in vain, explores the Deſart round,
ling Draughts, which might their Aid impart,
ench the burning Venom in his Heart.
in the *Tanais*, the *Rhône*, or *Po*,
, whoſe wand'ring Streams o'er *Ægypt* flow,
ou'd he rage, ſtill with the Fever glow.
orching Climate to his Fate conſpires,
*Lyæa*'s Sun aſſiſts the *Dipſa*'s Fires.
v'ry where for Drink, in vain he pries,
o the *Syrts* and briny Seas he flies;
iny Seas delight, but ſeem not to ſuffice.
t he knows what ſecret Plague he nurs'd,
und the Poiſon, but believ'd it Thirſt.
rſt, and Thirſt alone, he ſtill complains,
; for Thirſt, he tears his ſwelling Veins;
:v'ry Veſſel drains a Crimſon Flood,
ıaſſs in greedy Draughts his vital Blood.
; *Cato* ſaw, and ſtraight, without delay,
ands the Legions on to urge their Way;

Nor

Nor give the enquiring Soldier time to know
What deadly Deeds a fatal Thirſt cou'd do.
But ſoon a Fate more ſad, with new Surprize,
From the firſt Object turns their wond'ring Eyes.
Wretched *Sabellus* by a *Seps* was ſtung,
Fix'd to his Leg, with deadly Teeth, it hung:
Sudden the Soldier ſhook it from the Wound,
Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren Ground.
Of all the dire deſtructive Serpent Race,
None have ſo much of Death, tho' none are leſs.
For ſtraight, around the Part, the Skin withdrew,
The Fleſh and ſhrinking Sinews backward flew,
And left the naked Bones expos'd to view.
The ſpreading Poiſons all the Parts confound,
And the whole Body ſinks within the Wound.
The brawny Thighs no more their Muſcles boaſt,
But melting, all in liquid Filth are loſt;
The well-knit Groin above, and Ham below,
Mixt in one putrid Stream, together flow;
The firm *Peritonæum* rent in twain,
No more the preſſing Entrails cou'd ſuſtain,
It yields, and forth they fall, at once they guſh amain.
Small Reliques of the mould'ring Maſs were left,
At once of Subſtance, as of Form bereft;
Diſſolv'd the whole in liquid Poiſon ran,
And to a nauſeous Puddle ſhrunk the Man.

Then

Then burſt the rigid Nerves, the manly Breaſt,
And all the Texture of the heaving Cheſt;
Reſiſtleſs way the conqu'ring Venom made,
And ſecret Nature was at once diſplay'd;
Her ſacred Privacies all open lye
To each prophane, enquiring, vulgar Eye.
Then the broad Shoulders did the Peſt invade,
Then o'er the valiant Arms and Neck it ſpread;
Laſt ſunk, the Mind's imperial Seat, the Head.
So Snows diſſolv'd by Southern Breezes run,
So melts the Wax before the Noon-day Sun.
Nor ends the Wonder here; tho' Flames are known
To waſte the Fleſh, yet ſtill they ſpare the Bone:
Here none were left, no leaſt Remains were ſeen;
No Marks to ſhew, that once the Man had been.
Of all the Plagues which curſe the *Libyan* Land,
(If Death and Miſchief may a Crown demand)
Serpent, the Palm is thine. Tho' others may
Boaſt of their Pow'r to force the Soul away,
Yet Soul and Body both become thy Prey.
A Fate of different kind *Naſidius* found,
A burning *Preſter* gave the deadly Wound;
And ſtraight a ſudden Flame began to ſpread,
And paint his Viſage with a glowing Red.

Ver. 1339. *To force the Soul away.*] That is, the Life.

With ſwift Expanſion ſwells the bloated Skin,
Nought but an undiſtinguiſh'd Maſs is ſeen,
While the fair human Form lyes loſt within.
The puffy Poiſon ſpreads, and heaves around,
'Till all the Man is in the Monſter drown'd.
No more the ſtoely Plate his Breaſt can ſtay,
But yields, and gives the burſting Poiſon way.
Not Waters ſo, when Fire the Rage ſupplies,
Bubbling on heaps, in boiling Cauldrons riſe.
Nor ſwells the ſtretching Canvaſs half ſo faſt,
When the Sails gather all the driving Blaſt,
Strain the tough Yards, and bow the lofty Maſt.
The various Parts no longer now are known,
One headleſs formleſs Heap remains alone;
The feather'd Kind avoid the fatal Feaſt,
And leave it deadly to ſome hungry Beaſt;
With Horror ſeiz'd, his ſad Companions too,
In haſte from the unbury'd Careaſs flow;
Look'd back, but fled again, for ſtill the Monſter gr
But fertile *Libya* ſtill new Plagues ſupplies,
And to more horrid Monſters turns their Eyes.
Deeply the fierce *Hæmorrhois* impreſt
Her fatal Teeth on *Tullus'* valiant Breaſt.
The noble Youth, with Virtue's Love inſpir'd,
Her, in her *Cato*, follow'd and admir'd;

Mov'd by his great Example, vow'd to ſhare,
With him, each Chance of that diſaſtrous War.
And as when mighty *Rome*'s Spectators meet
In the full Theatre's capacious Seat,
At once, by ſecret Pipes and Channels fed,
Rich Tinctures guſh from ev'ry Antique Head;
At once ten thouſand ſaffron Currents flow,
And rain their Odours on the Crowd below:
So the warm Blood at once from ev'ry Part
Ran Purple Poiſon down, and drain'd the fainting Heart.
Blood falls for Tears, and o'er his mournful Face
The ruddy Drops their tainted Paſſage trace:
Where-e'er the liquid Juices find a way,
There Streams of Blood, there crimſon Rivers ſtray;
His Mouth and guſhing Noſtrils pour a Flood,
And ev'n the Pores ooze out the trickling Blood;
In the red Deluge all the Parts lye drown'd,
And the whole Body ſeems one bleeding Wound.
*Lævus*, a colder *Aſpick* bit, and ſtrait
His Blood forgot to flow, his Heart to beat;

Ver. 1373. *In the full Theater's.*] The publick Shows at *Rome* were all exhibited at the Expence of the Publick, or ſome of the great Men. This was done with great Magnificence, of which this way of perfuming the whole Place, and the Spectators, is a pretty remarkable Inſtance. I know this Paſſage is render'd after a different manner, but I take this Senſe of it to be moſt eaſy and moſt probable.

Thick Shades upon his Eye-lids ſeem'd to creep,
And lock him faſt in Everlaſting Sleep:
No Senſe of Pain, no Torment did he know,
But ſunk in Slumbers to the Shades below.
Not ſwifter Deaths attend the noxious Juice,
Which dire *Sabæan Aconites* produce.
Well may their crafty Prieſts divine, and well
The Fate which they themſelves can cauſe, foretel.
Fierce from afar a darting *Javelin* flot,
(For ſuch, the Serpent's Name has *Africk* taught)
And thro' unhappy *Paulus'* Temples flew;
Nor Poiſon, but a Wound, the Soldier ſlew.
No Flight ſo ſwift, ſo rapid now we know,
Stones from the ſounding Sling, compar'd, are ſlow,
And the Shaft loiters from the *Scythian* Bow.
A *Baſilisk* bold *Murrus* kill'd in vain,
And nail'd it dying to the ſandy Plain;
Along the Spear the ſliding Venom ran,
And ſudden, from the Weapon, ſeiz'd the Man:
His Hand firſt touch'd, e'er it his Arm invade,
Soon he divides it with his ſhining Blade:

Ver. 1394. *Not ſwifter Deaths.*] The literal Tranſlation runs thus; *Nor are thoſe Poiſons more ſwift to deſtroy, which the Prophetick* Sabæans *compoſe of the Tree reſembling Birch, of which laſt the* Sabine (*and* Roman) *Magiſtrates Rods were made.* I have taken very few Liberties of adding or leaving out any thing in this Tranſlation: The laſt Circumſtance, indeed, of this Paſſage I did not think material enough to be inſiſted on.

The

The Serpent's Force by ſad Example taught,
With his loſt Hand, his ranſom'd Life he bought.
Who that the Scorpion's Inſect Form ſurveys,
Wou'd think that ready Death his Call obeys?
Threat'ning, he rears his knotty Tail on high;
The vaſt *Orion* thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud Trophy, in the Sky.
Or cou'd we the *Salpuga*'s Anger dread,
Or fear upon her little Cell to tread?
Yet ſhe the fatal Threads of Life commands,
And quickens oft the *Stygian* Siſters' Hands.
Purſu'd by Dangers, thus they paſs'd away
The reſtleſs Night, and thus the chearleſs Day;
Ev'n Earth it ſelf they fear'd, the common Bed,
Where each lay down to reſt his weary Head:
There no kind Trees their leafy Couches ſtrow,
The Sands no Turf nor moſſy Beds beſtow;
But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious Toil,
Expos'd they ſleep upon the fatal Soil.

Ver. 1416. *The vaſt* Orion.] Concerning this *Orion* here is a very ridiculous Fable: That he was ingender'd by *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Mercury*'s piſſing in an Ox-hide. He was a Giant, and a very impudent one, for he would have raviſh'd *Diana*: But a certain Scorpion took her Part, and ſtung him to Death. Afterwards the ſaid Giant and Scorpion were both tranſlated to the Skies, and made Conſtellations.

Ver. 1418. *Salpuga*,] A little ſort of venomous Ant.

Nor do they thus in Arts alone excel,
But Nature too their Blood has temper'd well;
And taught, with vital Force, the Venom to repel.
With healing Gifts and Privileges grac'd,
Well in the Land of Serpents were they plac'd;
Truce with the dreadful Tyrant, Death, they have,
And border safely on his Realm, the Grave.
Such is their Confidence in true-born Blood,
That oft with Asps they prove their doubtful Brood
When wanton Wives their jealous Rage inflame,
The New-born Infant clears or damns the Dame:
If subject to the wrathful Serpent's Wound,
The Mother's Shame is by the Danger found;
But if unhurt, the fearless Infant laugh;
The Wife is honest, and the Husband safe.
So when *Jove*'s Bird on some tall Cedar's Head,
Has a new Race of gen'rous Eaglets bred,
While yet unplum'd, within the Nest they lye,
Wary she turns them to the Eastern Sky:
Then, if unequal to the God of Day,
Abash'd they shrink, and shun the potent Ray,
She spurns 'em forth, and casts 'em quite away:
But if with daring Eyes unmov'd they gaze,
Withstand the Light, and bear the Golden Blaze;
Tender she broods 'em, with a Parent's Love,
The future Servants of her Master *Jove*.

ſe themſelves, alone, the *Pſylli* are,
their Gueſts extend their friendly Care.
where the *Roman* Camp is mark'd, around
ng they paſs, then Chanting, Charm the Ground,
hace the Serpents with the Myſtick Sound.
d the fartheſt Tents rich Fires they build,
ealthy Medicinal Odours yield;
foreign *Galbanum* diſſolving fries,
rackling Flames from humble *Wall-wort* riſe;
*Tamariſk*, which no green Leaf adorns,
ere the ſpicy *Syrian Coſtus* burns.
*Centory* ſupplies the wholeſom Flame,
rom *Theſſalian Chiron* takes its Name;
ummy *Larch-Tree*, and the *Thapſos* there,
*-wort* and *Maiden-weed*, perfume the Air.
the large Branches of the long-liv'd Hart,
*Southern-wood*, their Odours ſtrong impart.
lonſters of the Land, the Serpents fell,
away, and ſhun the hoſtile Smell.
ly thus they paſs the Nights away;
they chance to meet a Wound by Day,
*ſyllian* Artiſts ſtrait their Skill diſplay.

. 1560. *Foreign* Galbanum,] Foreign to *Africa*, as found in the Mountain *Amanus* in *Syria*.
. 1565. *That from* Theſſalian Chiron.] The Virtues Herb Centory were found out by the Centaur *Chi-*mous for his Skill in Phyſick, and took its Name im.

Then

Then ſtrives the *Leach* the Pow'r of Charms to ſhow,
And bravely combats with the deadly Foe:
With Spittle, firſt, he marks the Part around,
And keeps the Poiſon Pris'ner in the Wound;
Then ſudden he begins the Magick Song,
And rolls the Numbers haſty o'er his Tongue;
Swift he runs on; nor pauſes once for Breath,
To ſtop the Progreſs of approaching Death:
He fears the Cure might ſuffer, by Delay,
And Life be loſt, but for a Moment's Stay.
Thus oft, tho' deep within the Veins it lyes,
By Magick Numbers chac'd, the Miſchief flies:
But if it hear too ſlow, if ſtill it ſtay,
And ſcorn the Potent Charmer to obey;
With forceful Lips he faſtens on the Wound,
Drains out, and ſpits the Venom to the Ground.
Thus by long Uſe and oft Experience taught,
He knows from whence his Hurt the Patient got;
He proves the Part thro' which the Poiſon paſt,
And knows each various Serpent, by the Taſte.
The Warriors thus reliev'd, amidſt their Pains,
Held on their Paſſage thro' the Deſart Plains:
And now the ſilver Empreſs of the Night
Had loſt, and twice regain'd her borrow'd Light,

Ver. 1598. *Had loſt, and twice regain'd.*] That is, during the Space of two Months. The expreſs Time of

*to*, wandring o'er the wafteful Field,
all his Labours, ſhe beheld.
condens'd in Clods the Sands appear,
r a better Soil and Country near:
m afar thin Tufts of Trees ariſe,
ering Cottages delight their Eyes.
1 the Soldier once beheld again
ıg Lion ſhake his horrid Mane,
pes of better Lands his Soul poſſeſt!
ys he felt, to view the dreadful Beaſt!
laſt they reach'd, that neareſt lay,
ee from Storms, and the Sun's parching Ray,
they paſs'd the Wintry Year away.

larch is diverſly related by *Plutarch*, *Strabo*, and the firſt allowing but Seven Days for it, the ſeirty, and the laſt, as we ſee here, Two Months, of no great Conſequence, ſince they might fix the ıg of his Journey, and reckon his Departure, from Places.

1606. *The raging Lion.*] Some of the Commenta- n this Verſe,

*Qui primum ſævos contra vidêre Leones,*

ıat it refers to a Cuſtom which the Natives of this y had to hang up the Lions, which they had caught l, upon Croſſes, and that they were theſe crucified which *Cato*'s Soldiers were ſo glad to meet with: an ſee no Reaſon for ſuch a far-fetch'd Interpreta- he Meaning ſeems to me to be, that by meeting hoſe Beaſts, who uſually prey upon tame Cattle, ound they were come into or near an inhabited y.

1609. Leptis *at laſt.*] *Leptis parva*, now *Lempta hary*.

When

When fated with the Joys which Slaughters yi
Retiring *Cæſar* left *Emathia's* Fields,
His other Cares laid by, he fought it alone
To trace the Footſteps of his flying Son.
Led by the Guidance of reporting Fame,
Firſt to the *Thracian Helleſpont* he came.
Here young *Leander* periſh'd in the Flood,
And here the Tow'r of mournful *Hero* ſtood:
Here, with a narrow Stream, this flowing Tide,
*Europe*, from wealthy *Aſia*, does divide.
From hence the Curious Victor paſſing o'er,
Admiring, ſought the fam'd *Sigæan* Shore.
There might he Tombs of *Grecian* Chiefs beheld
Renown'd in Sacred Verſe by Bards of Old.
There the long Ruins of the Walls appear'd,
Once by great *Neptune*, and *Apollo*, rear'd:

Ver. 1617. *To the* Thracian Helleſpont.] *Cæſar* nually followed *Pompey* into *Aſia*, where he had an Intereſt.

Ver. 1623. Sigæan *Shore.*] A Promontory now Cape *Janiſari* in *Aſia Minor* on the *Archipelago*, gainſt the Iſland of *Tenedos*, near the Ruins of the *Troy*. Here were the Tombs of *Achilles* and *Patr*

*Rhœtion*, or *Rhœteum*, was a Town and Pron likewiſe thereabouts, where was the Tomb of *A* Son of *Telamon*.

Ver. 1626. *Ruins of the Walls.*] *Neptune* and agreed with *Laomedon*, King of *Troy*, to build Walls r City; which when they had perform'd, and the K fuſed to pay them according to Agreement, *Neptun*

e ſtood Old *Troy*, a venerable Name;
:ver Conſecrate to Deathleſs Fame.
r blaſted moſſy Trunks with Branches ſcar,
ıbles and Weeds, a loathſom Foreſt rear;
re once in Palaces of Regal State,
*Priam*, and the *Trojan* Princes, ſate.
re Temples once, on lofty Columns born,
:ſtick did the wealthy Town adorn,
ude, all waſte and deſolate is lay'd,
ev'n the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd.
: *Caſar* did each Story'd Place ſurvey,
: ſaw the Rock, where, *Neptune* to obey,
*one* was bound the Monſter's Prey.
:, in the Covert of a ſecret Grove,
bleſt *Anchiſes* claſp'd the Queen of Love:
e fair *Oenone* play'd, Here ſtood the Cave
ere *Paris* once the fatal Judgment gave;
e lovely *Ganymede* to Heav'n was born;
h Rock, and ev'ry Tree, recording Tales adorn.

ge ſent a Sea-Monſter amongſt his People; to appeaſe
om the *Trojans* were forced to expoſe their Daughters
e devour'd by him. Among the reſt, *Heſione*, the
g's Daughter, being tied to a Rock for this purpoſe,
s deliver'd by *Hercules*, who kill'd the Monſter.
ver. 1642. *Anchiſes*,] The Father of *Æneas*.
ver. 1643. *Oenone*,] The firſt Miſtreſs of *Paris*, while
was a Shepherd, and had not ſeen *Helen*. See *Ovid*'s
ſtles. The Story of *Ganymede*, and indeed moſt of
reſt here mention'd, are known Fables.

Here

Here all that does of *Xanthus'* Stream remain,
Creeps a ſmall Brook along the duſty Plain.
Whilſt careleſs and ſecurely on they paſs,
The *Phrygian* Guide forbids to preſs the Graſs;
This Place, he ſaid, for ever ſacred keep,
For here the ſacred Bones of *Hector* ſleep.
Then warns him to obſerve, where, rudely caſt,
Disjointed Stones lay broken and defac'd:
Here his laſt Fate, he cries, did *Priam* prove;
Here, on this Altar of *Hercean Jove.*
O Poeſie Divine! Oh ſacred Song!
To thee, bright Fame and Length of Days belong;
Thou, Goddeſs! Thou Eternity can'ſt give,
And bid ſecure the Mortal Heroe live.
Nor, *Caſar*, thou diſdain, that I rehearſe
Thee, and thy Wars, in no ignoble Verſe;
Since, if in ought the *Latian* Muſe excel,
My Name, and thine, Immortal I foretel;
Eternity our Labours ſhall reward,
And *Lucan* flouriſh, like the *Grecian* Bard;
My Numbers ſhall to lateſt Times convey
The Tyrant *Caſar*, and *Pharſalia's* Day.

Ver. 1656. *Hercean Jove.*] This Altar of *Jupiter Hercæus* or *Penetralis*, was conſecrated to that God as the Keeper of the Houſe and Family. He is call'd *Hercæus* from the Greek Word Ἕρκος, which ſignifies an Incloſure, and his Altar was placed accordingly near the Wall.

When

When long the Chief his wond'ring Eyes had caſt,
On ancient Monuments of Ages paſt;
Of living Turf an Altar ſtrait he made,
Then on the Fire rich Gums and Incenſe laid,
And thus, ſucceſsful in his Vows, he pray'd.
Ye Shades Divine! who keep this ſacred Place,
And thou, *Æneas*! Author of my Race,
Ye Pow'rs, whoe'er from burning *Troy* did come,
Domeſtick Gods of *Alba*, and of *Rome*,
Who ſtill preſerve your ruin'd Country's Name,
And on your Altars guard the *Phrygian* Flame:
And thou, bright Maid, who art to Men deny'd;
*Pallas*, who do'ſt thy ſacred Pledge confide
To *Rome*, and in her inmoſt Temple hide;
Hear, and auſpicious to my Vows incline;
To me, the greateſt of the *Julian* Line:
Proſper my future Ways; and lo! I vow
Your ancient State and Honours to beſtow;
*Auſonian* Hands ſhall *Phrygian* Walls reſtore,
And *Rome* repay, what *Troy* conferr'd before.

Ver. 1676. *Ye Pow'rs.*] This Invocation is addreſs'd to thoſe Gods whoſe Images *Æneas* brought with him from *Troy*, which were placed at *Alba* by his Son *Aſcanius*, and afterwards remov'd to *Rome*.

Ver. 1679. Phrygian *Flame.*] The Fire of *Veſta*.

Ver. 1681. *Thy ſacred Pledge.*] The *Palladium*.

Ver. 1687. Phrygian *Walls reſtore.*] I don't know whether *Lucan* does not hint in this Paſſage at the Deſign which

Nor frown diſdainful on the proffer'd Spoil,
Becauſe not dearly bought with Blood and Toil;
But think, oh think, what ſacred Ties were broke,
How Friendſhip pleaded, and how Nature ſpoke;
That *Pompey*, who reſtor'd *Auletes'* Crown,
The Father's antient Gueſt, was murder'd by the Son.
Then judge thy ſelf, or ask the World and Fame,
If Services, like theſe, deſerve a Name.
If Gods and Men the daring Deed abhor,
Think, for that Reaſon, *Ceſar* owes the more;
This Blood *for thee*, tho' not *by thee*, was ſpilt;
Thou haſt the Benefit, and we the Guilt.
He ſaid, and ſtrait the horrid Gift unveil'd,
And ſtedfaſt to the gazing Victor held.
Chang'd was the Face, deform'd with Death all o'er,
Pale, ghaſtly, wan, and ſtain'd with clotted Gore,
Unlike the *Pompey*, *Ceſar* knew before.
He, nor at firſt diſdain'd the fatal Boon,
Nor ſtarted from the dreadful Sight too ſoon.
Awhile his Eyes the murd'rous Scene endure,
Doubting they view; but ſhun it, when ſecure.
At length he ſtood convinc'd, the Deed was done;
He ſaw 'twas ſafe to mourn his lifeleſs Son:

Ver. 1734. *Auletes.*] The Sirname of young *Ptolemy's* Father.

And

And ſtrait the ready Tears, that ſtay'd 'till now,
Swift at Command with pious Semblance flow:
As if deteſting, from the Sight he turns,
And groaning, with a Heart triumphant mourns.
He fears his impious Thought ſhould be deſcry'd,
And ſeeks in Tears the ſwelling Joy to hide.
Thus the curſt *Pharian* Tyrant's Hopes were croſt,
Thus all the Merit of his Gift was loſt;
Thus for the Murder *Ceſar*'s Thanks were ſpar'd;
He choſe to mourn it, rather than reward.
He who, relentleſs, thro' *Pharſalia* rode,
And on the Senate's mangled Fathers trode;
He who, without one pitying Sigh beheld
The Blood and Slaughter of that woful Field;
Thee, murder'd *Pompey*, could not ruthleſs ſee,
But pay'd the Tribute of his Grief to thee.
Oh Myſtery of Fortune, and of Fate!
Oh ill conſorted Piety and Hate!
And can'ſt thou, *Ceſar*, then thy Tears afford,
To the dire Object of thy vengeful Sword?
Didſt thou, for this, devote his Hoſtile Head,
Purſue him Living, to bewail him Dead?
Cou'd not the gentle Ties of Kindred move?
Wert thou not touch'd with thy ſad [illegible]e?
And weep'ſt thou now? Doſt thou t[illegible] provide
To win the Friends of *Pompey* to thy Side?

Perhaps,

Perhaps, with ſecret Rage thou do'ſt repine,
That he ſhould dye by any Hand but thine:
Thence fall thy Tears, that *Ptolemy* has done
A Murder, due to *Ceſar*'s Hand alone.
What ſecret Springs foe'er theſe Currents know,
They ne'er, by Piety, were taught to flow.
Or didſt thou kindly, like a careful Friend,
Purſue him Flying, only to Defend?
Well was his Fate deny'd to thy Command!
Well was he ſnatch'd by Fortune from thy Hand!
Fortune with-held this Glory from thy Name,
Forbad thy Pow'r to Save, and ſpar'd the *Roman* Shame
Still he goes on to vent his Griefs aloud,
And artful, thus, deceives the eaſie Crowd.
Hence from my Sight, nor let me ſee thee more;
Haſte, to thy King his fatal Gift reſtore.
At *Ceſar* have you aim'd the deadly Blow,
And wounded *Ceſar* worſe than *Pompey* now;
The cruel Hands by which this Deed was done,
Have torn away the Wreaths my Sword had won,
That nobleſt Prize this Civil War cou'd give,
The Victor's Right to bid the Vanquiſh'd live.
Then tell your King, his Gift ſhould be repay'd;
I would h[illegible] *Cleopatra*'s Head;
But that he [illegible] behold her Dead.

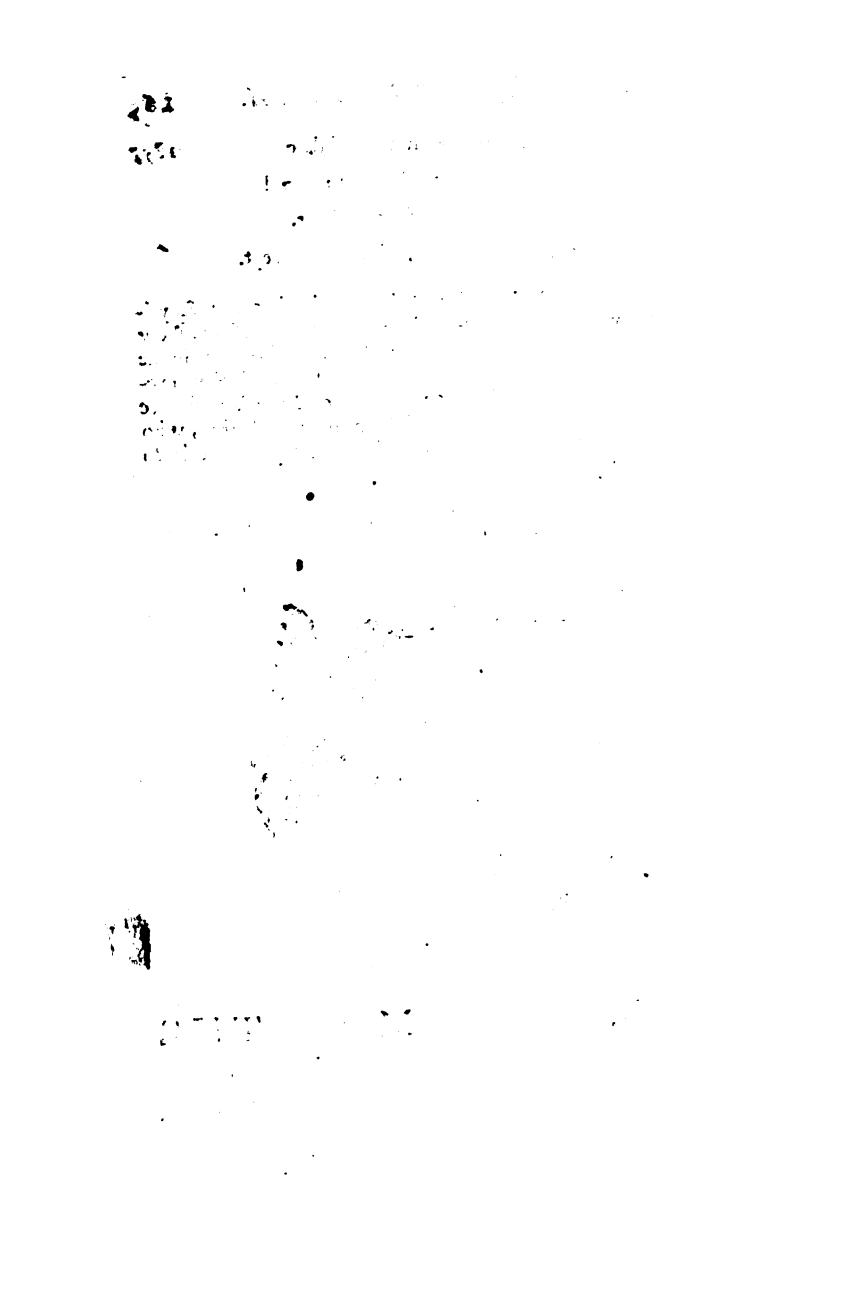
has he dar'd, this *Egypt*'s petty Lord,
in his Murders to the *Roman* Sword?
, for this, in heat of War, diſtain
nobleſt Blood *Emathia*'s purple Plain,
cence *Ptolemy*'s pernicious Reign?
with *Pompey* ſcorn the World to ſhare?
an I an *Egyptian* Partner bear?
in the warlike Trumpet's dreadful Sound
ous'd the Univerſe to Arms around;
was the Shock of Nations, if they own,
, any Pow'r on Earth but mine alone.
her to your Impious Shores I came,
is to aſſert, at once, my Power and Fame;
the pale Fury *Envy* ſhould have ſaid,
Crimes I damn'd not, or your Arms I fled.
think to fawn before me, and deceive;
ow the Welcome you prepare to give.
*alia*'s Field preſerves me from your Hate,
guards the Victor's Head from *Pompey*'s Fate.
t Ruin, Gods! attended on my Arms,
t Dangers unforeſeen! What waiting Harms!
*pey*, and *Rome*, and Exile, were my Fear;
yet a Fourth, See *Ptolemy* appear!
Boy-King's Vengeance loiters in the Rear.
we forgive his Youth, and bid him know
lon and Life's the moſt we can beſtow.

For

For you, the meaner Herd, with Rites divine,
And pious Cares, the Warrior's Head inſhrine:
Atone with Penitence the injur'd Shade,
And let his Aſhes in their Urn be laid;
Pleas'd, let his Ghoſt lamenting *Caſar* know,
And feel my Preſence here, ev'n in the Reamls below.
Oh, what a Day of Joy was loſt to *Rome*,
When hapleſs *Pompey* did to *Egypt* come!
When, to a Father and a Friend unjuſt,
He rather choſe the *Pharian* Boy to truſt.
The wretched World that Loſs of Peace ſhall rue,
Of Peace, which from our Friendſhip might enſue:
But thus the Gods their hard Decrees have made;
In vain, for Peace, and for Repoſe I pray'd;
In vain implor'd, that Wars and Rage might end,
That, Suppliant-like, I might to *Pompey* bend,
Beg him to Live, and once more be my Friend.
Then had my Labours met their juſt Reward,
And, *Pompey*, thou in all my Glories ſhar'd;
Then, Jars and Enmities all paſt and gone,
In Pleaſure had the peaceful Years roll'd on;
All ſhould forgive, to make the Joy compleat;
Thou ſhould'ſt thy harder Fate, and *Rome* my Wars for
Faſt falling ſtill the Tears, thus ſpoke the Chief,
But found no Partner in the ſpecious Grief.

Oh! Glorious Liberty! when all ſhall dare 1855
A Face, unlike their mighty Lord, to wear!
Each in his Breaſt the riſing Sorrow kept,
And thought it ſafe to laugh, tho' *Caſar* wept.

Ver. 1855. *Oh! glorious Liberty!*] This is a very Satyrical Irony. He means, that the Standers-by durſt not ſhew any Sign but that of Joy, ſince *Caſar*, tho' outwardly he ſeem'd to grieve, was in his Heart pleas'd with that execrable Action. But this is an Inſtance of *Lucan*'s Prejudice againſt *Caſar*; a Fault of which I am ſorry an Author, who ſeems to have been a Lover of his Country, ſhould be ſo often guilty.



# THE TENTH BOOK OF *LUCAN's PHARSALIA.*

# The ARGUMENT.

*Cæſar, upon his Arrival in Ægypt, finds* Ptolemy *engag'd in a Quarrel with his Siſter* Cleopatra, *whom, at the Inſtigation of* Photinus, *and other evil Counſellors, he had depriv'd of her Share in the Kingdom, and impriſon'd: She by means to Eſcape, comes privately to Cæſar, and puts herſelf under his Protection. Cæſar interpoſes in the Quarrel, and reconciles them. They in return entertain him with great Magnificence and Luxury at the Royal Palace in* Alexandria. *At this Feaſt Cæſar, who at his firſt Arrival had viſited the Tomb of* Alexander *the Great, and whatever elſe was Curious in that City, enquires of the Chief Prieſt* Achoreus, *and is by him inform'd of the Courſe of the* Nile, *its ſtated Increaſe and Decreaſe, with the ſeveral Cauſes that had been till that time aſſign'd for it. In the mean time* Photinus *writes privately to* Achillas, *to draw the Army to* Alexandria, *and ſurprize* Cæſar; *this he immediately performs, and beſieges the Palace. But* Cæſar, *having ſet the City and many of the* Ægyptian *Ships on fire, eſcapes to the Iſland and Tower of* Pharos, *carrying the young King and* Photinus, *whom he ſtill kept in his Power, with him; there having diſcover'd the Treachery of* Photinus, *he puts him to Death. At the ſame time* Arſinoë, Ptolemy's *youngeſt Siſter, having by the Advice of her Tutor, the Eunuch* Ganymedes, *aſſum'd the Regal Authority, orders* Achillas *to be kill'd likewiſe, and renews the War againſt* Cæſar. *Upon the Mole between* Pharos *and* Alexandria *he is encompaſs'd by the Enemy, and very near being ſlain, but at length breaks thro', leaps into the Sea, and with his uſual Courage and good Fortune ſwims, in Safety to his own Fleet.*

# LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

## BOOK X.

SOON as the Victor reach'd the guilty Shore,
Yet red with Stains of murder'd *Pompey*'s Gore,
New Toils his still prevailing Fortune met
By impious *Ægypt*'s Genius hard beset.
The Strife was now, if this detested Land
Shou'd own Imperial *Rome*'s Supreme Command,
Or *Cæsar* bleed beneath some *Pharian* Hand.
But thou, oh *Pompey*! thy Diviner Shade
Came timely to this cruel Father's Aid;
Thy Influence the deadly Sword withstood,
Nor suffer'd *Nile*, again, to blush with *Roman* Blood.

Safe in the Pledge of *Pompey*, ſlain ſo late,
Proud *Caſar* enters *Alexandria*'s Gate:
Enſigns on high the long Proceſſion lead;
The Warrior and his armed Train ſucceed.
Meanwhile, loud-murmuring, the moody Throng
Behold his *Faſces* born in State along:
Of Innovations fiercely they complain,
And ſcornfully reject the *Roman* Reign.
Soon ſaw the Chief th' untoward Bent they take,
And found that *Pompey* fell not for his ſake.
Wiſely, howe'er, he hid his ſecret Fear,
And held his Way, with well-diſſembled Chear.
Careleſs, he runs their Gods and Temples o'er,
The Monuments of *Macedonian* Pow'r;
But neither God, nor Shrine, nor myſtick Rite,
Their City, nor her Walls, his Soul delight:
Their Caves beneath his Fancy chiefly led,
To ſearch the gloomy Manſions of the Dead:
Thither with ſecret Pleaſure he deſcends,
And to the Guide's recording Tale attends.
There the vain Youth who made the World his Pi
That proſp'rous Robber, *Alexander*, lyes.

Ver. 25. Macedonian *Power*.] *Alexandria* was bui *Alexander* the Great.

Ver. 28. *Their Caves beneath*.] The *Ægyptians* emb ing their Dead, and burying them in theſe large Cav great Numbers together, is very well known. The what are now called *Catacombs*, and are ſo frequently ted by Travellers.

V

When pitying Death, at length, had freed Mankind,
To ſacred Reſt his Bones were here conſign'd:
His Bones, that better had been toſs'd and hurl'd,
With juſt Contempt, around the injur'd World.
But Fortune ſpar'd the Dead; and partial Fate,
For Ages, fix'd his *Pharian* Empire's Date.
If e'er our long-loſt Liberty return,
That Carcaſs is reſerv'd for publick Scorn:
Now, it remains a Monument conſeſt,
How one proud Man cou'd lord it o'er the reſt.
To *Macedon*, a Corner of the Earth,
The vaſt ambitious Spoiler ow'd his Birth:
There, ſoon, he ſcorn'd his Father's humbler Reign,
And view'd his vanquiſh'd *Athens* with Diſdain.
Driv'n headlong on, by Fate's reſiſtleſs Force,
Thro' *Aſia*'s Realms he took his dreadful Courſe:
His ruthleſs Sword lay'd Human Nature waſte,
And Deſolation follow'd where he paſs'd.
Red *Ganges* bluſh'd, and fam'd *Euphrates*' Flood,
With *Perſian* this, and that with *Indian* Blood.
Such is the Bolt which angry *Jove* employs,
When, undiſtinguiſhing, his Wrath deſtroys:

Ver. 39. *For Ages fix'd.*] From the firſt *Ptolemy* who ſucceeded *Alexander*, to this worthleſs Prince, who murder'd *Pompey*, about 280 Years.

Ver. 47. *Vanquiſh'd Athens.*] Not only *Athens*, but a good Part of *Greece* had been ſubdued by his Father *Philip*, partly by Force, and partly by Fraud.

Such, to Mankind, portentous Meteors riſe,
Trouble the gazing Earth, and blaſt the Skies.
Nor Flame, nor Flood, his reſtleſs Rage withſtand,
Nor *Syrts* unfaithful, nor the *Libyan* Sand:
O'er Waves unknown he meditates his Way,
And ſeeks the boundleſs Empire of the Sea;
Ev'n to the utmoſt Weſt he wou'd have gone,
Where *Tethys'* Lap receives the ſetting Sun;
Around each Pole his Circuit wou'd have made,
And drunk from ſecret *Nile*'s remoteſt Head.
When Nature's Hand his wild Ambition ſtay'd.
With him, that Pow'r his Pride had lov'd ſo well,
His monſtrous Univerſal Empire, fell:
No Heir, no juſt Succeſſor left behind,
Eternal Wars he to his Friends aſſign'd,
To tear the World, and ſcramble for Mankind.
Yet ſtill he dy'd the Maſter of his Fame,
And *Parthia* to the laſt rever'd his Name;
The haughty Eaſt from *Greece* receiv'd her Doom,
With lower Homage than ſhe pays to *Rome*.
Tho' from the frozen Pole our Empire run,
Far as the Journeys of the Southern Sun;

Ver. 61. *Empire of the Sun.*] In this he hints at *Alexander*'s Deſign of diſcovering the *Indian* Ocean, mention'd by *Q. Curtius*.

Ver. 72. *Maſter of his Fame.*] *Alexander* died in Poſſeſſion of the Empire he had acquir'd, and *Parthia*, with the reſt of the Eaſt, acknowledged his Power.

In

In Triumph tho' our conqu'ring Eagles fly,
Where-e'er ſoft *Zephyrs* fan the Weſtern Sky;
Still to the haughty *Parthian* muſt we yield,
And mourn the Loſs of *Carræ*'s dreadful Field:
Still ſhall the Race untam'd their Pride avow,
And lift thoſe Heads aloft which *Pella* taught to bow.
From *Caſium* now the beardleſs Monarch came,
To quench the kindling *Alexandrian*'s Flame.
Th' unwarlike Rabble ſoon the Tumult ceaſe,
And he, their King, remains the Pledge of Peace;
When veil'd in Secreſie, and dark Diſguiſe,
To mighty *Cæſar*, *Cleopatra* flies.
Won by perſuaſive Gold, and rich Reward,
Her Keeper's Hand her Priſon Gates unbarr'd,
And a light Galley for her Flight prepar'd.
Oh fatal Form! thy Native *Egypt*'s Shame!
Thou lewd Perdition of the *Latian* Name!
How wert thou doom'd our Furies to increaſe,
And be what *Helen* was to *Troy* and *Greece*!

Ver. 83. *Pella,*] A City in *Macedon* where *Alexander* was born, from whence he is often call'd *Pellæan.*

Ver. 87. *Their King remains the Pledge of Peace.*] *Cæſar* had good Reaſon to doubt the Deſigns of the *Alexandrians*, and therefore kept their King within his Power.

Ver. 88. *When veil'd in Secrecy.*] *Cleopatra* having brib'd thoſe Guards who had the Cuſtody of her Perſon, was brought by *Apollodorus*, her Tutor, wrapt up in a kind of Quilt or Flock-Bed by Night to *Cæſar.*

When with an Hoſt, from vile *Canopus* led,
Thy Vengeance aim'd at great *Auguſtus'* Head;
When thy ſhrill Timbrels Sound was heard from far,
And *Rome* her ſelf ſhook at the coming War;
When doubtful Fortune, near *Leucadia's* Strand,
Suſpended long the World's ſupreme Command,
And almoſt gave it to a Woman's Hand.
Such daring Courage ſwells her wanton Heart,
While *Roman* Lovers *Roman* Fires impart:
Glowing alike with Greatneſs and Delight,
She roſe ſtill bolder from each guilty Night.
Then blame we hapleſs *Anthony* no more,
Loſt and undone by fatal Beauty's Pow'r;
If *Caſar*, long inur'd to Rage and Arms,
Submits his ſtubborn Heart to thoſe ſoft Charms;
If reeking from *Emathia's* dreadful Plain,
And horrid with the Blood of thouſands ſlain,
He ſinks laſcivious in a lewd Embrace,
While *Pompey's* ghaſtly Spectre haunts the Place.
If *Julia's* chaſteſt Name he can forget,
And raiſe her, Brethren of a Baſtard Set;

Ver. 97. *When with an Hoſt.*] When ſhe join'd with *M. Antony* againſt *Auguſtus*. The Loves of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, the Battel of *Actium*, and the Conſequences of it, are too well known to need any Explanation.

*Canopus* is a City of *Ægypt*, now called *Bochir*, with a Port at the Mouth of the Weſt Arm of the *Nile* upon the *Mediterranean*. In this Place it is taken for *Ægypt* it ſelf.

If

If indolently he permits, from far,
Bold *Cato* to revive the fainting War;
If he can give away the Fruits of Blood,
And fight to make a Strumpet's Title good.
To him, diſdaining or to feign a Tear,
Or ſpread her artfully diſhevell'd Hair,
In comely Sorrow's decent Garb array'd,
And truſting to her Beauty's certain Aid,
In Words like theſe began the *Pharian* Maid.
If Royal Birth and the *Lagean* Name,
Thy fav'ring Pity, greateſt *Caeſar*, claim,
Redreſs my Wrongs, thus humbly I implore,
And to her State an injur'd Queen reſtore.
Here ſhed thy juſter Influence, and riſe
A Star auſpicious to *Ægyptian* Skies.
Nor is it ſtrange for *Pharos* to behold
A Woman's Temples bound with Regal Gold:
No Laws our ſofter Sex's Pow'rs reſtrain,
But undiſtinguiſh'd equally we Reign.
Vouchſafe my Royal Father's Will to read,
And learn what dying *Ptolemy* decreed:

Ver. 119. *Bold* Cato *to revive.*] While *Caeſar* was in *Ægypt*, *Cato* and *Scipio* were drawing together the Remains of *Pompey*'s Forces, and forming a new Army in *Africa*.

Ver. 122. *Diſdaining or to feign.*] *Cleopatra* was ſo ſecure of the Power of her Beauty, that ſhe took no Pains to ſet off her Addreſs, or appear more ſorrowful than ſhe really was.

My juſt Pretenſions ſtand recorded there,
My Brother's Empire and his Bed to ſhare.
Nor wou'd the gentle Boy his Love refuſe,
Did curs'd *Pothinus* leave him free to chuſe;
But now in Vaſſalage he holds his Crown,
And acts by Pow'r and Paſſions not his own.
Nor is my Soul on Empire fondly ſet,
But cou'd with Eaſe my Royal Rights forget:
So thou the Throne from vile Diſhonour ſave,
Reſtore the Maſter, and depoſe the Slave.
What Scorn, what Pride his haughty Boſom ſwell,
Since, at his bidding, *Roman Pompey* fell!
(E'en now, which oh! ye righteous Gods avert,
His Sword is levell'd at thy noble Heart)
Thou and Mankind are wrong'd, when he ſhall dare,
Or in thy Prize, or in thy Crime to ſhare.
In vain her Words the Warrior's Ears aſſail'd,
Had not her Face beyond her Tongue prevail'd;
From thence reſiſtleſs Eloquence ſhe draws,
And with the ſweet Perſuaſion gains her Cauſe.
His ſtubborn Heart diſſolves in looſe Delight,
And grants her Suit, for one laſcivious Night.
*Ægypt* and *Cæſar*, now, in Peace agreed,
Riot and Feaſting to the War ſucceed:

Ver. 161. *Ægypt and Cæſar.*] *Cæſar* had, to all outward Appearance, reconcil'd *Ptolmy* and his Siſter.

The

The wanton Queen displays her wealthy Store,
Excess unknown to frugal *Rome* before.
Rich, as some Fane by lavish Zealots rear'd,
For the proud Banquet, stood the Hall prepar'd:
Thick golden Plates the latent Beams infold,
And the high Roof was fretted o'er with Gold:
Of solid Marble all, the Walls were made,
And Onyx ev'n the meaner Floor inlay'd;
While Porphyry and Agat, round the Court,
In massy Columns, rose a proud Support.
Of solid Ebony each Post was wrought,
From swarthy *Meroë* profusely brought:
With Iv'ry was the Entrance crusted o'er,
And polish'd Tortoise hid each shining Door;
While on the cloudy Spots enchas'd was seen
The lively Em'ralds never-fading Green.
Within, the Royal Beds and Couches stone,
Beamy and bright with many a costly Stone,
In glowing Purple rich the Cov'rings lye;
Twice had they drank the nobleſt *Tyrian* Dye:

Ver. 173. *Of solid Ebony.*] The Wood-work used only to be cover'd over with thin Pieces of Ebony: Here it was entirely made of that costly Tree.

Ver. 174. *From swarthy* Meroë.] An Island form'd by the *Nile* in *Æthiopia*, from whence Ebony was brought. Some Editions read *Ebenus Maroutica* in this Place, but erroneously, for there is no Ebony grows near *Maroutis* in *Egypt*.

Others

Some wait in yellow Rings of golden Hair,
The vanquiſh'd *Rhine* ſhew'd *Caſar* none ſo fair:
Others were ſeen with ſwarthy Woolly Heads,
Black as eternal Night's unchanging Shades.
Here ſqualing Eunuchs, a diſmember'd Train,
Lament the Loſs of genial Joys in vain:
There Nature's nobleſt Work, a youthful Band,
In the full Pride of blooming Manhood ſtand.
All duteous on the *Pharian* Princes wait,
The Princes round the Board recline in State,
With mighty *Caſar*, more than Princes great.
On Iv'ry Feet the Citron Board was wrought,
Richer than thoſe with Captive *Juba* brought.
With ev'ry Wile Ambitious Beauty tries
To fix the daring *Roman's* Heart her Prize.

Her Brother's meaner Bed and Crown ſhe ſcorns,
And with fierce Hopes for nobler Empire burns;
Collects the Miſchiefs of her wanton Eyes,
And her faint Cheeks with deeper Roſes dies;
Amidſt the Braidings of her flowing Hair,
The Spoils of orient Rocks and Shells appear;
Like midnight Stars, ten thouſand Diamonds deck
The comely Riſing of her graceful Neck:
Of wondrous Work, a thin tranſparent Lawn
O'er each ſoft Breaſt in Decency was drawn;
Where ſtill by turns the parting Threads withdrew,
And all the panting Boſom roſe to view.
Her Robe, her ev'ry Part, her Air, confeſs
The Pow'r of Female Skill exhauſted in her Dreſs.
Fantaſtick Madneſs of unthinking Pride,
To boaſt that Wealth, which Prudence ſtrives to hide!
In Civil Wars ſuch Treaſures to diſplay,
And tempt a Soldier with the Hopes of Prey!
Had *Caſar* not been *Caſar*, impious, bold,
And ready to lay waſte the World for Gold,
But juſt as all our frugal Names of old;
This Wealth cou'd *Curius* or *Fabricius* know,
Or ruder *Cincinnatus* from the Plow.

Ver. 226. *Ruder* Cincinnatus.] *Quinctius Cincinnatus* was ſaluted Dictator as he was following the Plow in his own Field.

As *Cæsar*, they had seiz'd the mighty Spoil,
And to inrich their *Tiber* robb'd the *Nile*.
Now, by a Train of Slaves, the various Feast
In massy Gold magnificent was plac'd:
Whatever Earth, or Air, or Seas afford,
In vast Profusion crowns the lab'ring Board.
For Dainties, *Egypt* ev'ry Land explores,
Nor spares those very Gods her Zeal adores.
The *Nile's* sweet Wave capacious Crystals pour,
And Gems of Price the Grapes delicious Store.
No Growth of *Marcotis'* marshy Fields,
But such as *Mareï* maturer yields;
Where the warm Sun the racy Juice refines,
And mellows into Age the Infant Wines.
With Wreaths of *Nard* the Guests their Temples bind,
And blooming Roses of immortal Kind;
Their dropping Locks with Oily Odours flow,
Recent from near *Arabia*, where they grow:

Ver. 234. *Nor spares those very Gods.*] The *Egyptians* worshipp'd not only several Sorts of Beasts and Birds, but even Plants, as Leeks and Onyons.

Ver. 236. *And Gems of Price.*] Drinking Vessels made of Precious Stones. The *Spanish* Translator renders *Gemmea Capaces* in this Place *Perlas*, Pearls; but that is stretching the *Egyptian* Magnificence a little too far.

Ver. 241. *Nard.*] *Nardum* is an odoriferous Shrub bearing Leaves, and a kind of Ear call'd *Spica Nardi*. Hence comes our Word *Spikenard*.

Ver. 242. *Roses of immortal.*] Roses that were in Bloom all the Year.

The

The vig'rous Spices breathe their ſtrong Perfume,
And the rich Vapour fills the ſpacious Room.
Here *Cæſar*, *Pompey*'s Poverty diſdain'd,
And learn'd to waſte that World his Arms had gain'd.
He ſaw th' *Egyptian* Wealth with greedy Eyes,
And wiſh'd ſome fair Pretence to ſeize the Prize.
Sated at length with the prodigious Feaſt,
Their weary Appetites from Riot ceas'd;
When *Cæſar*, curious of ſome new Delight,
In Converſation ſought to wear the Night.
Then gently thus addreſt the good old Prieſt,
Reclining decent in his Linnen Veſt.
O wiſe *Achoreus*! venerable Seer!
Whoſe Age beſpeaks thee Heav'n's peculiar Care,
Say from what Origin thy Nation ſprung,
What Boundaries to *Egypt*'s Land belong?
What are thy Peoples Cuſtoms, and their Modes,
What Rites they teach, what Forms they give their Gods?
Each antient ſacred Myſtery explain,
Which monumental Sculptures yet retain.
Divinity diſdains to be confin'd,
Fain wou'd be known, and rev'renc'd by Mankind.
'Tis ſaid, thy holy Predeceſſors thought
*Cecropian Plato* worthy to be taught:

Ver. 264. *Monumental Sculptures.*] Hieroglyphicks carv'd upon Pillars.

Ver. 268. *Cecropian.*] *Athenian*, from *Cecrops* King of *Athens*.

Plato.

And ſure the Sages of your Schools have known
No Soul more form'd for Science than my own.
Fame of my Potent Rival's Flight, 'tis true,
To this your *Phœnian* Shore my Journey drew;
Yet know, the Love of Learning led me too.
In all the Hurries of tumultuous War,
The Stars, the Gods, and Heav'n were ſtill my Care.
Nor ſhall my Skill to fix the rowling Year
Inferior to *Eudoxus'* Art appear.
Long has my curious Soul, from early Youth,
Toil'd in the noble Search of ſacred Truth:
Yet ſtill no Views have urg'd my Ardor more,
Than *Nile's* remoteſt Fountain to explore.
Then ſay what Source the famous Stream ſupplies,
And bids it at revolving Periods riſe;
Shew me that Head from whence, ſince Time begun,
The long Succeſſion of his Waves has run;
This let me know, and all my Toils ſhall ceaſe,
The Sword be ſheath'd, and Earth be bleſt with Peace.

*Plato.*] This Philoſopher was, according to *Strabo*, a conſiderable time in *Ægypt*, where he was inſtructed by the Prieſts in their moſt ſacred Myſteries.

Ver. 276. *Nor ſhall my Skill.*] *Cæſar's* Reſtitution of the Calendar, which we now call the *Julian* Period, is well known.

Ver. 277. *Eudoxus,*] A Mathematician of *Cnidos* in *Caria*. He was the firſt who regulated the Year according to the Revolutions of the Moon in *Greece*. He had been with *Plato* in *Ægypt*.

The

The Warrior ſpoke; and thus the Seer reply'd:
Nor ſhalt thou, mighty *Ceſar*, be deny'd.
Our Sires forbad all, but themſelves, to know,
And kept with Care profaner Laymen low:
My Soul, I own, more gen'rouſly inclin'd,
Wou'd let in Daylight to inform the Blind.
Nor would I Truth in Myſteries reſtrain,
But make the Gods, their Pow'r, and Precepts, plain;
Wou'd teach their Miracles, wou'd ſpread their Praiſe,
And well-taught Minds to juſt Devotion raiſe.
Know then, to all thoſe Stars, by Nature driv'n
In Oppoſition to revolving Heav'n,
Some one peculiar Influence was giv'n.
The Sun the Seaſons of the Year ſupplies,
And bids the Ev'ning and the Morning riſe;
Commands the Planets with ſuperior Force,
And keeps each wand'ring Light to his appointed Courſe.
The ſilver Moon o'er briny Seas preſides,
And heaves huge Ocean with alternate Tides.

Ver. 298. *To all thoſe Stars.*] The Planets, which according to the Aſtronomy of the *Romans* at that Time, were carried round in every 24 Hours by the Eighth Sphere, or *Primum Mobile*.

Ver. 304. *And keeps each wand'ring Light.*] That is, drives them back, and makes 'em become Retrograde when they come to their neareſt Diſtance to the Sun. The other Offices which he gives to the reſt of the Planets, were according to their Aſtronomy at that Time.

*Saturn's*

*Saturn*'s cold Rays in Icy Climes prevail;
*Mars* rules the Winds, the Storm, and rattling Hail:
Where *Jove* aſcends, the Skies are ſtill ſerene;
And fruitful *Venus* is the genial Queen:
While ev'ry limpid Spring, and falling Stream,
Submits to radiant *Hermes*' reigning Beam.
When in the *Crab* the humid Ruler ſhines,
And to the ſultry *Lion* near inclines,
There fix'd immediate o'er *Nile*'s latent Source,
He ſtrikes the watry Stores with ponderous Force;
Nor can the Flood bright *Maia*'s Son withſtand,
But heaves, like Ocean at the Moon's Command;
His Waves aſcend, obedient as the Seas,
And reach their deſtin'd Height by juſt Degrees.
Nor to its Bank returns th' Enormous Tide,
Till *Libra*'s equal Scales the Days and Nights divide.
Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd,
In Dreams of *Ethiopian* Snows believ'd:
From Hills they taught, how melting Currents run,
When the firſt ſwelling of the Flood began.

Ver. 313. *When in the Crab,*] Upon this Occaſion *Lucan* enumerates the ſeveral different Opinions that were then held concerning the Increaſe and Decreaſe of the *Nile*.

The firſt he gives is the Preſſure of the Planet *Mercury* upon the Fountains of *Nile*, which he ſuppoſes to lye under the Sign of *Cancer*. The Fact is, that the River begins to ſwell after *Midſummer*, comes to its Height in *Auguſt*, and falls again about the Autumnal Equinox in *September*.

But

But ah how vain the Thought! No *Boreas* there
In icy Bonds conſtrains the wintry Year,
But ſultry Southern Winds eternal reign,
And ſcorching Suns the ſwarthy Natives ſtain.
Yet more, whatever Flood the Froſt congeals,
Melts as the genial Spring's Return he feels;
While *Nile*'s redundant Waters never riſe,
'Till the hot *Dog* inflames the Summer Skies;
Nor to his Banks his ſhrinking Stream confines,
'Till high in Heav'n th' Autumnal Ballance ſhines.
Unlike his watry Brethren he preſides,
And by new Laws his liquid Empire guides.
From dropping Seaſons no Increaſe he knows,
Nor feels the fleecy Show'rs of melting Snows.
His River ſwells not idly, e'er the Land
The timely Office of his Waves demand;
But knows his Lot, by Providence aſſign'd,
To cool the Seaſon, and refreſh Mankind.
When-e'er the *Lion* ſheds his Fires around,
And *Cancer* burns *Syene*'s parching Ground;
Then, at the Pray'r of Nations, comes the *Nile*,
And kindly tempers up the mouldring Soil.
Nor from the Plains the cov'ring God retreats,
'Till the rude Fervour of the Skies abates;

Ver. 334. *'Till the hot Dog.*] In *July.*
Ver. 346. *Syene's.*] See Notes on *Book* 2. *Ver.* 903.

'Till

'Till *Phœbus* into milder Autumn fades,
And *Meroë* projects her length'ning Shades.
Nor let inquiring Scepticks ask the Cauſe,
'Tis *Jove's* Command, and theſe are Nature's Laws.
Others of old, as vainly too, have thought
By Weſtern Winds the ſpreading Deluge brought;
While at fix'd Times, for many a Day, they laſt,
Poſſeſs the Skies, and drive a conſtant Blaſt:
Collected Clouds united *Zephyrs* bring,
And ſhed huge Rains from many a dropping Wing,
To heave the Flood, and ſwell th' abounding Spring.
Or when the airy Brethren's ſtedfaſt Force
Reſiſts the ruſhing Current's downward Courſe,
Backward he rolls indignant, to his Head:
While o'er the Plains his heapy Waves are ſpread.
Some have believ'd, that ſpacious Channels go
Thro' the dark Entrails of the Earth below;
Thro' theſe, by turns, revolving Rivers paſs,
And ſecretly perſuade the mighty Maſs;

Ver. 352. Meroë *projects.*] When the Sun is no longer Vertical over *Meroë*.

Ver. 355. *Others of old.*] This Opinion attributes the Cauſe to the Weſtern Winds two Ways; either by their blowing conſtantly againſt the Stream for many Days together, and keeping it from running into the Sea as uſual; or elſe by bringing a great Quantity of Rain from other Parts of the World towards the Source of the *Nile*, and ſo cauſing it to overflow.

Thro'

Thro' theſe the Sun, when from the North he flies,
And cuts the glowing *Æthiopick* Skies,
From diſtant Streams attracts their Liquid Stores,
And thro' *Nile*'s Spring th' aſſembled Waters pours:
'Till *Nile*, o'er-burthen'd, diſembogues the Load,
And ſpews the foamy Deluge all abroad.

Sages there have been too, who long maintain'd,
That Ocean's Waves thro' porous Earth are drain'd;
'Tis thence their Saltneſs they no longer keep,
By ſlow degrees ſtill freſhning as they creep:
'Till, at a Period, *Nile* receives 'em all,
And pours 'em looſly ſpreading, as they fall.

The Stars, and Sun himſelf, as ſome have ſaid,
By Exhalations from the Deep are fed;
And when the golden Ruler of the Day
Thro' *Cancer*'s fiery Sign purſues his Way,
His Beams attract too largely from the Sea;
The Refuſe of his Draughts the Nights return,
And more than fill the *Nile*'s capacious Urn.

Were I the Dictates of my Soul to tell,
And ſpeak the Reaſons of the wat'ry Swell,
To Providence the Taſk I ſhould aſſign,
And find the Cauſe in Workmanſhip Divine.
Leſs Streams we trace, unerring, to their Birth,
And know the Parent Earth which brought 'em forth:

While

While this, as early as the World began,
Ran thus, and muſt continue thus to run;
And ſtill, unfathom'd by our Search, ſtill own
No Cauſe, but *Jove's* commanding Will alone.
Nor, *Caſar*, is thy Search of Knowledge ſtrange;
Well may thy boundleſs Soul deſire to Range,
Well may ſhe ſtrive *Nile's* Fountain to explore;
Since mighty Kings have fought the ſame before;
Each for the firſt Diſcov'rer wou'd be known,
And hand, to future Times, the Secret down;
But ſtill their Pow'rs were exercis'd in vain,
While latent Nature mock'd their fruitleſs Pain.
*Philip's* great Son, whom *Memphis* ſtill records,
The Chief of her Illuſtrious ſceptre'd Lords,
Sent, of his own, a choſen Number forth,
To trace the wondrous Stream's myſterious Birth.
Thro' *Æthiopia's* Plains they journey'd on,
'Till the hot Sun oppos'd the burning Zone:
There, by the God's reſiſtleſs Beams repell'd,
An unbeginning Stream they ſtill beheld.
Fierce came *Seſoſtris* from the Eaſtern Dawn,
On his proud Car by Captive Monarchs drawn;

Ver. 415. *Fierce came* Seſoſtris.] This Prince is ſaid by *Tzetzes*, and other ancient Hiſtorians, to have been King of *Aſſyria*, as well as *Ægypt*. He had his Chariot drawn by

His lawleſs Will, impatient of a Bound,
Commanded *Nile*'s hid Fountain to be found:
But ſooner much the Tyrant might have known
Thy fam'd *Heſperian Po*, or *Gallick Rhone*.
*Cambyſes* too, his daring *Perſians* led,
Where hoary Age makes white the *Ethiop*'s Head;
'Till ſore diſtreſs'd and deſtitute of Food,
He ſtain'd his hungry Jaws with human Blood;
'Till half his Hoſt the other half devour'd,
And left the *Nile* behind 'em unexplor'd.
Of thy forbidden Head, Thou ſacred Stream,
Nor Fiction dares to ſpeak, nor Poets dream.
Thro' various Nations roll thy Waters down,
By many ſeen, tho' ſtill by all unknown;
No Land preſumes to claim thee for her own.
For me, my humble Tale no more ſhall tell,
Than what our juſt Records demonſtrate well;

by Kings whom he had conquer'd. He likewiſe ſent to diſcover the Head of *Nile*, but in vain.

Ver. 420. *Thy fam'd.*] Speaking to *Caſar*.

Ver. 421. *Cambyſes*] The Story of his Conqueſt of *Ægypt*, his Invaſion of *Ethiopia*, and the Miſeries that he and his Army underwent in that Expedition, by Famine, may be found at large in *Herodotus*. The *Ethiopians*, into whoſe Country he penetrated, were call'd Μακρόβιοι, or long-liv'd.

Than God, who bad thee thus myſterious flow,
Permits the narrow Mind of Man to know,
Far in the South the daring Waters riſe,
As in Diſdain of *Cancer*'s burning Skies;
Thence, with a downward Courſe, they ſeek the Main,
Direct againſt the laſie Northern Wain;
Unleſs when, partially, thy winding Tide
Turns to the *Libyan* or *Arabian* Side.
The diſtant *Seres* firſt behold thee flow;
Nor yet thy Spring the diſtant *Seres* know.
'Midſt ſooty *Ethiops*, next, thy Current roams;
The ſooty *Ethiops* wonder whence it comes:
Nature conceals thy infant Stream with Care,
Nor lets thee, but in Majeſty, appear.
Upon thy Banks aſtoniſh'd Nations ſtand,
Nor dare aſſign thy Riſe, to one peculiar Land.
Exempt from vulgar Laws thy Waters run,
Nor take their various Seaſons from the Sun:
Tho' high in Heav'n the fiery Solſtice ſtand,
Obedient Winter comes, at thy Command.

Ver. 436. *Far in the South.*] After giving the Reaſons that were then aſſign'd for the Swell of the *Nile*, the Poet goes on to give an Account of its Courſe, as far as was then known. The *Seres*, whom he mentions as the fartheſt People from whence this River can be traced, may be ſuppoſed to have been a Nation of *Ethiopia* Inferior, tho' I do not find them in *Cellarius*.

From

From Pole to Pole thy boundleſs Waves extend;
One never knows thy Riſe, nor one thy End.
By *Meroë* thy Stream divided roves,
And winds encircling round her Ebon Groves;
Of ſable Hue the coſtly Timbers ſtand,
Dark as the ſwarthy Natives of the Land:
Yet, tho' tall Woods in wide abundance ſpread,
Their leafy Tops afford no friendly Shade;
So vertically ſhine the ſolar Rays,
And from the *Lyon* dart the downward Blaze.
From thence, thro' Deſarts dry, thou journey'ſt on,
Nor ſhrink'ſt, diminiſh'd by the torrid Zone,
Strong in thy ſelf, collected, full, and one.
Anon, thy Streams are parcell'd o'er the Plain,
Anon the ſcatter'd Currents meet again;
Jointly they flow, where *Philæ*'s Gates divide
Our fertile *Egypt* from *Arabia*'s Side;

Ver. 455. *One never knows.*] That is, the Northern Part of the World knows not from whence it comes, nor the Southern whither it goes.

Ver. 469. *Where* Philæ's *Gates.*] The Original is thus,

*Quæ dirimunt, Arabum populis, Ægyptia rura*
*Regni claustra Philæ.*

And I have tranſlated it literally: Tho' *Philæ*, which is an Iſland in the *Nile*, and at a good Diſtance from the *Red-Sea*,

Thence, with a peaceful, ſoft Deſcent, they creep,
And ſeek, inſenſibly, the Diſtant deep;
'Till thro' ſev'n Mouths the famous Flood is loſt;
On the laſt Limits of our *Pharian* Coaſt;
Where *Gaza*'s Iſthmus riſes, to reſtrain
The *Erythræan* from the Midland Main.
Who that beholds thee, *Nile!* thus gently flow,
With ſcarce a Wrinkle on thy glaſſy Brow,
Can gueſs thy Rage, when Rocks reſiſt thy Force,
And hurl thee headlong in thy downward Courſe;
When ſpouting Cataracts thy Torrent pour,
And Nations tremble at the deaf'ning Roar;
When thy proud Waves with Indignation riſe,
And daſh their foamy Fury to the Skies?
Theſe Wonders reedy *Abatos* can tell,
And the tall Cliffs that firſt declare thy Swell;
The Cliffs, with Ignorance of old believ'd
Thy Parent Veins, and for thy Spring receiv'd.

*Sea*, or Gulf of *Arabia*, is much rather to be loo upon as a Boundary between *Ægypt* and *Ethiopia*, t between *Ægypt* and *Arabia*. It lyes a little above leſſer Cataracts.

Ver. 485. *Abatos*.] This is a Rock, or little inacceſſ Iſland, in the *Nile*, over-grown with Reeds and Buſ It lyes between *Phila* and *Elephantine*, very near to before-mention'd Cataracts.

Fr

From thence huge Mountains Nature's Hand provides,
To bank thy too luxurious River's Sides;
As in a Vale thy Current ſhe reſtrains,
Nor ſuffers thee to ſpread the *Libyan* Plains:
At *Memphis*, firſt, free Liberty ſhe yields,
And lets thee looſe to float the thirſty Fields.
In unſuſpected Peace ſecurely laid,
Thus waſte they ſilent Night's declining Shade.
Mean while accuſtom'd Furies ſtill infeſt,
With uſual Rage, *Pothinus'* horrid Breaſt;
Nor can the Ruffian's Hand from Slaughter reſt.
Well may the Wretch, diſtain'd with *Pompeys'* Blood,
Think ev'ry other dreadful Action good.
Within him ſtill the ſnaky Sifters dwell,
And urge his Soul with all the Pow'rs of Hell.
Can Fortune to ſuch Hands ſuch Miſchief doom,
And let a Slave revenge the Wrongs of *Rome!*
Prevent th' Example, pre-ordain'd to ſtand
The great Renown of *Brutus'* righteous Hand!
Forbid it, Gods! that *Caſar's* hallow'd Blood,
To Liberty by Fate a Victim vow'd,
Shou'd on a leſs Occaſion e'er be ſpilt,
And prove a vile *Egyptian* Eunuch's Guilt.
Harden'd by Crimes, the bolder Villain, now,
Avows his Purpoſe with a daring Brow;

Scorns the mean Aids of Falſhood and Surprize,
And openly the Victor Chief defies.
Vain in his Hopes, nor doubting to ſucceed,
He truſts that *Cæſar* muſt, like *Pompey*, bleed.
The feeble Boy to curs'd *Achillas'* Hand
Had, with his Army, giv'n his Crown's Command;
To him, by wicked Sympathy of Mind,
By Leagues and Brotherhood of Murder join'd,
To him, the firſt and fitteſt of his Friends,
Thus, by a truſty Slave, *Pothinus* ſends.
While ſtretch'd at Eaſe the great *Achillas* lyes,
And Sleep ſits heavy on his ſlothful Eyes,
The Bargain for our Native Land is made,
And the diſhoneſt Price already paid.
The former Rule no longer now we own,
Uſurping *Cleopatra* wears the Crown.
Doſt thou alone withdraw thee from her State,
Nor on the Bridals of thy Miſtreſs wait?
To Night at large ſhe laviſhes her Charms,
And riots in luxurious *Cæſar's* Arms.
E'er long her Brother may the Wanton wed,
And reap the Refuſe of the *Roman's* Bed;

Ver. 528. *The former Rule.*] The King's Authority.
Ver. 530. *Doſt thou alone.*] This is meant ſcornfully and ironically.

Doubly

Doubly a Bride, then doubly shall she Reign,
While *Rome* and *Egypt* wear, by turns, her Chain.
Nor trust thou to thy Credit with the Boy,
When Arts and Eyes, like hers, their Pow'rs employ.
Mark with what Ease her fatal Charms can mould
The Heart of *Cæsar*, ruthless, hard, and old?
Were the soft King his thoughtless Head to rest,
But for a Night, on her incestuous Breast;
His Crown and Friends he'd barter for the Bliss,
And give thy Head and mine for one lewd Kiss;
On Crosses, or in Flames, we shou'd deplore
Her Beauty's terrible resistless Pow'r.
On both, her Sentence is already pass'd,
She dooms us Dead, because we kept her Chast.
What potent Hand shall then Assistance bring?
*Cæsar*'s her Lover, and her Husband King.
Haste, I adjure thee by our common Guilt,
By that great Blood which we in vain have spilt,
Haste, and let War, let Death with thee return,
And the Funereal Torch for *Hymen*'s burn.
Whate'er Embrace the Hostile Charmer hold,
Find, and transfix her in the lascious Fold.
Nor let the Fortune of this *Latian* Lord
Abash thy Courage, or restrain thy Sword;
In the same glorious guilty Paths we tread,
That rais'd him up; the World's imperious Head.

Like him, we ſeek Dominion for our Prize,
And hope, like him, by *Pompey*'s Fall to riſe.
Witneſs the Stains of yonder bluſhing Wave,
Yon bloody Shore, and yon inglorious Grave.
Why fear we then to bring our Wiſh to paſs?
This *Ceſar* is not more than *Pompey* was.
What tho' we boaſt nor Birth, nor noble Name,
Nor Kindred with ſome purple Monarch claim?
Conſcious of Fate's Decree, ſuch Aid we ſcorn,
And know we were for mighty Miſchief born.
See, how kind Fortune, by this offer'd Prey,
Finds Means to purge all paſt Offence away:
With grateful Thanks *Rome* ſhall the Deed approve,
And this laſt Merit the firſt Crime remove.
Strip'd of his Titles, and the Pomp of Pow'r,
*Ceſar*'s a ſingle Soldier, and no more.
Think then how eaſily the Task were done,
How ſoon we may an injur'd World atone;
Finiſh all Wars, appeaſe each *Roman* Shade,
By Sacrificing one devoted Head.
Fearleſs, ye dread united Legions, go;
Ruſh all, undaunted, on your common Foe:
This Right, ye *Romans!* to your Country do;
Ye *Pharians!* this your King expects from you.

Ver. 584. *This Right, ye* Romans!] The Army under the

But chief, *Achillas!* may the Praiſe be thine;
Haſte thou, and find him on his Bed ſupine,
Weary with toiling Luſt, and gorg'd with Wine.
Then ſtrike, and what their *Cato*'s Pray'rs demand,
The Gods ſhall give to thy more favour'd Hand.
Nor fail'd the Meſſage, fitted to perſuade;
But, prone to Blood, the willing Chief obey'd.
No noiſie Trumpets ſound the loud Alarm,
But ſilently the moving Legions arm;
All unperceiv'd, for Battle they prepare,
And buſtle thro' the Night with buſie Care.
The mingled Bands, who form'd this mungrel Hoſt,
To the Diſgrace of *Rome*, were *Romans* moſt;
A Herd, who, had they not been loſt to Shame,
And long forgetful of their Country's Name,
Had bluſh'd to own ev'n *Ptolemy* their Head;
Yet now were by his meaner Vaſſal led.
Oh! Mercenary War, thou Slave of Gold!
How is thy faithleſs Courage bought and ſold!
For baſe Reward thy hireling Hands obey;
Unknowing Right or Wrong, they fight for Pay,
And give their Country's great Revenge away.

the Command of *Achillas* was compos'd, as appears a little further, the greateſt Part, of Renegado *Romans*, and the reſt of *Egyptians*.

Ver. 607. *And give their Country's.*] That is, they do not

Ah wretched *Rome!* for whom thy Fate prepares,
In ev'ry Nation, new Domeſtick Wars;
The Fury, that from pale *Theſſalia* fled,
Rears on the Banks of *Nile* her baleful Head.
What cou'd protecting *Egypt* more have done,
Had ſhe receiv'd the haughty Victor's Son?
But thus the Gods our ſinking State confound,
Thus tear our mangled Empire all around;
In ev'ry Land fit Inſtruments employ,
And ſuffer ruthleſs Slaughter to deſtroy.
Thus ev'n *Egyptian* Parricides preſume
To meddle in the ſacred Cauſe of *Rome*;
Thus, had not Fate their Hands of Murder ty'd,
Succeſs had crown'd the vile *Achillas'* Side.
Nor wanted fit Occaſion for the Deed;
Timely the Traytors to the Place ſucceed;
While in Security the careleſs Gueſt,
Lingring as yet, his Couch ſupinely preſt:
No Gates, no Guards forbad their open Way;
But All diſſolv'd in Sleep and Surfeits lay;
With Eaſe the Victor at the Board had bled,
And loſt in Riot his defenceleſs Head.

not kill *Ceſar* for the Wrongs he had done *Rome*, but at the Command of that *Ægyptian* Maſter whom they obey and ſerve for Hire.

But

But pious Caution now their Rage withſtands;
And Care for *Ptolemy* with-holds their Hands:
With Rev'rence and Remorſe, unknown before,
They dread to ſpill their Royal Maſter's Gore;
Leſt in the Tumult of the murd'rous Night,
Some erring Miſchief on his Youth may light.
Sway'd by this Thought, nor doubting to ſucceed,
They hold it fitting to defer the Deed:
Gods! that ſuch Wretches ſhou'd ſo proudly dare!
Can ſuch a Life be theirs to take, or ſpare?
'Till Dawn of Day the Warrior ſtood repriev'd,
And *Ceſar* at *Achillas'* Bidding liv'd.

Now o'er aſpiring *Caſſius's* Eaſtern Head
The roſie Light by *Lucifer* was led;
Swift thro' the Land the piercing Beams were born,
And glowing *Egypt* felt the Kindling Morn:
When from proud *Alexandria's* Walls, afar,
The Citizens behold the coming War.
The dreadful Legions ſhine in juſt Array,
And firm, as to the Battle, hold their Way.
Solicious, mean-while, of his unequal Force,
Strait to the Palace *Ceſar* bends his Courſe:
Nor in the lofty Bulwarks dares confide,
Their ample Circuit ſtretching far too wide:

Ver. 639. *Can ſuch a Life,*] As *Ceſar's.*

Tho'

To one fix'd Part his little Band retreats,
There mans the Walls and Tow'rs, and bars the Gates.
There Fear, there Wrath, by turns, his Boſom tears;
He fears, but ſtill with Indignation fears.
His daring Soul reſtrain'd, more fiercely burns,
And proudly the ignoble Refuge ſcorns.
The Captive Lion thus, with gen'rous Rage,
Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites his Cage.
Thus, if ſome Pow'r cou'd *Mulciber* enſlave,
And bind him down in *Ætna*'s ſmoaky Cave,
With Fires more fierce th' impriſon'd God would glow,
And bellow in the dreadful Deeps below.
He who ſo lately, with undaunted Pride,
The Pow'r of mighty *Pompey*'s Arms defy'd,
With Juſtice and the Senate on his Side;
Who with a Cauſe, which Gods and Men muſt hate,
Stood up, and ſtruggled for Succeſs with Fate;
Now abject Foes and Slaves inſulting fears,
And ſhrinks beneath a Show'r of *Pharian* Spears.
The Warrior who diſdain'd to be confin'd
By *Tyrian Gades*, or the Eaſtern *Inde*,

Ver. 674. *Eaſtern* Inde.] The River *Indus*.
*Tyrian Gades*.] The preſent Iſland and City of *Cadiz*. This is ſaid to have been a Colony of the *Tyrians*.

Now

Now in a narrow Houſe conceals that Head,
From which the fierceſt *Scythians* once had fled,
And horrid *Moors* beheld with awful Dread.
From Room to Room irreſolute he flies,
And on ſome Guardian Bar, or Door relies.
So Boys and helpleſs Maids, when Towns are won,
To ſecret Corners for Protection run.
Still by his Side the beardleſs King he bears,
Ordain'd to ſhare in ev'ry Ill he fears:
If he muſt die, he dooms the Boy to go,
Alike devoted to the Shades below;
Reſolves his Head a Victim firſt ſhall fall,
Hurl'd at his Slaves from off the lofty Wall.
So from *Æëtas* fierce *Medea* fled,
Her Sword ſtill aim'd at young *Abſyrtus'* Head;

Ver. 677. *And horrid* Moors.] The Original is,

*Non Scytha, non fixo qui ludit in hoſpite Maurus;*

Alluding to a Piece of Cruelty practiſed among thoſe Barbarians, to take Strangers and ſet 'em up for Marks to dart their Javelins at. I can't think the Omiſſion of this Circumſtance in the Tranſlation of any great Conſequence.

Ver. 688. *So from* Æëtas.] When *Medea*, after betraying the Golden Fleece to her Lover *Jaſon*, fled away with him, ſhe is ſaid to have carry'd her young Brother *Abſyrtos* with her, and killing him to have ſcatter'd his Limbs up and down, to retard the Purſuit and Revenge of her Father *Æëtas*.

When-

Whene'er ſhe ſees her vengeful Sire draw nigh,
Ruthleſs ſhe dooms the wretched Boy to die.
Yet e'er theſe cruel laſt Extremities he proves,
By gentler Steps of Peace the Conſul moves:
He ſends an Envoy, in the Royal Name,
To chide their Fury, and the War diſclaim.
But impious they, nor Gods nor Kings regard,
Nor univerſal Laws, by all revered;
No Right of ſacred Characters they know,
But tear the Olive from the hallow'd Brow;
To Death the Meſſenger of Peace purſue,
And in his Blood their horrid Hands embrew.
Such are the Plains which curs'd Egyptians claim,
Such Prodigies exalt their Nation's Name.
Nor purple Theſſaly's deſtructive Shore,
Nor dire Pharnaces, nor the Libyan Moor,
Nor ev'ry barb'rous Land in ev'ry Age,
Equal a ſoft Egyptian Eunuch's Rage.
Inceſſant ſtill the Roar of War prevails,
While the wild Hoſt the Royal Pile aſſails.

Ver. 703. *Such Prodigies,*] As the Murder of Ambaſſadors; whoſe Perſons and Characters are ſacred amongſt the moſt barbarous Nations.

Ver. 705. *Nor dire* Pharnaces.] Alluding to the Wars which *Cæſar* waged, after the Death of *Pompey*, with *Juba* in *Africk*, and with *Pharnaces*, the Son of *Mithridates*, in *Aſia*.

Void

Void of Device, no thund'ring Rams they bring,
Nor kindling Flames with ſpreading Miſchief ſting:
Bell'wing, around they run with fruitleſs Pain,
Heave at the Doors, and thruſt and ſtrive in vain:
More than a Wall, great *Caeſar's* Fortune ſtands,
And mocks the Madneſs of their feeble Hands.
On one proud Side, the lofty Fabrick ſtood
Projected bold into th' adjoining Flood;
There, fill'd with armed Bands, their Barks draw near,
But find the ſame defending *Caeſar* there:
To ev'ry Part the ready Warrior flies,
And with new Rage the fainting Fight ſupplies;
Headlong he drives 'em with his deadly Blade,
Nor ſeems to be invaded, but t' invade.
Againſt the Ships *Phalarik* Darts he aims;
Each Dart with Pitch and livid Sulphur flames.
The ſpreading Fire o'er-runs their inflamous Sides,
And, nimbly mounting, oft the Top-maſt rides:
Planks, Yards, and Cordage feed the dreadful Blaze;
The drowning Veſſel hiſſes in the Seas;
While floating Arms and Men, promiſcuous ſtrow'd,
Hide the whole Surface of the Azure Flood.
Nor dwells Deſtruction on their Fleet alone,
But, driv'n by Winds, invades the neighb'ring Town:
On rapid Wings the fiery Flames they bear,
In wavy Lengths, along the red'ning Air;

Nor

Not much unlike, the ſhooting Meteors fly,
In gleamy Trails, athwart the midnight Sky.
Soon as the Crowd beheld their City burn,
Thither, all headlong, from the Siege they turn.
But *Caeſar*, prone to Vigilance and Haſte,
To ſnatch the juſt Occaſion e'er it paſs'd,
Hid in the friendly Night's involving Shade,
A ſafe Retreat to *Pharos* timely made.
In elder Times of holy *Proteus'* Reign,
An Iſle it ſtood, encompaſs'd by the Main:
Now by a mighty Mole the Town it joins,
And from wide Seas the ſafer Port confines.
Of high Importance to the Chief it lyes,
To him brings Aid, and to the Foe denies:
In cloſe Reſtraint the Captive Town is held,
While free behind he views the watry Field.
There ſafe, with curs'd *Pothinus* in his Pow'r,
*Caeſar* defers the Villain's Doom no more.

Ver. 738. *Their City burn.*] In this Fire was burnt the famous Library of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*.

Ver. 744. *Holy* Proteus.] This Prophetical Prince reign'd in *Ægypt* in the Time of the *Trojan* War.

Ver. 753. Cæſar *defers.*] *Caeſar*, as is obſerv'd before, kept not only the King, but *Pothinus* in his Power, and tranſported them into the Iſland of *Pharos*; where finding, by intercepting ſome Meſſengers of *Pothinus*, that he kept Correſpondence with *Achillas*, and preſs'd him ſtill to attack *Caeſar*, he put him to Death.

Yet

Yet ah! by Means too gentle he expires;
No gaſhing Knives he feels, no ſcorching Fires;
Nor were his Limbs by grinning Tygers torn,
Nor pendent on the horrid Croſs are born:
Beneath the Sword the Wretch reſigns his Breath,
And dies too gloriouſly by *Pompey*'s Death.
Meanwhile, by wily *Ganymede* convey'd,
*Arſinoë*, the younger Royal Maid,
Fled to the Camp; and with a daring Hand
Aſſumes the Scepter of ſupreme Command:
And, for her feeble Brother was not there,
She calls her ſelf the ſole *Lagean* Heir.
Then, ſince he dares diſpute her Right to reign,
She dooms the fierce *Achillas* to be ſlain.
With juſt Remorſe, repenting Fortune paid
This ſecond Victim to her *Pompey*'s Shade.
But oh! nor this, nor *Ptolemy*, nor All
The Race of *Lagos* doom'd at once to fall,
Not Hecatombs of Tyrants ſhall ſuffice,
'Till *Brutus* ſtrikes, and haughty *Ceſar* dies.

Ver. 760. *By wily* Ganymede.] This was likewiſe an Eunuch, and Tutor to *Arſinoë*, *Ptolemy*'s younger Siſter, whom, in the Abſence of *Ptolemy* and *Cleopatra*, he ſet up for Queen of *Ægypt*; and after he had kill'd *Achillas*, made himſelf General, and continued the Siege againſt *Ceſar*.

Nor

Nor yet the Rage of War was hush'd in Peace,
Nor wou'd that Storm, with him who rais'd it, ceaſe.
A ſecond Eunuch to the Task ſucceeds,
And *Ganymede* the Pow'r of *Egypt* leads:
He cheaſ the drooping *Pharians* with Succeſs,
And urg'd the *Roman* Chief with new Diſtreſs.
Such Dangers did one dreadful Day afford,
As Annals might to lateſt Times record,
And Conſecrate to Fame the Warrior's Sword.
While to their Barks his faithful Band deſcends,
*Caſar* the Mole's contracted Space defends.
Part from the crowded Key aboard were paſs'd,
The careful Chief remain'd among the laſt;
When ſudden, *Egypt*'s furious Pow'rs unite,
And fix on him alone th' unequal Fight.
By Land the num'rous Foot, by Sea the Fleet,
At once ſurround him, and prevent Retreat.

Ver. 775. *With him who rais'd it.*] *Achillas.*

Ver. 783. *While to their Barks.*] This famous Action of *Caſar*'s is not very clearly related. To me the Fact ſeems to have been thus; that while *Caſar* was imbarking thoſe few Forces that were with him, in order probably to quit *Pharos*, and rejoin his own Fleet, the *Egyptians*, under the Command of *Ganymede*, ſally'd by the Way of the *Mole*, and attack'd him with the Fury here mention'd.

No

No means for Safety, or Eſcape, remain,
To Fight, or Fly, were equally in vain:
A vulgar Period on his Ware attends,
And his ambitious Life obſcurely ends.
No Seas of Gore, no Mountains of the Slain,
Renown the Fight on ſome diſtinguiſh'd Plain:
But meanly in a Tumult muſt he die,
And over-born by Crowds, inglorious lye:
No Room was left to fall as *Cæſar* ſhou'd,
So little were the Hopes, his Foes and Fate allow'd.
At once the Place and Danger he ſurveys,
The riſing Mound, and the near neighb'ring Seas:
Some fainting ſtruggling Doubts as yet remain:
Can he, perhaps, his Navy ſtill regain?
Or ſhall he die, and end th' uncertain Pain?
At length, while madly thus perplex'd he burns,
His own brave *Sceva* to his Thought returns;
*Sceva*, who in the Breach undaunted ſtood,
And ſingly made the dreadful Battle good;
Whoſe Arm advancing *Pompey*'s Hoſt repell'd,
And, coop'd within a Wall, the Captive Leader held.

Ver. 807. *His own brave* Sceva.] See this Story in the Sixth Book.

Ver. 811. *And coop'd within a Wall.*] This is the laſt Line of the Tranſlation; the Death of *Lucan* having left his Work thus abrupt and imperfect here. What follows to the End of this Book is a Supplement of my own, in which

Strong in his Soul the glorious Image roſe,
And taught him, ſudden, to diſdain his Foes;
The Force oppos'd in equal Scales to weigh,
Himſelf was *Ceſar*, and *Egyptians* they;
To truſt that Fortune, and thoſe Gods, once more,
That never fail'd his daring Hopes before.
Threat'ning, aloft his flaming Blade he ſhook,
And thro' the Throng his Courſe reſiſtleſs took:
Hands, Arms, and helmed Heads before him fly,
While mingling Screams and Groans aſcend the Sky.
So Winds, impriſon'd, force their furious Way,
Tear up the Earth, and drive the foamy Sea.
Juſt on the Margin of the Mound he ſtay'd,
And for a Moment, thence, the Flood ſurvey'd:
Fortune divine! be preſent now, he cry'd;
And plung'd, undaunted, in the foamy Tide.
Th' Obedient deep, at Fortune's high Command,
Receiv'd the mighty Maſter of the Land;
Her ſervile Waves officious *Tethys* ſpread,
To raiſe with proud Support, his awful Head.
And, for he ſcorn'd th' inglorious Race of *Nile*,
Shou'd pride themſelves in ought of *Ceſar*'s Spoil.

which I have only endeavour'd to finiſh the Relation o
very remarkable Action, with bringing *Ceſar* in Saf
his own Fleet, with the Circumſtances in which al
thors who have writ on this Subject agree.

In his left Hand, above the Water's Pow'r,
Papers and Scrols of high Import he bore;
Where his own Labours faithfully record
The Battles of Ambition's ruthleſs Sword:
Safe, in his Right, the deadly Steel he held,
And plow'd, with many a Stroke, the liquid Field;
While his fix'd Teeth tenaciouſly retain
His ample *Tyrian* Robe's Imperial Train:
Th' incumber'd Folds the curling Surface ſweep,
Come ſlow behind, and drag along the Deep.
From the high Mole, from ev'ry *Pharian* Prow,
A thouſand Hands a thouſand Jav'lins throw;
The thrilling Points dip bloodleſs in the Waves,
While he their idle Wrath ſecurely braves.
So when ſome mighty Serpent of the Main
Rolls his huge Length athwart the liquid Plain,
Whether he range voracious for the Prey,
Or to the ſunny Shore directs his Way,
Him if by Chance the Fiſhers view from far,
With flying Darts they wage a diſtant War:
But the fell Monſter, unappall'd with Dread,
Above the Seas exerts his pois'nous Head;
He rears his livid Creſt, and kindling Eyes,
And, terrible, the feeble Foe defies;
His ſwelling Breaſt a foamy Path divides,
And, careleſs, o'er the murm'ring Flood he glides.

Some

Some looſer *Muſe*, perhaps, who lightly treads
The devious Paths where wanton Fancy leads,
In Heav'n's high Court, wou'd feign the Queen of *Love*,
Kneeling in Tears, before the Throne of *Jove*,
Imploring, ſad, th' Almighty Father's Grace,
For the dear Offspring of her *Julian* Race.
While to the Juſt ſecending *Roman* Eyes,
Far other Forms, and other Gods ariſe;
The Guardian Furies round him rear their Heads,
And *Nemeſis* the Shield of Safety ſpreads;
Juſtice and Fate the floating Chief convey,
And *Rome's* glad Genius wafts him on his Way;
Freedom and Laws the *Pharian* Darts withſtand,
And ſave him for avenging *Brutus'* Hand.
His Friends, unknowing what the Gods decree,
With Joy receive him from the ſwelling Sea;
In Peals on Peals their Shouts triumphant riſe,
Roll o'er the diſtant Flood, and thunder to the Skies.

*FINIS.*

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